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CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1861.

CAPE TOWN:

DARNELL AND MURRAY, ADDERLEY-STREET;

AND ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

1861.

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THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—TABLE BAY.

To be seen in its fullest attraction Table Bay should be entered at sunrise in the morning. The good ship we will suppose to have made a run from England rather under the average. The voyage has been marked by no more than the usual trifling incidents. The northern temperate zone has slowly yielded to the tropics, and the torrid heat has been succeeded in turn by a more congenial temperature. A few ships have been seen, one or two spoken. A faint glimpse was caught, six weeks since, of Madeira rising from the ocean in airy delicate lines and soft beauty of colouring, unseen hitherto by dwellers in the chill north; and since then no land has been visible,—nothing but

"The dark blue sky
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea."

Passengers have had time to become intimate, and, perhaps, heartily tired of each other. Nothing but the approaching termination of the voyage relieves it from wearisome monotony. The captain and mates take their observations at twelve o'clock, and, after a little consultation together, the welcome news is told that by to-morrow the ship ought to be at anchor in Table Bay! The effect of the announcement is magical. All signs of weary listlessness vanish at once. Faces that for a fortnight past have expressed nothing but utter *ennui*, on which even the announcement of dinner has failed to create a sign of interest, brighten up at once, and become full of animation. People who, for two or three weeks past, have been subsiding into themselves, speaking but little, and living in an abstracted state of self-contemplation, suddenly become the life of the party, and scintillate with wit, which does not fail to ensure a response of hearty laughter from an audience which seems suddenly to have found again that distinguishing quality of the human species. The dinner passes off most agreeably. Everybody is in high spirits and good humour. The captain produces a liberal supply of champagne, and one or two little incipient cool-

nesses are buried in foaming glasses over which friendly nods and smiles are exchanged. In the evening there is a dance, prolonged to a later period than usual; and late as it is, there are one or two couples who appear to be very loth to separate, and to whom the termination of the voyage is not quite such a matter of congratulation as to their seniors. And when the ladies have retired, the gentlemen are in no mood to leave the deck. The voyage will be over, and they will all separate to-morrow. And there are few who do not confess, now that it has come to an end, that it has been a very happy time, and that they are really sorry that their party is going to break up. And so they remain on deck to chat and smoke, and breathe the fresh air that already seems to have a scent of the land about it, and gaze upwards at the shadowy cloud of canvas and the web of cordage overhead, or watch, for the last time, the dark ocean flashing with phosphoric brilliance as the good ship parts the waters with her stately stem. And those who have touched at the Cape before are listened to with respectful attention. And the passenger who was born and bred in the colony, and who hitherto has not occupied a prominent position in the party, suddenly finds himself a person of considerable interest and importance. And those who are leaving Old England for the first time, to cast their lot in a new land, feel the interest which has been dying down for the last month or so, from want of material to subsist upon, revive in all its first intensity, and are eager in their inquiries and insatiable in their demands for information.

To-morrow, if the wind but hold good, they shall see this land which has been the subject of their dreams by night, their waking thoughts and plans by day! Will the wind hold? It is a fair and cloudless night. The Southern Cross shines brightly overhead, amid a host of new and unfamiliar constellations. Low down in the north are Orion and the Pleiades and Cassiopeia's Chair, and many another old acquaintance common to either hemisphere, speaking eloquently though silently of the old home left behind, two thousand leagues away, beyond that dark, level horizon. To-morrow, if the wind but hold, the new land will unveil itself! Will the wind hold?

On the weather bow a low line of cloud, as it seems, has been rising manifestly during the last hour; and the officer of the watch, who has paced up and down without appearing to notice it, now stops in his walk and surveys it long and intently, and again resumes his walk, and again stops and regards it. And as the captain comes on deck, in

a rough pea-jacket, puffing at a cigar, which glows fiercely under his vigorous efforts and lights up his jolly red-brown face with fitful gleams, the officer of the watch takes him to the bulwarks and draws his attention to the said appearance. And the captain, having at last got his cigar alight to his mind, and being at leisure to give his undivided attention to the object pointed out by the officer, gives one rapid, steady glance at it, and then, turning to the group of passengers, shouts, in a sharp, cheery tone, "Land ho!" The long dark line is the level top of Table Mountain! And now everybody wonders how it is that they did not discover that before. It is so very evident now it is pointed out. Of course! There the flat summit of Table Mountain; and to the left, the Devil's Peak; and there to the right, just peeping above the white line of mist that gave to the whole the appearance of a rising cloud, is the round top of the Lion's Head! And hark! that sound which has been audible for an hour past, but it has increased so steadily and the conversation has been so animated that it has attracted no attention, now swells up into the unmistakeable roar of breakers—the surf dashing on the rocky shore of Robben Island! The good ship has made her course so true that her destination is reached and her voyage is done, twelve hours before it was expected. The news soon spreads, and ladies' voices are heard below. Eager inquiries from one cabin answered by as eager replies from the two or three adjoining and opposite, until the general hubbub below dies off into separate streams or ripples of talk, and little, soft, silvery peals of laughter, muffled by jalousies and curtains. One or two of the most impulsive steal on deck for a moment, swathed in shawls, to look at the land, and retire very little the wiser for their inspection. The captain informs the passengers that he shall "stand off and on until daylight," and the party quickly disperses, each to get such sleep as he may, extracting solemn promises from the officers and midshipmen of the watch to wake them with the earliest streak of dawn.

Morning breaks, and the whole eager party is assembled on deck watching the scene which is gradually opening upon them, as the gallant ship heaves steadily forward before a soft, fragrant current of air. It is not far from the spot where the land was first seen last night. The base of the mountain is still shrouded in white mist, which the sun will quickly disperse when he shows himself above the horizon. There, on the starboard beam, lies Robben Island, on which the surf was heard chafing,—a low barren stretch of land, six or seven miles long, clothed with dark heath and

scrubby bushes. The ship's course is about south-east. To the north is a flat shore swelling at a little distance inland into high rounded hills, furrowed here and there by watercourses, on the lower part of which stand a low white farm-house or two, and the hill sides are patched with brown and green, where the native soil has been ploughed up and converted into corn-land. Above these hills the peaks of a grand and lofty range of mountains cut the clear blue sky with a sharp distinct outline that bespeaks the purity of the atmosphere. The sun, though not yet risen above the horizon, has caught the sharp summits and steep craggy sides, and is decking them each moment with new splendours of pink and purple and amethyst. The range trends away to the eastward, the mountains appearing to sink softly down in the far distance; but clear and glowing with colour down to the very last most distant peak that lifts its head above the horizon. Eastward is a stretch of flat level land, which separates Table Bay on the north from False Bay on the south, and which serves as an isthmus to connect the Cape peninsula with the continent of Africa. For the Table Mountain and its subject peaks but narrowly escaped being an island. Nothing but a low flat, formed in a great degree of drifting sand, prevents the ocean from surrounding it entirely. But if it ever flowed over the Flats it has left no trace of its dominion; and the Cape peninsula still remains an integral portion of the continent, occupying no lower position than that of the head or the heart of the great body of which it is a member.

And now the sun has caught the Devil's Peak. And now he shoots his rays along the level top of Table Mountain, still leaving the basin below in dark shadow. And now, above the low Flats, with here and there a white windmill beginning to show itself, he bursts at once upon the sight; and the grey crags smile in his welcome rays, and the water dances and sparkles with very joy, and the good ship, not a whit weary with her long voyage, heaves and falls as if the waves were her playmates and she would take part in their gambols. The world which lay an hour since so still and sombre seems at once to have awoke to life. And from the round green back of the hill that lies like a couched lion, keeping guard over the town, a little fluttering streak of bright colours tells that the new arrival is not unobserved, and that the ready signalman is making known all particulars to the city that is waking up down below. The colonial gentleman who had not been in great request during the voyage, becomes quite an authority as the scene opens more and more upon the view.

He calls the hills to the northward "Blaauwberg," and professes to point out the spot on which a battle was fought—a real *bonâ fide* battle, to the truth of which the cannon balls are alive, as Jack Cade might say, to testify to this day. The English, he says, landed there in 1806, and the chivalry of Cape Town went out to do battle for their hearths and homes. They met at that spot, and on the first shock of onset, the flower of the defending forces, a regiment of Waldekers, incontinently turned their horses' heads, and galloped off home; bribed thereto, he insinuates, by English gold. At which the younger male portion of his audience express contemptuous disbelief, delivering it as their opinion that less costly metals than gold gave wings to their heels, and adding that the English never found it necessary to pay their enemies to run away from them. And so the subject is changed, as threatening to involve a discussion not likely to terminate happily. And attention is drawn to a cluster of buildings on the landward side of Robben Island, which is the hospital establishment for lepers and lunatics, who are probably more comfortable there and enjoy greater freedom from restraint than they could do on the main land.

Meanwhile, as the ship glides slowly on, most of the passengers are busy in their cabins making their preparations for landing, and gradually emerge again looking strangely altered from the guise in which they have been accustomed to see each other for the last two months. The gentlemen who have been known during that time as the wearers of jackets and wide-awakes of unquestionable antiquity, and who have of late been manifesting symptoms of settling down into somewhat untidy habits, make their appearance in morning suits, with an unmistakeable gloss of newness about them, and sundry creases down the back, indicative of tight rather than careful packing. Ancient hats, which have done their duty to the utmost during the voyage, are now observed on the heads of some of the men or boys "forward;" and two gentlemen in glossy black beavers stare at each other as strangers just come on board, when they discover that they have been intimate companions for several weeks past. The transformation is yet greater among the ladies. Their hats are still worn, because the tin case in which the bonnets are soldered down is deep in the recesses of the hold, and has to be disinterred and forced open before those buried treasures can be once more revealed to sight. But the hat has somehow acquired a touch of smartness, from a new feather, or ribbon, or veil, which makes it look a different thing from that which had become so familiar during the voyage, and

which was, only quite recently, pronounced dowdy. And with that provident forethought in which the female sex is so bright an example to the coarser lords of the creation, a perfectly new and very becoming dress has been reserved resolutely, in spite of many temptations, to be worn on this very occasion of going on shore.

And so the whole party sits down to breakfast for the last time, in high spirits and with some little fluttering of excitement; and there are few who do not think, as they look round the long cuddy table, that they have passed a very pleasant two months together, and that it may be long before they meet with such agreeable companions again. And the captain is all smiles and good humour,—but that he always is; and the officers are a great deal too busy to attend to much else than their duties; and the stewards, disinterested beings, surpass themselves in their attentions to the passengers, notwithstanding that they are so soon about to resign them to other hands. And before breakfast is well over there is a little commotion on deck, and it is announced that the port officer is coming on board. And forthwith the table is deserted, and everyone hurries on deck, some of the young ladies expecting to find him a black man; but, discovering their mistake, receive an exalted impression of the *physique* of the people of the colony from the exceedingly favourable specimen presented to them in the person of that functionary.

And now, under his direction, the good ship is drawing up to her anchorage, and threading her way among a crowd of vessels of all nations, some discharging, some receiving cargo, one or two just taking wing for other lands. And the captain is eager in his inquiries as to the recent arrivals, and pardonably proud of having outstripped all who had made a start with himself; and the passengers are gratified at finding that the old ship, for which they have learned to feel a sort of affection, has justified the high opinion they have always felt as to her capabilities. And now the whole basin of Table Valley, and the city nestled under the Lion's Hill lies spread out before the sight. The shore is bordered with forts and fringed with jetties. Crowds of cargo-boats are passing from the wharfs to the shipping. The city itself presents a compact mass of white flat-roofed houses, which, at the outskirts, become intermingled with trees and gardens; and beyond these again detached villas, standing among fields and vineyards, carry the eye on to the dense pine woods that clothe the base of the mountains. The great wall of Table Mountain shuts the valley in to the

south; the Devil's Peak and the Lion's Hill stretch forward on either flank to shelter it on the east and west. Signs of the life and growth of the place begin to manifest themselves—church spires, factory chimneys, a gasometer; and from behind a long dark line of pine trees that occupy the middle distance of the picture, the shrill scream of the railway whistle is heard and puffs of milk-white steam from a locomotive engine in motion rise for a moment above the sombre tree tops, and disappear in the pure dry air.

But now boats are coming alongside the ship, some rowed by Englishmen, some by swarthy Malays, whose foreign appearance attracts the unaccustomed eye One or two of these boats are quickly engaged, and heaps of luggage lowered into them, and the passengers follow, too busy and too excited to make adieus or do more than enter into hasty engagements to meet again on shore; and the boats are shoved off, and the good ship which has been their home for so long is quitted, not without some natural regrets. Often, while she lies in the anchorage, will her familiar form be sought out from the shore, among the crowd of black hulls and tapering masts. Long will the fellow-passengers who sailed in her feel that that companionship is a sort of bond of union in a strange land, which knits them together like a company of friends, almost like a family. And long will her very name be as a household word among the scattered members of the party, never spoken of without tender regard, calling up recollections of liveliest interest, reviving old associations, and serving as a connecting link between the old country they have quitted and the new one in which they have cast their lot!

THE BLASTED BOUGH.

A LEGEND OF TABLE VALLEY.

CHAPTER I.

It was the close of a dull gloomy day towards the end of the month of May, in the year 167–. The long summer of a sub-tropical latitude had drawn to an end, like a fire that has burnt itself out. The scorching heat had gone, and the air felt chill and ungenial with unaccustomed damps. It was not without a prolonged struggle, renewed again and again, that the fiery heat and its attendant south-east wind had

resigned the mastery. More than once, when it seemed as if the hot weather had broken up, and the south-east wind had ceased for another season, a day of blazing heat had prostrated reviving nature, or a hurricane raving down the slopes of the Devil's Peak and Table Mountain, driving before it a Niagara of dense white mist, would remind the dwellers in the valley below that its reign was not yet over; tearing the shrivelled leaves from the boughs, and scattering them amid a storm of dust and sand far out into the bay, where the tall barques were straining at their anchors like restive colts fighting against the halter.

But on the evening on which our tale opens, the summer had gone. The battle of the winds that sweep round the Cape of Storms, which would seem to have made Table Valley the arena of their deadliest struggle, was over for a season. And a grey and sombre sky, flecked and marbled with long straggling veins of black vapour, a raw chill air laden with moisture, that sighed and moaned over the heath and bent of the mountain side, and whistled shrill and cheerless among the trees of the valley, announced that the north-west had commenced his reign, and was coming in all the pride of power to take possession of his empire. There was no wind; scarcely a perceptible movement of the lightest leaf. Only the hollow sound, and a sense of chill and damp, told that the atmosphere was becoming surcharged with moisture, and that a war with the elements was at hand.

The basin of Table Valley was but little changed from what the first European settlers had found it. A quarter of a century had elapsed since Van Riebeek had planted the flag of the Dutch East India Company on its shores, but the infant colony had, as yet, produced but little alteration in the aspect of the upper parts of the valley. The great Government gardens for supplying vegetables to the ships of the Company stretched for half a mile up the course of the stream which drained the valley, whose waters, carefully economised, irrigated every part of the cultivated ground. An avenue of young oaks, brought from Holland by the prudent foresight of the founder of the settlement, reached the whole length of the garden; scattered round which were the huts of some negro slaves, and a single dwelling of rough stone, consisting only of four rooms, and built with a view to strength and security rather than to appearance or even comfort, the residence of the officer in charge of this important department. But these were the only dwellings that had as yet trespassed upon the domain of nature. The houses of the settlers were huddled round

the little Fort by the sea-shore; and those who had gone further afield had gradually made their way along the southern and more fertile foot of the mountain. The new lands at Rondebosjen offered more attraction to the free burghers than the Table Valley, encumbered with stones and covered with thickets of close scrub.

The mountains which hemmed the valley in, had been explored at an early period in the history of the settlement. Some hopes there had been of minerals, and a few slaves had been employed for a short time in digging for ore in more than one spot. But such works had been long abandoned. The upper portion of the valley was totally deserted, and nothing but the pathway, fast disappearing, by which the miners had gone to and from their work, and here and there a little excavation, and a heap of mining refuse, told that the region had ever been trodden by any foot save that of the wild beast or the wild man. The wall of Table Mountain rose vast and grey out of a sea of sombre foliage that broke against its base, and seemed to dash like dark green waves up the little ravines and hollow watercourses. The Devil's Peak and the Lion's Hill were clothed with forests of grey silver trees, already yielding to the incessant axe on those sides nearest to the settlement.

There was something in the whole scene strangely in harmony with the dull grey sky. Something which seemed to assert that the wild unbroken nature had more of gloominess than of mirth about it. There was an absence of the signs of human life, a dull monotony in the hues of colour, a general sadness of tone that subdued and overpowered the sense of pleasure which usually springs unbidden in the heart at sight of a wide and varied landscape. For the landscape was wide and varied. Seen, as we suppose it to have been, from the rocks at the base of the Lion's Head, above what is now the neck on the Kloof Road, the valley was only a foreground to a prospect in which sea and plain, swelling hills and towering peaks and ridges of distant mountains were the general features. But over all there brooded a dull heavy sense of lifelessness. The sea was still and leaden, and the two tall dark ships that lay upon its bosom were motionless and colourless; the streamers clung damp and sombre to the masts; no boat moving from ship to shore broke the lifeless monotony. Miles away stretched the grey level of the flats, more dull and cheerless from contrast with the margin of whites and that edged the Bay. The hills of Blueberg—not dotted as now with white farm-houses—looked black and drear; and the mountains that towered above stood out

against the grey sky in hard masses of dull purple, flat and monotonous, unrelieved by varying tints of colour.

Such was the scene which lay spread out before one who gazed upon it from the head of Table Valley; himself a fitting accessory to the general picture. Crouched among the mingled blocks of granite and sandstone which had been tossed in dire convulsion of earth from the crags above, lay a man whose wild appearance was in full keeping with the scene around. His tall, lean, sinewy frame was clad in a suit made of dressed skins of wild animals, yet bearing some resemblance in shape to the ordinary costume of the period. A rough kind of doublet, fashioned from the skin of a hyæna of unusual size, and so contrived that the markings in the animal's skin occupied a similar position on the present wearer to that they had on the original owner, was fastened down the front by a simple but ingenious contrivance of leathern thongs, and descended from the neck nearly to the knees. The waist was girt with a broad leathern belt and buckle of European make, as was also the long horn-handled knife and sheath which was fastened in the belt close to the right hand, which by an unconscious and mechanical motion was ever seeking the familiar haft, as if to make sure of its safety. The long wiry arms were bare from the elbow, and tanned by exposure to almost the colour of a Hottentot. The knees were also bare, but could be defended at pleasure against injury from the thorns of the thick scrub by flaps attached to a sort of gaiters of buckskin, which were ingeniously laced over the lower limbs and terminated at the ancles, where they were met by a serviceable and well-made pair of *veld-schoens*.

But the face was the most remarkable part of this remarkable figure, surmounted by a somewhat fanciful cap of grey catskin. A face whose marked features had been comely, even handsome; whose outline had even now something striking if not noble in it, but shaded with such an expression of morose despair as might have marked the countenance of a fallen angel. The heavy sullen jaw was tightly clenched: and the teeth, as if by the instinct of long habit, were ever grinding against each other gently but perceptibly in a manner that gave a peculiar air of savage ferocity to the lower part of the countenance. But it was the eyes that lighted up the whole face with its demoniac expression. Eyes large, dark, deep, bespeaking intellectual capacity and a nature once capable of the warmest, tenderest feelings, but now utterly marred and distorted. A wild gleam of insanity showed that the moral

convulsion had partially shattered the reason—had at any rate thrown it off its balance. But at whatever cost the change had been effected, it was complete. The man was gone; nothing remained but the wild and savage beast. He had become a creature dangerous to his kind; a moral and social outlaw, one from whose breast it was plain that every softer feeling had been crushed out. And yet something in his whole appearance moved to a strange kind of pity and compassion. It was such a noble ruin: such a wreck of what might have been for the happiness and advantage of mankind. An adverse fate had been so plainly at variance with a fine nature. One might have felt towards him somewhat as one does towards a caged tiger. With admiration for its grace and strength and beauty; with remorseful yearning to release it from its captivity; but with the sad consciousness that its freedom is incompatible with your safety.

He was gazing intently down the valley towards the little town clustered round the fort, as if waiting for some signal. And as his eye travelled across the long sloping tract of bush, and the cultivated lands of a brighter green, a puff of milkwhite smoke suddenly shot out from the seaward face of the Fort; and the dull heavy sound of the sunset gun went booming across the Bay, and rung sharp and clear against the flat side of the mountain, and rolled and rattled for awhile among the crags and hollows, and died away at last in sullen growls as of a disturbed Titan composing himself to sleep again. And as the sounds died away, the flag that had been hanging dank and motionless against its staff above the fort was seen to be lowered down. The wild fierce eyes of the lonely watcher glared with a yet more savage expression of hatred as he marked it. "Ay, lower it down!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, "lower it down once again; once, twice, thrice again; and then let it be lowered down for ever! Down with it; ensign of greedy rapacity and merciless cruelty! A lion of gold in a field of blood! The king of brutes is degraded and slandered by being made the emblem of that which is brave only against weakness and ignorance; against kidnapped serfs and squalid savages! The lion of these wilds rends his prey only to satisfy the needs of hunger. Yon gilded mockery blazons forth cruelty, and oppression, and wrong, for what? For vile gain; for heaps of yellow dross! A curse upon it! The bitter curse of an exiled, heartbroken, maddened man!"

He spoke aloud, with fierce though suppressed energy, while a dark scowl overspread the fine but wasted features and the dark troubled eyes. The glow of hate

and wrath faded by degrees, like the light from the mountain peak, and left only the same dull hopeless soulless look which would seem to be its ordinary expression. He continued his watch down the valley, over which the shades of evening were beginning to close perceptibly; and it was rapidly becoming dark, when his keen glance discerned a figure moving up towards the low ridge which connects the Lion's Head with Table Mountain. A late fire driven before a furious south-easter had cleared a broad belt through the thick natural undergrowth of the valley, and along the edge of this black open space a man was making his way, keeping within the burnt fringe of reddish brown, as if to avoid notice from the settlement below. His precautions were needless. The gathering gloom was concealment enough. But still he came on with the stealthy movements of one who dreaded being seen or followed; availing himself of every strip of covert that afforded a shelter; often stopping and looking back as if to make sure that his steps were not being tracked.

As this figure neared the summit of the hill, the lonely watcher by the mountain side descended to meet him, threading his way among the rocks and bushes with extraordinary swiftness and activity. He had the noiseless, agile tread of a panther. And the peculiar action of the limbs, half crouching, with tense muscle, as if ready at any moment for a spring; the quick, restless, searching glance of the eyes, combined with the savage dress to give him somewhat the appearance of a wild animal. So silently, yet swiftly, did he descend the steep slope of the mountain, and so effectually was he concealed among the grey scrub and fragments of rock that the man whom he was advancing to meet had no idea of his proximity, until turning the angle of a huge granite boulder he found himself face to face with this wild-looking object. With a start and exclamation of alarm the free burgher—for such his dress and appearance proclaimed him to be—sprung backwards, dropping, as he did so, a bundle he was carrying, and for a moment seemed about to betake himself to rapid flight down the valley. But before the intention, if it had been formed, had time to ripen into execution, the lonely tenant of that dreary spot had anticipated him, and with a step quick as lightning placed himself in the very path by which he must return.

"Hold! friend Hans," he exclaimed, "What! would'st run away from thy trusty ally?"

"*Alamagtig! Mynheer* Pascal! is that thou?" replied the other, a dull, heavy-looking boer, from whose countenance

every trace of expression, save that of extreme terror was now banished, even if it ever had had existence there. "Is that really thou? I thought,—I thought it was ——"

"You thought," returned the other, "that it was the Great Master, the Arch-fiend himself, instead of only one of his most humble servants. No, no, friend Hans, it is I; as much flesh and blood as there is left of me."

"Why! where didst spring from, then?" asked the boer, as if still doubting the earthly existence of his new companion, "where didst spring from? I saw nought of thee as I came up the hill."

"Ha! ha!" rejoined the strange being who had been addressed as Pascal, while a gleam of madness lighted up his face with a wild look of exultation; "Ha! ha! He asks me where I spring from! Ask the moles and earthworms that burrow under ground! Ask the nighthawk, or the prowling wolf that goes abroad in darkness! I spring from earth and rocks; I see in darkness; I am invisible but when I will be seen; I was, Pascal Rodrigo, when I was a man. Now —— I forget what I am!" And the poor wanderer looked helplessly for an instant in idiotic bewilderment as the cloud came over his brain. He recovered himself, however, to have sense to perceive that he had said what had almost completed the alarm of the boer; and with that dexterous cunning which is so often found in persons partially insane he applied himself at once to remove the effects which his wild words had produced upon the shaken nerves of the new-comer. His voice, his look, his whole manner assumed a degree of softnesss of which he might have seemed incapable to one who had seen him but a moment before.

"Nay, nay, friend Hans; I did but jest with thee!" he said; "I live alone here in the wilds, and my talk may be a little wild too, like the woods and rocks that are my home, and the winds and waves that are my comrades. Sit thee down, man, sit thee down. Thou art tired with thy walk, and the hill is something steep towards the top. Sit thee down and get thy breath. Hast never a glass of strong waters with thee? Nay, I warrant thou dost not set off to pass a night under the cliffs without something to warm thy heart. And, if I mistake not, I heard the jingle of a case-bottle, as thy bundle yonder rolled against the rock. I pray the fiend—I mean the saints—it be not broke in the fall!"

His visitor was still far from being assured. But from out of the general dulness of his face there gleamed a half ray of intelligence as the words "strong waters" fell upon his

ear. An imaginative person might almost have supposed, in looking at his vacant face, that a kind of mental calculation or consultation was going on, somewhat of the nature of a process of reasoning. At last, without a word, he picked up the bundle which he had let fall, and opening it with great deliberation, extracted therefrom a stout square case-bottle, which he uncorked and applied to his lips, still lost in abstraction, or unable to recover his scattered senses. After a draught which would almost have choked an ordinary throat, he corked and replaced the bottle with a muttered soliloquy, in which only the word "Schiedam" was audible. He did not think it necessary to offer the stimulant to his companion, nor did the other seem to require it; but stood watching the boer in the deepening twilight with an expression of countenance in which natural impatience struggled hard against an habitual power of self-control.

"There, now thou art thyself again," he exclaimed, as the other rose and secured his bundle, as if in readiness to proceed. "There must be strange virtues in that same flask, for thou dost draw from it some of the better qualities of human nature. I would—" he continued, after a pause, with a tone of inexpressible sadness in his voice, "I would I could find that which could make a new man of me! But now, friend Hans we must be moving on, for the night closes in apace, and yon dark-skin will give us the slip an we keep not our tryst with him."

The burgher, a man apparently of few words, uttered only a deep "Ja" from the depths of his chest; and the two walked on down a steep path, scarcely perceptible in the dusk, but familiar enough as it seemed to the tall wild-looking figure that led the way. Even this path disappeared after a time, and they pursued their way along the steep side of the hill, now scrambling over loose fragments of rock, now forcing their way through bush and heath, now diverting from the true line of their track in order to cross the dry bed of some ravine or mountain gully; the guide striding on with the swift confident pace of one to whom such exercise was familiar either by day or night, the boer following as well as he might, with many a groan of weariness and discomfort, with now and then a heavy fall, in which his great care was to preserve the precious bottle from fracture. At length, when they had completed the half circle of the mountain and were on the side turned away from Table Bay and the new settlement, the leader suddenly halted, and addressed his panting companion.

"Tell me now, friend Hans, dost thou not wish thyself on thy wooden stretcher in thine own hut, rolled in a *kombaars* up to thy very ears?"

"Ay, do I!" replied Hans, with a depth of earnestness and a tone and gesture of animation that left not a doubt of his entire sincerity, and forced a dry harsh laugh even from the moody being who had led him into this gloomy solitude.

"Well, well," he said, after his short-lived mirth had subsided "thou shalt soon have as good a substitute as can be got here in the mountain. Shelter thou shalt have, and fire, and dry heath; food thou hast with thee, and thy bottle is still full. But sit thee here while I go yonder and prepare the dark-skin for thy coming. They are fierce and hasty, these strand-loopers; and an assegai through thy ribs would not add to thy comforts, friend Hans."

The boer sat down as directed, while the other moved cautiously towards a pile of huge boulders that stood up against the dark sky at a distance from the spot where they had halted. For some minutes Hans sat gazing through the darkness where the dull roar of waves far below, and a broad glimmering band of foam told that he was on the steep side of a hill sloping down to the sea. The sea, the sky, the mountain, were only so many varying shades of blackness. He was perspiring at every pore, and ill at ease both in mind and body. Instinctively he felt for his case-bottle and applied it to his lips with a mechanical movement that seemed rather the result of habit than of conscious volition. When he removed it, after a prolonged acquaintance with its contents, his faculties seemed to have returned to him again. He removed his broad felt hat, and opened his doublet for air; wearily stretched out his legs—that were torn with bushes, bruised with falls among the rocks, and soaked with wading through a swamp into which he had fallen. He peered uneasily into the darkness, held his breath to catch some faint sound which he fancied he heard behind him, and, as usual in moments of discomfort or difficulty, applied himself to his source of comfort. He swallowed another restorative dram, and the torpid mechanism of his mind was again in dull and sluggish motion. The thoughts which passed slowly through his mind were of this nature:

"Surely a nice place to be in on a dark night, with a naked villanous savage, and a madman possessed of a devil, for company! Why am I, Hans Arends, to be kept out of my bed, and walked off my legs, and put in peril of my life, for other folks convenience? How come I to be

a go-between, with this wild lunatic on the one side, and those hellicat English at the Fort on the other? I like it not, I promise you; and, yet, who but I to do their bidding, and run their errands, and put my neck into a halter with their infernal plots! What care I whose flag flies down in that dust-hole yonder, so I can have my supper, and my bed, and my bottle of Schiedam to drown care withal? I will no more of their plots and conspiracies. I have had no peace since I have been at this wild work. My food has no pleasure for me, and I wake up in the night with dreaming that I am going to be hanged. I'll no more of it. I'll not be made shuttlecock to be beaten backwards and forwards by such desperate plotters as these. There is that dare-devil Englishman, Harry Rogers, orders me off on his errands, as if I were a negro slave; and gives me no pay but curses, and tells me he'll slit my throat; ay, and he would too for a less matter than refusing to do his bidding. And then I must needs come up here in the dark and cold to consort with a heathen savage and a madman that is first cousin to the foul fiend for aught I know. I'll no more on it. I'll not get my neck in a halter, or a knife in my ribs for their matters; and I'll e'en make an end on it." Leaving poor Hans Arends, who would seem to have fallen on adverse fortunes, to his uncomfortable meditations for awhile, we will follow the mysterious companion who had lately quitted him.

CHAPTER II.

The outlaw or solitary—by whatever term we are to designate him—having placed his reluctant companion on a stone, moved forward with remarkable caution towards the group of large boulders which, as has been remarked, were visible against the sky at some little distance. He paused frequently, and as he did so, he uttered a shrill and tolerably successful imitation of the chirp of a cricket. He had repeated this signal several times, drawing nearer and nearer to the rocks, before it was answered with wonderful fidelity from a little thicket that grew up against the lower side of the mass of boulders. Satisfied, as it seemed, with the response, he walked forward without further hesitation or concealment. On reaching the upper side of the group of rocks he proceeded at once to a spot where two large masses leaned against each other as apparently to admit of no opening between. But throwing himself on his hands and knees he partly pushed aside a stiff bush that grew close against the base of the rocks, and crawled for some little distance along a sort of angular

tunnel made by their sloping sides. At the end of this he was able to stand upright, and turning round a projecting angle found himself in a little open space surrounded by fragments of rock, at one side of which a fire was smouldering, and on the other was the entrance to a small low-browed cave. As he stood before the cavern a dark figure slowly raised itself from a heap of leaves in one corner and the supple form of a Hottentot warrior stepped forth into the dusky red light of the fire. Greetings were exchanged between them in a language which had as little of human speech about it as can be well imagined. The fire was replenished with a handful of dry fuel, and the outlaw having prepared the savage for the arrival of another guest returned to introduce the discontented Hans to this wild rendezvous.

He found the boer in the same posture as he had left him, sitting gazing into the darkness where the sea was breaking below, in a listless attitude, with one hand clasping the familiar neck of the case-bottle.

"Come, friend Hans," he said, "the warrior waits for thee. The plot goes bravely on!"

"A plague upon your plots!" replied the other with sudden energy. "A plague upon your plots and upon those that hatch them! They have made me a broken man before my time, and run me in peril of body and soul! A plague upon them! I'll—

"Hans!" interrupted the outlaw, in a stern harsh voice, in which all the savage energy of his nature spoke out for the first time, "Hans! what words are these? Thou hast drunk too much, man! Hast no spirit in thee? Hast no desire for noble revenge? Hast no memory for wrongs? Hast forgotten what thou dost owe those greedy tyrants down below there? What was it,—thou and that other poor slave didst pluck a cabbage to keep the scurvy out of thy bones, and they flogged thee till the blood ran into thy shoes, and robbed thee of thy wages, and sent thee to toil in irons in yon charnel-house of an island in the Bay? What! man, is not revenge sweet to thee?"

"Well, well, Master Pascal, that is all over and done with, and now I am on mainland again, I promise thee I have no desire to leave it. I have my food, and I have my bed, and I should have a quiet life of it, if these d——d English had not got me in their power about that matter that thou knowest of."

"Ay truly, thou art in their power: and thou art in mine too. Hans, hear me! Thou dost know too much now to draw back from such matters as we have in hand. Beware!

If thou dost prove false, this knife shall find thine heart, ay in the midst of that stronghold of cruelty and oppression and under the very folds of that accursed flag!"

He spoke with ferocious energy through his teeth in a tone that made his companion's flesh creep; and then, after a minute's pause, added in a milder tone, "Come, thou dost mean to be reasonable. Thou wilt be a man. Why, one bold stroke and thou art rid for ever of the fears that haunt thee, and the oppressors that torment thee! But three days more, Hans! Three days more, and thou shalt help us to do a deed of righteous judgment upon these murderous spoilers. The warrior there within my cave waits only to learn the day and hour, and the whole tribe of the Saldaniers will come down upon the settlement, and with such plans as he has laid, and with thy help, we shall not fail of success! Come, man, I see thou art true. Come to the cave and concert the last decisive blow. But, stay, leave thy bottle here beneath this stone. I will fetch it for thee when the dark-skin has left us; which he will do ere long, for he must travel far to-night. They are fiends incarnate when they have tasted strong waters, and if he finds thou hast it about thee he will have it, though he thrust his assegai into thee to get it."

The boer growled something in deep guttural, which might be taken for assent to what the outlaw had said, and carefully depositing the bundle containing the bottle of spirits beside the stone on which he had been sitting, he followed his conductor into the cave by the same path which he had traversed on the former occasion. And now leaving these worthies to concert their plans in a language compounded of Dutch and Hottentot, eked out with signs and rude pantomime, we must proceed to explain to some extent the circumstances antecedent to the present situation of our story.

The reader will scarcely need to be reminded that the condition of the infant settlement of the Cape of Good Hope was one of remarkable peril. The handful of settlers sent out by the Dutch East India Company had not only to encounter such hardships and dangers as might be supposed to attend the first foundation of a new colony, risk of starvation, annoyance from wild beasts, perils from savage races around them, they had also to be ever on their guard against more formidable enemies both within and without. The Cape of Good Hope was too important a point, with reference to the growing trade with India, to be left by other maritime nations in the undisputed possession of the Dutch. Above all, the

rivalry of the English was dreaded by them, and not without reason. Thirty years before van Riebeek had landed at the Cape it had been formally taken possession of by English navigators, in the name of the English sovereign; and this form, though followed by no positive acts of annexation, might at any time be made a pretext for an attempt to dispossess the servants of the Dutch East India Company. The mariners who sailed in these remote seas were generally men of lawless character but very few degrees removed from pirates; and the universally recognized buccaneering maxim that there was "no peace beyond the line" applied as much to the coast of South Africa as to the Spanish Main. The little garrison at the Cape of Good Hope had need to be always on the alert against foreign aggression, and the officers in command had need to be equally on the watch against treachery within. For among the men enlisted in their service were desperadoes of every nation, in whom no confidence could be placed, who were turbulent and unruly, and might be supposed to have little scruple at giving up the port to any foreign power or even to the very savages, if such a betrayal could tend to their own advantage.

It was, perhaps, on account of these varied dangers, and the untrustworthy character of the defenders of the place, that the rule of the officers of the Dutch East India Company at the Cape was marked by extraordinary severity. Merciless punishments had been inflicted for trifling offences. Execution was the simple and ordinary mode employed for weeding out dangerous characters from the little community. Cruelty on the one part and sullen dislike on the other had created a feeling of distrust fast rankling into open and avowed hostility. Some English runaway sailors, in particular, were ringleaders in stirring up a spirit of disaffection and mutiny among both the soldiers of the garrison and the Free Burghers, as they were called, who tilled the Company's lands. The man Harry Rogers, to whom reference has been made already, had formed the design, in company with some others of his countrymen, of possessing themselves of the fort and storehouses at Table Bay, and purchasing pardon from their own government by handing them over to the first British cruizer that might enter those waters. He had been materially aided in his designs by the outlaw whose personal history will be developed in the course of this story. He it was who had suggested and had matured the combination with the Hottentots, who had moved their kraal to the Hout Bay valley in order to be nearer at hand for an enterprise that promised such attractions as blood and plunder.

The man, Hans Arends, who had himself suffered from the extreme severity of the system of punishment pursued at the Factory, had been detected by Rogers stealing spirits from the Company's stores, an offence which would, if proved, have subjected him to transportation and slavery in the new Dutch settlement at Mauritius; and his dread of betrayal, together with an indolent desire to exchange the heavy yoke of his present masters for some easier lot, had thrown him into the hands of the conspirators and made him their tool. He was employed, as we have seen, on the dangerous task of conveying messages between the parties, a service which no one of the garrison could undertake without risk of discovery; and he was to play a yet more prominent part in the final execution of the plot. It had been arranged that every Hottentot warrior who could be summoned should assemble at the head of Table Valley on a night to be decided upon. That they should be guided by the outlaw to the outskirts of the settlement; that Arends, whose occupation about the fort as purveyor of fish and game to the officers' mess allowed him free ingress at any time, should leave open a sally-port for the admission of the enemy; and that the English conspirators within should kill or take prisoners the governor and other officials, and embarrass any attempt at defence. What was to follow on gaining possession of this fort was left unsettled. Probably it might have been found that a wide difference of opinion on this subject existed among the conspirators themselves. While some looked forward to purchasing pardon for past offences by securing so valuable a possession for the English, others thought only of throwing off a galling and hateful tyranny. The savages had no ideas connected with it beyond exterminating the white settlers and revelling in their coveted stores of European goods; while a few, like the outlaw of the Lion's Head, burned with the desire of revenge, and longed to efface the recollection of past wrongs in blood and fire.

But though destitute of aim as regarded the future, their present plans were so well laid that success seemed certain. The very night for the attack had been determined on, and the only doubt as to carrying the plot into execution arose from the circumstance of a ship having come unexpectedly into the Bay on her homeward voyage from Batavia. The crew of the single vessel which usually lay in the anchorage were generally on shore, and in fact formed part of the regular garrison. But the arrival of this second ship added so considerably to the number of the defenders of the place that it became neces-

sary to consult whether the design should be at once proceeded with or delayed until she had taken her departure, as, at the present season of the year, she might be expected to do in the course of a day or two. The object of Hans Arends' present mission was to inform the outlaw Pasqual Rodrigo and the messenger from the Hottentot Kraal that the new arrival would sail in two days at the latest; that her crew were busily engaged in taking in water, that the captain was distrustful of the weather, and that by the evening of the third day from the present, the reinforcements so sorely needed by the little garrison would be gone, and the plot might be put in execution.

It will be needless to weary the reader with the details of the interview in the cave; at which the outlaw Rodrigo acted in the capacity of interpreter between the savage and Hans Arends, who, though still sullen and dogged, ventured no further to excite the wrath of his fierce and reckless companion. The plan of the attack was finally determined on. The savage warriors, armed in their most effective manner, were to assemble about nightfall in the little wooded kloof that descends from the neck between the Lion's Head and Table Mountain towards Camp's Bay. Rodrigo was to lead them to the appointed place, and Arends and the English in the garrison were to perform their part; and success seemed all but certain.

These preliminaries finally settled, the savage gathered up his bow and bundle of assegais, fastened his large oval shield of mottled ox-hide on his left arm, and announced his intention to depart to the Kraal. Rodrigo accompanied him out of his stronghold and returned in a few minutes bringing with him Hans' precious bottle. His lean swarthy face was lighted up with a singular expression of triumphant exultation as he exclaimed "Now thou can'st drink, man, and thou wilt! But drink warily. Keep thyself sober for three days longer, and then thou mayest drown thyself in drink if it so please thee! That message will rouse every black devil between here and Saldanha Bay; and we will have revenge, Hans, and blood, man, blood!" He drew his long keen knife with savage ferocity as he said—or rather shouted—these words, and Hans, averse to bloodshed, and desirous above all things to keep his own skin whole, cowered into a corner, and affected as well as he might to share the outlaw's enthusiasm.

But the message which was to excite the wild tribes to fury, was destined not to be delivered. It was fated that for this time, at least, the settlement should be spared the horrors of savage warfare.

The messenger sped on his way, lighted by a moon which, though obscured by clouds, yet shed sufficient light to guide him on his path. Huge dark masses were driving slowly across the sky before a wind which was beginning to rise from the westward, but a bright streak of sky close down on the horizon showed the heaving surface of the wide expanse of sea, and the grey crags against which it thundered far below. His path led downward across the slope of the mountain. He crossed a dry narrow ravine, and descended at once almost to the sea level, at what is now Camp's Bay—then studded with thickets and dwarf forest trees that fringed the course of the little stream. Why does he stop as he threads the mazes of these thickets, and turn and listen breathlessly as one whose instincts seem to warn him of danger at hand? Now he emerges from the dark shadow of the stunted forest, and before him lies a breadth of short turf, the site where some tribe of Hottentots in remote times had made their kraal. He breathes more freely as he treads the open space; for there, if not safety, there is at least light and space, and danger can hardly come upon him unawares. But even as he quits the gloomy shade of overarching boughs, there draws nearer and nearer, with swift snake-like motion, with body crouched along the ground, with dilated nostrils drawing in fiercely, eagerly, each light particle of human scent left by the active foot of the savage—there draws nearer and nearer to him, swiftly, silently overtaking him, the long, gaunt, tawny form of a cub-drawn lioness. As the wild beast caught sight of the wild man before her in the open space, she darted forward with a suppressed snarling growl. He turned for one instant. He saw, almost upon the ground, the cruel gleaming eyes, like balls of greenish yellow light. He felt, rather than heard, the stroke with which she spurned the ground in her first spring towards him. He saw her touch the ground again, for one instant, for a second bound. He saw her form against the sky above him, a loose furry form, as of a kaross flung up into the air. There was a dull crash as the poor wretch's skull was dashed in by a paw larger than a man's two hands, and framed of bone as solid, as heavy as ivory. And almost before he had reached the ground as he fell, her teeth were in his throat, and she was sucking the life-blood ere the heart had ceased to beat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CAROL OF TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

I. LONDON.

The air is remarkably clear and bright
The dirty brick houses are dotted with white,
While the slates and the tiles of the roofs around
With a smoke-tinted layer of snow are crowned.
There's snow on the window-sills, snow on the shutters,
Snow on the pavement and snow in the gutters,
Snow on the knockers and snow on the bells,
Snow on the steeples too. Everything tells
Above and below,
Of heaps of snow—
A glittering, chilly, frosty show.

The sentry's nose has a blueish tip,
There's frost on the hair that adorns his lip,
His long frieze coat and his bearskin shako
Are here and there sprinkled with lumps of snow;
And Policeman B provokes a laugh
From rude little boys, who do nothing but chaff,
As he stalks along in a dignified style,
With a cover of snow on his tall black "tile."
The milkman who's vending mysterious sky-blue;
The newsboy, the cabman, the 'bus-driver too,
And the "frozen-out gardener" with nothing to do,
Protest and declare
That they're ready to swear
They never have known "such a werry cold air;
Nor seen the snow lying more thick than that there."
So you guess the conclusion, at which they arrive, is
Not much unlike Horace's *jam satis nivis.*

It's just about eight
In the morning—not late
For the time of the year, when the Londoners wait
Till that hour ere the sun
His course has begun
(Which he gets through so fast that at four it is done).
It is just eight o'clock, and the morning is cold,
Clear, frosty,—the frost is a dozen days old—
And loud through the air
Ring the peals that declare
The joyfullest feast-day of all in the year,
The day of rejoicing, the day of good cheer,
When good mother Church bids us feast, bids us fill
The loving cup full, but, while draining it still,
Let its draught be the symbol of "Peace and goodwill."
In short I may say,
It is Christmas Day.
And London is rubbing the sleep from its eyes,
Turning round in its bed, and preparing to rise,
But, even while waking,
Shivering and shaking,

Now putting a leg out, now drawing it in again,
As if all the snow could be felt through so thin a pane
As that of each window it sees half encrusted
With hard frozen flakes, like a tart that's bedusted
With sugar—forgetting the old *il n'y a*
Qui coute (say the French) *que le premier pas.*

But time flies on,
Ten o'clock's gone.
Half-past ten—and each steeple-bell there
Rings out to sinners the hour of prayer,
And overcoats lined with the warmest of stuffs;
And boas, shawls, comforters, tippets, and muffs,
Wrapping ladies and gentlemen, nice little boys
And sweet little girls—matrimonial joys—
Each street along
To the churches throng
To join in the prayer and the holy song.

(By the way I'm afraid,
As I read, that I've made
A bit of a jumble, and made it appear
That the clothes went to pray and to sing—which looks queer;
As I can't change it now, all I wish to observe is,
'Twas the wearers, not garments, that joined in the service,
Though I dare not deny that I *have* had a notion
That new bonnets and cloaks
Do influence folks
In going to church quite as much as devotion.)

The clock has struck one,
The service is done,
And the people are thinking of feasting and fun.
From bakers' shops
Each moment pops
A dish of baked mutton, with taters hot,
A goose, or a sirloin, a pig, or what not,
While from "publics" near
Is fetched the beer,
And sly little boys, who are carrying it home,
Take a pull at the pewter, and hide it in foam.

Away in the parks
All sorts of larks,
Sliding and skating, and playing at snowballs,
Tripping up "peelers,"
Chaffing the dealers
In hot pies, in terms the fastidious might "low" call.
Gents looking anxious while learning to skate,
Skilled ones in twirls cutting figures of eight;
Beginners consigned to the horrible fate
Of heels in the air and a crack on the pate,
Or a plunge through the ice where the surface is thinner,
And a very cold bath to prepare them for dinner.

The clock has struck four,
From the parks they all pour,
For it's getting so dark they can't see any more.
But, away as they glide,
Snowballs are shied
On every side,
And policemen are spied
Punching little boys' heads who've been making a slide
As home to their families' bosoms they hied.

Bar up the shutters and shut out the sight
Of the frost and the snow, with its cruel cold white.
Stir the fire, draw the curtains red, warm as a blanket,
And spread the fair table-cloth,—bring in the banquet;
Bring in the sirloin, the turkey, the chine,
The crisp little sucking-pig; bring in the wine,
The foaming champagne and the sparkling Moselle,
The lordly Johannesberg; bring in, as well,
The dry-flavoured sherry, the brown and the pale,
And the nutty "October" too, bring in the ale.
Bring in the pudding—round, solid, and jolly
As John Bull himself—with its gay sprig of holly;
Bring in the mince pies, the custards and tarts,
The jellies and cheesecakes to gladden young hearts,
The pheasants and bread sauce, the woodcocks on toast.
But bring—above all things—yes, bring in the host.
The host worthy the board
Thus plenteously stored,
With a face whose bright smile shall illumine the revels,
Make laughter our despot and scare the blue devils!
And say, as around him each mirth-beaming face,
Ab ovo ad malum—that is, from the grace
To dessert—seems to light up and warm up the place,
As the loving cup passes,
And drained are the glasses,
In loyal, and loving, and jovial toasts.
Is it really so strange that an Englishman boasts,
How, in spite of the weather, the gloom, and the cold,
The snow and the ice, when the whole truth is told,
Where'er in more sun-favoured lands he may roam,
He finds nothing so merry as "Christmas at home"?

II. CAPE TOWN.

It's four in the morning, and over the way,
Where the Blueberg looks down upon Table Bay,
The rays of light
Are shooting in sight,
And scattering the last of the shades of night.
All's still as death,
There isn't a breath
Of wind to ruffle the deep blue water,
And the vessels turn,
Stem and stern,
Just as they fancy, to every quarter.

The mighty old rock, where, according to fable,
A certain old gentleman spreads his table,
Stands sharply defined to the gazing eye,
Seared, massy, and grand in the deep blue sky,
Just catching the blaze
Of the sun's full rays,
As he bursts on the world from his bed in the ocean.
(*Vide* Lempriere for this mythological notion,
Article, "Thetis,"
Where the story complete is,
Which I've just the same faith in as Chinamen's treaties.)
And below are seen
The white and green
Of the houses, with gardens and trees between,
Looking so pleasing, and neat, and clean,
Though, *entre nous*,
It's certainly true,
It is distance that very much aids the view.
Higher and higher still rises the sun,
Five o'clock strikes and the day is begun.

Oh! Phœbus, how quickly your rays do enfeeble us,
When you pitch them so strongly as here, ἑκατη βολο,
When you broil us and bake us,
As soon as you wake us,
And very "moist, unpleasant bodies" you make us.
'Tis Christmas day, but no sound from steeple
Announces the fact to a joyous people,
For bells are rare,
And folks would stare
To hear of a peal, of a triple-bob-major,
And turn on their heels, and go off in a rage, or
Be apt to swear
If you asked them where
You could hear the bells chiming a Christmas air.

In Adderley-street,
Spite of the heat,
Folks are preparing to start for a treat:
To Rondebosch, Wynberg, they hasten away,
Diep River, the Muizenberg beach, and Kalk Bay.
A deuce of a fuss is
With cabs and with 'buses,
And there's such a supply of carts, wagons, and buggies,
You'd vow in our market that horseflesh a drug is.
And brilliant and gay
Looks each smiling Malay,
With his wife and his daughters in "gorgeous array,"
And small chiselled features so *mignonnes* and *jolies*,
Hair plastered with wax and with cocoanut "olie;"
Happy Mohammedans packed close together,
Shining with joy and the heat of the weather.
Sons of the Crescent,
Enjoying the present,
Finding feasts of the Cross, as their own, quite as pleasant;
Noisy and jolly, and quite "deliquescent."

Out from the churches and into the sun,
Perspiring and steamy, come one by one,
By twos, by threes,
In a regular squeeze,
Crowds hoping in vain for the ghost of a breeze,
Weary and faint with the heat, and, what's worse,
Not the least bit improved by the godly "discourse."
Home to the dinner
Go saint and sinner,
Resolved, if they can, to be hearty and merry,
And laugh in the old Christmas fashion—but very
Unlike the old style
Is the used-up smile,
Which tells of the languor, the heat, and the bile.
And I own it is doubtful to me if a dinner can
Help in such weather to comfort the inner man.

Think of the sirloin as lean as a cat,
Think of the turkey that couldn't get fat,
Think of the sausages all lean and gristle;
Look at the pig, through whose ribs there might whistle
The breezes of heaven—if breezes there were here;
Think of the fizzing and lukewarm beer,
Think of the wine—aye, the wine might be nice,
But where, cousin Jonathan, where is the ice?
Think of the pudding, and, floating around it,
The sea of hot butter, in which they have drowned it;
Think of the tarts and the steaming mince pies,
The custards and jellies all covered with flies.
Call these things a feast! in such horrible heat!
How the deuce, in such weather, can *any one eat?*
No! it's all a mistake,
Away with them! take
The food and the wine,
The turkey and chine,
Juice of France and the Rhine,
It's a great deal too hot in this country to dine,
At Christmas at least when the weather is "fine."

MORAL.

Though an Englishman's very much given to roam,
In *one* sense we may say that he never leaves home;
For wherever he goes he *will* carry about
Many things he'd do very much better without.
They stick to him close, as a brick to its plaster,
Or a shell to a snail (the *escargot de Dastre*).
And though, most of them, very good things of their kind,
Should be left in the place of their rearing—behind.
Like certain exotics, that need their own soils,
Let them grow where they sprout—transplantation but spoils.
So you who have read may be taught by my lay,
A fine moral lesson anent Christmas day.
You may smile, but most authors would give you worse platitudes—
Mince pies and plum puddings belong to high latitudes.

A. W. C.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Salvete aureoli mei libelli,
Meæ deliciæ, mei lepores!
Quam vos sæpe oculis juvat videre,
Et tritos manibus tenere nostris!—RANTZAU.

As in all times, and in every country, the progress made by a people in the arts and sciences may be taken as an indicator of their true position in the scale of civilization, so it may be remarked of every era in which literature has been munificently encouraged, and which poets, philosophers, and historians have rendered conspicuous to after ages, that it has been famous for the collection of those rare manuscripts and classics in all languages which were formerly inaccessible to other than the very wealthy or the very learned, and which it was the liberal object of the founders of all the most celebrated public libraries to bring within the reach of the general student, and thus increase the little band of those who, by vast erudition and extended opportunities of acquiring information, were peculiarly adapted from the pulpit, the study, or the academy to lead and mould the minds of men.

That this was a project which in modern days required of its promoters a considerable outlay of time and means, great influence, and untiring assiduity few will be prepared to dispute, and a proportionate share of gratitude and admiration is due to them from the recipients of their bounty.

Among the ancients, it is true, literary spoils were often among the most prized of the valued possessions transferred *vi et armis* from an enslaved nation to the museums of the conqueror. Paulus Emilius, after the defeat of Perseus, presented to the Roman people a large number of very valuable manuscripts, which, by intimidation, fraud, or violence, he had amassed in Greece: and Sylla, who was the founder of the first public library in Rome, was enabled to assume this honourable position from having been the discoverer of a choice selection of writings in the Temple of Apollo after the siege of Athens. The famous library of Alexandria, the approximate value of which we can only conjecture, was formed and gradually increased by more legitimate means. One of the great race who were its originators—the Egyptian Ptolemies—refused, saith history, what we cannot reject as apocryphal, to supply the famished Athenians with corn, until they had placed in his hands, for

public reference, the original books of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus. In Rome, where private citizens were frequently enabled, from their extraordinary opulence, to rival imperial splendour, there were many libraries, which, owing their magnificence to the taste and generosity of individuals, were, nevertheless, always open to the researches of the learned, and, at any rate, supplied the place of those which might have been termed professedly national. The reader of Plutarch will recollect his account of the library of Lucullus; and those who are more familiar with general history may be reminded of the libraries founded by the Emperors, many of which received their respective names, guarantees of an immortality more durable than military fame or civic popularity.

Although the subject is replete with interest alike to the scholar and the general reader, we cannot, within our present limits, attempt to describe the celebrated libraries of antiquity, or even indulge in a sketch of those vast collections which have survived the destroying touch of Time, and been handed down to the present generation, in spite of changes which have revolutionized Christendom. A brief notice, however, of those libraries which in Great Britain and throughout Europe are most distinguished for their value and extent, will not, we trust, prove barren of instruction, ere we proceed to treat of a collection which, though almost insignificant when contrasted with such mammoth examples, we may fairly anticipate will increase with the growing wealth and refinement of this country, and, at some far distant period will rival in importance those of an earlier age. The day of small things is not to be despised.

The most complete library in Europe was not, as is generally supposed, *founded* by Cosmo de Medici. A merchant, the son of a merchant named Nicholas Niccoli, who, in his later years acted on the axiom that "learning is better than houses or land," by devoting the energies of his mind to the acquisition of knowledge, and the resources which Fortune had placed at his command to the relief of less wealthy students, bequeathed his library to the people of Florence. The validity, however, of the gift was endangered by the embarrassed state of his affairs, and it was ultimately secured to the public by the munificence of Cosmo de Medici, whose vast acquaintance with the treasures of literature made him eager to save so choice a collection from being scattered or lost sight of.

After the death of Cosmo, other members of this perhaps the most illustrious family of Europe, enriched with a

princely generosity a library already perfectly unique in possessing works of the rarest description, and even now famous for the beauty of its Indian, Hebrew, and Chaldaic manuscripts, which were not only obtained at an enormous expense, but were arranged by some of the most distinguished men of that polite age.

The library of the Vatican, which numbers 140,000 volumes, and manuscripts, though, comparatively speaking, a small collection, contains many works which are not to be found elsewhere. Its real value is known only to ecclesiastics and historians. In Italy it is not wise to speak the truth nor politic to write history. There can be little doubt, as the discreet Leopold Ranke hints in his "History of the Popes," that in the library of the Vatican and among the archives of the great Roman families are secrets which, if divulged, would shake the tottering fabric of the almost effete Papacy to its foundations. It is, therefore, not surprising that only a portion of this library is public. The librarians of the Vatican have been generally men of great learning and extraordinary research, although few have made valuable contributions to the treasures which they guarded. The constant presence of the remains of supreme intellectual greatness naturally induces in men capable of appreciation a habit rather of contemplative humility than of active emulation.

The libraries of Russia are on the same grand scale as other institutions in that vast country. The Imperial Library at St. Petersburgh, which contains 440,000 printed volumes and 15,000 manuscripts, is the repository of the most valuable Oriental works in the world. Those who have accustomed themselves to underrate the strides which since the days of Catherine have been taken by all save the lowest class in the dominions of the Czar will be surprised to hear that there are fifty other public libraries, many of them of great extent, in various parts of the empire.

In France, three millions of books are estimated as the contents of the various libraries scattered through the country. The five principal ones are in Paris, and contain a million and a half of books. The Royal Library at Munich contains 600,000 volumes. That at Berlin 500,000. The Copenhagen Library during the past century has increased from 65,000 to 410,000.

It is a curious subject of inquiry, the proportion borne in various countries of the number of books contained in public libraries to the population of the towns where they are situated. The Statistical Society gave, a few years ago,

some valuable information on this point. It appears from their report that the aggregate number of volumes contained in European public libraries exceeds twenty millions. In Great Britain and Ireland there are 43 volumes to every 100 inhabitants of the towns which contain the books. In Russia, 80 to every 100. In Spain there are to each 100, 106. In France 125. In the Austrian empire 159. In Rome 306.

This comparison, at first sight so disparaging to ourselves, must be set aside when we recollect that almost all, *except* English public libraries, are large lending institutions, and thus are constantly increased in extent to meet the daily wants of a reading public, which, in our own land, are supplied by the circulating libraries supported by subscription or kept up as private commercial speculations.

The size and relative value of the principal libraries in Great Britain are probably familiar to our readers. The libraries of Oxford and Cambridge are, with the national collection at the British Museum, those best known to the learned. Most Oxonians are, aware that Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, established the first public library in Oxford—in Durham, now Trinity College—in 1345, by a gift of more volumes than were then in the possession of the Episcopal Bench. In 1409, a room over the old Congregation-house in St. Mary's Churchyard, originally prepared by Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, in 1320, was fitted up for the reception of the library by the generosity of King Henry IV, and his sons, together with that of other of the most distinguished Englishmen, both secular and religious; among whom may be mentioned Courtney, the Chancellor of the University, by whose labour it was finally arranged in 1411. In 1480, the books were added to the Duke of Gloucester's collection. The library suffered irreparable damage at the hands of the avaricious and ignorant bigots who were appointed Visitors of the University in the reign of Edward VI, and it may be said to have sunk into insignificance for forty years before it was restored in 1597 by Sir Thomas Bodley. The Bodleian Library now numbers 220,000—other less important collections contain 150,000 volumes more. Cambridge boasts 230,000, and the Scotch colleges and public institutions together possess 390,000 books and manuscripts, of which, however, few are very scarce, and many are duplicates. In Ireland, the only collections worthy the name are in Dublin.

The library at the British Museum was founded in 1753, and opened its treasures to the public four years subse-

quently. It then consisted of 40,000 volumes. It is now increased to 350,000 volumes, and in addition to bequests of valuable private collections, it is likely to increase annually at a rapid rate, possessing, as it does, extraordinary privileges to facilitate the acquisition of contemporary literature, and enjoying besides an annual parliamentary grant exceeding £25,000, for the purchase of foreign works and rare specimens of the writings of past ages.

The usefulness of this truly national institution has been materially increased since the erection of the new reading-room. To those who remember the old rooms, and the proverbial "museum headache" which was a concomitant of all attempts of the student to evolve from the chaos surrounding him any work of reference, it may sound strange to say that the present room is not only absolutely luxurious, but that the system of appliances to study is such that it is now preferable to the once-coveted retirement of any less extensive library. It is a large apartment of a circular form, 106 feet in height, having a diameter of 140 feet. It is lighted by twenty windows at the springing of the dome, and by a large opening in the centre.

The book-cases which cover the walls are large enough to receive a million of volumes, and are already lined with all standard works in our own and foreign languages which are likely to be required by the larger proportion of readers. The arrangement of these is so simple that any man entering the room with a definite object can easily satisfy it without delay to himself or trouble to the superintendents.

A managing librarian sits in one portion of the room, which communicates with the King's Library, surrounded by catalogues, who receives applications for books, and directs the attendants to afford any assistance which may be required by readers. The double ranges of tables (alphabetically numbered) radiate from this as a centre, and are carefully padded with leather and fitted with noiseless springs; the chairs are on wheels; and the floor is laid with asphalte, thus enabling the abstracted philosophers or the dreaming enthusiasts to pursue their respective employments without dread of interruption, though more than three hundred restless neighbours were around them.

Without pausing to examine the constitution of minor collections in London and provincial towns, which, with the exception of the Chetham Library in Manchester, founded by a merchant in 1653, are very generally incorporated with other institutions, let us glance at the history and

progress of our own Public Library, a treasure which is so soon to be removed to a more suitable casket, and moot one or two suggestions as to its future government.

It was, we believe, in the year 1817, that the want of a good library of reference forced itself prominently upon the attention of the leading inhabitants of Cape Town. A suggestion was made to the Colonial Secretary by Mr. Collison, and a few other influential wine merchants, that by the imposition of a small tax upon every leaguer of wine which should pass through the Cape Town Market, a fund might be created for the purchase of books. Through the instrumentality of Col. Bird, who was appointed Colonial Secretary two months subsequently, Lord Charles Somerset was induced to entertain the idea, and on the 20th March, 1818, issued a proclamation which had the desired effect.

For the information of inquiring officials we give the words of the document referred to. After glancing prophetically at the future wealth and prosperity of the colony, and laying down certain rules for the guidance of teachers, his Lordship proceeds to direct that a charge of one rix-dollar shall be made for the gauge and certificate of measurement of each cask of wine which shall pass through the market; and then, not without a shrewd knowledge of the existing educational deficiencies, enacts, "That the Collector of Tithes as aforesaid shall not carry the amount of this charge for gauging to the account of collection of the branch of revenue of which he has the receipt, but shall keep a separate account thereof, in order, after paying the amount of the guager's salary, and his incidental expenses, to deposit the remainder in the Government Bank" (in the name of the following committee, viz.:)

"The Colonial Secretary for the time, Chief Justice, ditto, His Majesty's Fiscal ditto, Senior Minister Reformed Church, Senior Minister Lutheran Church, Senior Chaplain English Establishment; there to create a fund for the formation of a public library, which, under certain regulations hereafter to be framed for my approval by the committee above named, shall be open to the public; and lay the foundation of a system which shall place the means of knowledge within the reach of the youth of this remote corner of the globe; and bring within their reach what the most eloquent of ancient writers has considered to be one of the first blessings of life—'Home Education.'"

The library was first opened as a Government institution in 1821, and consisted then of between 3,000 and 4,000 books. In 1829 it was handed over by ordinance to the public, and

has since been administered by a committee of nine subscribers elected from the general body, who in our day number about 250, and have the control of 30,000 volumes, and an annual income exceeding £400. The library has been increased by the generosity of donors and the wisdom of those who have had the administration of its finances.

This institution entered upon a new era of existence on the day when his Royal Highness Prince Alfred inaugurated the new building which is to be its shrine in future. It could not but have suggested itself to many, however, who listened to the brilliant utterances of the only *Orator* amongst us, that the usefulness of the library is not so widely extended as it might be, and that its value is scarcely sufficiently recognized. Complaints are rife as to the inefficiency of the librarian—the want of arrangement of the books themselves, and the lack of judgment displayed in their purchase. These murmurs, we deferentially submit, are idle. Where faults are proved to exist the remedy is in the hands of the subscribers. To every man who will take the trouble to examine the duties of the librarian under the existing constitution, it will be apparent that the present officer performs to the best of his ability a difficult and thankless task at a most inadequate rate of remuneration. For the efficient discharge of the duties attaching to him, the following arrangements ought to be carried out. Without intending any personal reference to those who now hold office, we mean to say that the chief librarian should have such a salary as should place him above all anxiety on extraneous subjects. He ought, as he is saddled with a great responsibility, to be able to devote his leisure calmly to the study of his charge, its excellencies and defects. He should be ready to afford every information to the local student or the curious and discursive stranger, and, at the same time, be enabled to devote no inconsiderable portion of his time to at least a cursory review of current literature, in order to afford proper assistance to those who have the choice of purchases, lest, by accident or design, the funds of the library be misappropriated to party purposes.

He should be allowed the services of a well-paid assistant of ability, general knowledge of books, and no small share of the "Fairy Order's" friendship and good offices, to whom he might delegate the books, records, and check lists of volumes issued. With proper menial attendance, he would then be in a position to answer every question regarding the library without hesitation, and to keep the subscribers so alive to their responsibilities as to save himself from all ill-tempered charges of partiality or negligence.

We think the funds of the library would be greatly improved, and much valuable space saved, were the subscribers to elect a special committee who should lay aside for public auction a great number of books, particularly in the department of light literature. This is overstocked by works of ephemeral interest. If a sub or book-selection committee were to sit every month and dispose of surplus copies of magazines and novels of the day, money would be forthcoming which might be devoted to the purchase of a larger number of these popular works, and thus meet the extra demand.

We may fairly hope to see one of the existing evils done away with on the removal of the library to the Gardens. When remote from the busy mart of men, the temptation will not be so great to the local school of peripatetic philosophers to hold their gatherings for the discussion of social grievances within earshot of the well-meaning student. Muta, the goddess who presides over silence, should have a statue in every library.

We earnestly desire to see the class of those for whose benefit the library was originally projected, daily increase, and that those who enter the library should do so, not to while away an idle hour, but with the real, honest purpose of leaving it wiser and better men. Charles Lamb's conceit of a grace before reading the works of master minds is not without meaning or silent reproach.

Heinsius, the librarian of Leyden, was wont to say, "I no sooner come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not of this happiness"* One of the greatest men of the age has put in the mouth of Epicurus a sentiment worthy of both himself and the philosopher: "Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher;" and as a warning against the seductive fascinations of gaiety, has uttered the text—dear to the hearts of the reader and the thinker—"To be wise, indeed, and happy, and self-possessed, we must often be alone; we must mix as little as we can with what is called society, and abstain rather more than seems desirable from the better few."

* "Landor's Imaginary Conversations."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A QUIET MAN.

A NEW RYE-HOUSE PLOT.

"DICK!" said my sister Deborah to me, on the evening of a Whit Sunday, about twenty-five years ago; "Dick! my tooth-ache won't be any better for a week, I am sure it won't; it always happens so at holiday times, just as one is looking forward to a pleasant trip: I declare I am as good as a witch, I thought something was going to happen."

"My dear Deb," said I, somewhat struck with the prim little woman's unwonted testiness, "surely you forget our walk last Good Friday, and the Easter Monday's trip to Hampstead, and the journey to Richmond last Whitsuntide, to say nothing of the pleasant ten days at Brighton in the autumn. Accidents will happen, now and then, Deb, in the best regulated families!"

But sister Deborah, for once, would not be comforted; we had met with a shower at Hampstead, and the waiter at the hotel at Richmond had turned up his nose at our basket of sandwiches and rather delayed bringing in the beer which we ordered for the good of the house and drank for our own. Then the lodging-house keeper at Brighton had overcharged us in the matter of fresh butter; and altogether,—under the influence of tooth-ache,—Deborah was keenly sensible just then, of all the minor miseries of life that had come within her recent and limited experience. I have so often thought of that evening since, and of what followed as an apparent consequence of Deborah's tooth-ache, and what a ray of sunshine it let in upon our cosy but lonely lives, that I could write down every word of our talk before we each went to bed—but I must not anticipate. Deborah's chair is empty now, and by that dear companion of my joys and sorrows it will never be occupied again. Two letters are before me, written by two persons whom the events of the next day made me acquainted with, and this little history or statement of my adventures on that day will be of interest, and perhaps of service, to one of them when I am gone. Little did Deborah and myself think that either of us would become mixed up with an incident which, if we had read it in a book, we should have thought absurdly improbable; but perhaps it will find its way into a book some of these days, and thus the only little bit of romance that ever happened to either of us may come to be read, doubted,

laughed at, or tossed aside, just as such things are by people who don't choose to believe a true tale when it is told to them.

At the time of which I speak, Deborah and myself lived in lodgings at an old-fashioned quiet house in Featherstone-buildings, High Holborn, rather a respectable locality in those days, and looked upon in the city as an approach to the West End, and certainly it lay in that direction from St. Paul's. I had just been made head-ledger clerk of the old firm of Stokes and Podgers, the great East Indian merchants of St. Mary Axe, Leadenhall-street, and had been working hard to qualify myself for the promotion, and staying rather late at the office to see all things square and straight, so that the prospect of losing my Whitsuntide holiday was not quite agreeable to me, and I am sure the notion of going into the country without taking Deborah along with me never once occurred to my mind. She was much my senior, and had taken care of me in my early life, and so it happened that in process of time I had come to take care of her, and we had journeyed along together very simply and quietly for a great many years. But the good little woman intuitively knew that a day's holiday excursion would do me good, and that for some time previously I had been looking into the history of Hertfordshire, and rubbing up my acquaintance with Isaac Walton, and the geography of the pretty country watered by the Lea, where old Isaac and the scholar used to go fishing, and that my historical researches, which my friends thought great, had been especially directed to the latter days of Charles the Second and the Rye-house plot. As a city man, and something of an antiquarian in a very humble and old-fashioned way, I felt a great interest in all that concerned the Stuarts' latest attempts on the charter of the city, and all the events which preceded the glorious revolution of 1688. About this time the new Eastern Counties Railway had been opened and the now common excursion trip was then a novelty. It had just been advertised that a train would leave, and return tickets be granted, on Whit Monday for an excursion to Broxbourn and Ware, and to the famous Rye-house, and everybody was asking where was the Rye-house, and what was the Rye-house plot; and in common with a great many others I had fixed to go there for my holiday trip, when Deborah's unfortunate tooth-ache threatened to stop my promised pleasure. But the good soul insisted that the morning being fine, I should go by myself, and, as luck would have it, just as I was leaving, in came our cousin Dorothy Saunders, from Camberwell, as anxious to

spend a day in town as we had been to go into the country. Her husband, an old skipper, was to call for her in the evening, and I promised to be back in time for tea and a rubber of whist, and to give a good account of my adventures; what sort of an account I did have to give I am now about to tell.

One of the advantages of living in London is that it is so full of old associations, and the names are often allowed to remain when the buildings or places have long since perished. The old Londoners were more careful to provide for this than people of our times. Not so very many years ago Caxton's old house, with its external galleries, was still standing in the angle of the ancient almonry at Westminster, and surely there was something very sacred about the spot where the first printing press was put up under the Abbot of Westminster's protection, and where Edward IV. and his Queen, and their two boys and Court, and crook-backed Richard went to visit the new invention. But they have pulled down the old house now and made a great fine street through the Abbey domain, and though it goes by the noble and honoured name of "Victoria," yet somehow there was a grandeur about the Caxton associations that ought, I think, to have been preserved. Shoreditch was the starting point of my adventures, and it set me thinking, not so much I confess about the adulterous Jane as about Nicholas Rowe, an especial friend not only of mine but of Pope, Swift, and Addison, as goodly a company of friends as a man need have. In some of the dreamy moments of my life when I have thought on the great number of books that I have read, the noble acquaintances which I have made, the obscure authors I have pored over, I have thought that I, too, would try and be famous, and leave behind me a record of learning and industry which men might hereafter reckon wise, but as the poet says:

> "Stern duty rose, and frowning, flung
> His leaden chain around me;
> With iron look and sullen tongue,
> He muttered as he bound me,—
> 'The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
> Unfit for toil the creature;
> These for the free alone are given,—
> But what have slaves with nature?'"

So my leaden chain continued fixed to Stokes and Podgers' counting-house, and my home remained in Featherstone-buildings along with Deborah. But of a winter's evening, "when the largest lamp was lit," after seeing, may-be, a representation of Rowe's fine play of Jane Shore (for in

those days it was still performed now and then), I would ask him how it was that he, a young templar with only three hundred a year, could manage to write so many plays, and get made first a duke's secretary, then poet laureate and a surveyor of customs, then clerk of the council to the Prince of Wales, and then secretary of presentations to the Lord Chancellor? No wonder he was able to get married twice and make a figure. But he died young,—at forty-five! Perhaps his places were too many for him, he must have died of hard work and tragedy-writing; but then, also, let us remember he was the first real editor of Shakspeare, and it was worth living a little hard to have done so useful a thing for mankind.

Twenty-five years ago railways were in their early youth, and the old women called the carriages big vans and caravans; and the wiseacres shook their heads and said, What next? But the fact is, the idea of the steam engine is correctly described in Lord Worcester's "Century of Inventions," and Friar Bacon knew more about it than we can tell. That little boy Watt, who is now represented in the picture as speculating on the steam power of a tea kettle, was after all only the achieving genius; he was not the inventor,— indeed, there can hardly be any inventors, for there is nothing new under the sun. So thought I during my first railway ride. The old Duke of Bridgewater, who made those famous canals the sources of his family's enormous wealth, shrewdly enough put his stick upon the tramroad fifty years old that they showed him one day at Newcastle, and said, "Ah, these will one day beat us!" He saw in it the embryo railway system, if we mistake not; but even his singular discernment failed to calculate the wonderful development of traffic which came in with the facilities of transit. There has been room both for the railway and canal, and the great duke's work remains the scene of a busy industry, flowing with an energy equal to the ability, and is a source of wealth corresponding with the beneficence that still distinguishes the house of Ellesmere.

We started—a numerous and pleasant party—that fine, fresh, spring morning, and I amused myself with thinking that this new mode of travelling that brought, as it were, the country so much nearer to town, would revive the customs of the days of Hollinshed and Stowe; nor was I far wrong in my conjecture, as every one now knows. I am one of those men who are so happy as never to be less alone than when alone, and yet find pleasant company in a crowd. I am sure I entered into the sense of enjoyment of the people—young and

old—who were for one day leaving care behind them in their close pent-up homes. There were husbands and wives in all the stages of that relationship, some making it a kind of wedding tour, others with children and great baskets of provisions; young men and their sweethearts, old men and dowagers of various degrees, some going all and others part of the way. Soon the short shriek of the whistle sounded, the doors were banged to by the porters, and our journey began. As we emerged from the station we came upon that dense mass of brick buildings with large windowed upper rooms where the Spitalfields weavers ply their trade, reminding one of Louis XIV and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The residents in these squalid houses are the veritable descendants of those French Huguenots driven from their homes for conscience sake, and whom England sheltered in their day of trouble. There was great distress among them at the time I write of, and the good Queen Adelaide in announcing the drawing-rooms at St. James's, had caused it to be notified, "It is the particular desire of the Queen that all persons attending the drawing-room shall appear in dresses of British manufacture." The intention was a kind one, but it did not effect much permanent good. Then as the train passed on we came to "Stratford-atte-Bowe," reminding one pleasantly of the nun's tale in Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrimage;" then through the marshy fields of Essex, where herds of cattle were browsing in the rich grass, on the skirts of the famous Epping Forest, past Enfield, and Leytonstone, and Edmonton, where Johnny Gilpin was to have spent the anniversary of his wedding-day, through Potter's Bar to Broxbourne, where the Cambridge line joins, we passed quickly onwards through a yet more beautiful and wooded country, where the motion once more lessened and the train stopped, and the shouts of the porters "Re-us, Ri-us, Ra-us," in connection with the sign-board against a wall, enabled us to ascertain that after a pleasant ride of about two hours we were near the end of our pilgrimage—the famous Rye-house.

Yes, there it stood, a little to the right, a square tower-like house of red brick, built very much in the style of Elizabethan architecture. The pointed Gothic arch of the doorway was surmounted by a Roman embrasure which ran also beneath the upper corbelled windows on either side; these were of a sort of perpendicular Gothic with front and side lights surrounded by a battlemented coping and a sort of cornice or coping round the house was finished in the same way, a little tower of observation in one angle was surmounted with a series of smaller interlaced

Norman arches, fashioned in the brickwork, the whole forming, even in its partial decay, an excellent specimen of the solid and graceful style of the buildings erected about three hundred years ago, for thus long at least had it lasted and with a little care it may endure as long again. Into this and an adjoining house of refreshment most of our party entered, and soon afterwards they began to spread about over the lawn, the gardens, and the lanes. All the punts and boats were in requisition on the beautiful Lea, Isaac Walton's favourite stream, and, this day, if there was but little fishing there was much fun.

After surveying the scene for some time with as keen enjoyment as the actors in it, after looking over the old house and imprinting its features on my mind, after making friends with the landlady, who seemed pleased with the notice I took of her domain, and arranging for a quiet dinner later in the day, I went out for a meditative stroll. Of course the great historic tragedy connected with the locality preoccupied my mind, but somehow the soft wind of spring, as it fanned my cheek, the air redolent with freshness mingled with a slight perfume of violets, the exceeding beauty and tranquillity of all around, disposed me to forget books and the past, with all their saddening associations, and to revel in the pleasures of the hour. The day was one of those which sometimes come in the later spring to give a foretaste of summer. Genial warmth penetrates everywhere, permeating but not destroying the freshness of the morning. On such days vigour seems to spring up again in the old, and the young seem to rejoice more in the fulness of their strength. They are days which I believe are peculiar to England and remind me of that saying of Charles II, that after travelling in many lands he had found none in which a man might spend so many hours of his life in the open air as in England. I began with a stroll or saunter, but soon an unwonted elasticity spread itself through my frame, my pace quickened and I must have walked three or four miles from the Rye-House before I paused to rest or look around me. I had ascended a gentle eminence which led along the outskirts of a wood; to the right, sloping to the south, was an arable field fenced with a hedge of hazel and hawthorne, the latter in full bloom and its snow white blossoms scattered by the wind carpeted the earth around them. The hazels grew on either side of the path and I had now and then to push aside the projecting branches in order to make my way. Just within the wood here and there were little patches of verdure, upon which the sunbeams played with a twinkling

light through the half-clad branches of the trees above. And the yellow primrose in countless numbers, and the early blue-bell in wild profusion, sometimes hiding and sometimes grouping in the grass amidst which they grew, made it seem as though nature had spread her best carpet for a glorious holiday. Here was a dell in which Oberon and Titania might have held their court; there a space where an exiled duke might have feasted his followers; here and there were the fairy rings, and in this place, "remote from public haunts," which hardly any but a rustic's eye ever looked upon. I felt myself, somewhat reproachfully, the melancholy Jaques of the scene. At length, but too soon, the winding path brought me out into another cross-road, one evidently but rarely traversed. There was a sort of lodge on the other side, by an open gate, showing a neglected path perfectly embowered in a labyrinth of lilac and laburnums in full blossom, through which, without seeing a single soul, I took my way, The pathway led quietly upwards to a rising ground, and seemed the entrance to a park once tended and enclosed with care, but now apparently reverting to its ancient forest desolation. Here and there clumps of trees, planted for artistic effect, were now surrounded with wild shrubs and ferns, and as I passed a majestic pheasant shot up, with its beautiful plumage spread, that remembering its splendour I have often since wondered what pleasure there can be in the sport which destroys such magnificent objects. But here, on the brow of the hill, which spread out as a sort of table land, I found an avenue of elms, large ancestral trees, extending in great numbers, of nearly a mile in length. The squirrels played about, the insects chirped, the birds sang so happily that I apostrophised one of them in Shelley's words,

> With thy clear calm joyance
> Languor cannot be,
> Spirit of annoyance
> Never came near thee.

At the end of the avenue, just peeping amidst the trees, were seen the gables of a mansion. I was so well content with nature that I cared not to go nearer to art, and so sat me down on the trunk of a fallen tree beneath the shadow of a noble oak for a rest, which I could not permit to lapse into repose, for I felt that the minutes of such a time were precious. Busily, promptly, vividly arose before my mind the incidents of the historic event which had first suggested my visit to this spot. The circumstances of that cruel time, so

well described as "the days of servility without loyalty and of sensuality without love," arose before me. The careless good humour of Charles II, the cruel, vindictive James, the injured and oppressed citizens of London deprived of their charter and their privileges,—their high places filled by the nominees of a court, and their ancient liberties trodden under foot. I saw then the mean conspirators, men with warped minds and intellects, and amongst them arose the noble forms of the champions of honour who were the victims of their treason and betrayal. There was Keyling haunting Whitehall and giving information of a plot. There were the secretaries listening, and the crafty duke pricking up his ears when he is told that the informer implicates Lord Russell. My lip curls with contempt when I hear Bishop Burnet discoursing of special providence and Bishop Sprat vouching for a miracle. For this famous plot was marred because King Charles and his brother, being deprived of their lodgings at Newmarket by the accident of a fire, came up to town a few days earlier than was expected, and the intention to stop their carriage as they passed the Rye-house and to murder them was thereby for the time frustrated, and before it could be again matured the secret was divulged. Then dawned the days of gloom which ended only with the destruction of the Stuart race. Russell and Sidney died upon the scaffold because that, being true men and Englishmen, they had spoken their minds upon public affairs, and scoundrel informers had, for purposes of their own, mixed up their names with this dirty plot. My mind went away from pleasant Hertfordshire to that affecting scene where before a court miscalled of justice and at a felon's bar stood arraigned Lord William Russell, at whose side sat her whom the voice of many nations and of all time declare to have been a perfect wife. "Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please," said the judge. "My lord, my wife is here to do it," was the notable reply. I must have said the words half aloud; they roused me from my reverie, and at the same instant a cry of bitter but suppressed grief smote my ear. I rose, and from the upper part of the avenue of trees I caught the outline of two persons. As I stood behind the tree I was myself unperceived, but I noticed that one of the personages was a lady, and that she appeared to be speaking and appealing with energy to the person by her side. The cry which reached my ear was apparently an utterance of astonishment. They withdrew apart from the avenue and continued their walk amongst the shrubs, so that I only saw glimpses of

their retreating forms. The lady's face was often buried in her hands; the gentleman in turning towards her showed me, in the distance indistinctly, his profile. Knowing that the domain was private, and judging from their garb that they might belong to the mansion, I did not think myself justified in following them, and presently I again saw them turn in the direction of the house. The circumstance jarred a little on my mind, for in the lady's voice there was a tone of agony, and it seemed to cast a haze over the landscape before me, and I began to retrace my steps. As I passed out of the lodge into the branch road I heard the sound of wheels, and a carriage dashed by at full speed; within it a gentleman was seated, and his firmly compressed lips and angry brow seemed to me those of the stranger I had seen in the park. In the rumble of the coach was seated a female, but from her place she seemed to be a servant. At first I thought her the person whom I saw in the park, but an after-event convinced me of my error.

When I got back to the Rye-house, after my long walk, I was soon so agreeably occupied that I had nearly forgotten my adventure in the park. The landlady and myself made friends before I went out, and most of the company had dined during my absence. At my own particular request my dinner was served in the kitchen, and I made free with some capital porter and most excellent beef, pickled walnuts and potatoes, good bread, and the promise of a cup of tea before the train started,—the buxom, good-natured landlady meanwhile standing before the fire poaching eggs, as only an English landlady can, and chatting all the time very pleasantly. Columbus, it is said, showed the prior of Rabida how to make an egg stand on end. The art of cooking an egg without its shell, and yet enclosing the yolk unbroken within the albumen must have been discovered by an equal genius. It was a great invention that of tossing a pancake, but the egg that is properly poached is fit for the gods to feed upon; its white is so pure and tempting, its yolk so nutritious and inviting. Eaten with ham or bacon for a relish it is a banquet—yet somewhat gross withal, and too satisfying. Upon a toast it is delicate and delicious; but oh, epicure or invalid! do thou try it upon spinach rightly boiled and judiciously peppered. Happy moments these holiday refreshments at an inn! If that unfortunate maltster, Rumbold, who plotted in this place to kill King Charles and his brother, for the good of his country, had stuck to his malt and creature comforts, why then, perhaps, Russell and Sidney had not died, the great chasm of iniquity had not

been filled up, the Stuarts might not have ceased to reign, and England might now have been yoked to France and despotism. The Rye-house may be made the centre of a pretty lot of possibilities! In a spare moment between the poaching and the frying I made some allusion to my hostess about the historic fame of her house. She said the artists came and smoked in it, and the scholars came and quarrelled with it and themselves. To her mind, none of them knew much about it, but that the best customers were the anglers, who came intending to dine off fish of their own catching, but who usually only got enough to make a relish and dined afterwards off ham and eggs, and drank like fishes, to keep up the illusion of their being fishermen. And my own illusion came to an end too soon. The spring twilight had begun to fade when the train reappeared, and the sounding whistle called us all to our places. Accustomed to act with deliberation, I had taken so long in settling my bill that I only arrived at the station just in time, and was somewhat unceremoniously pushed into a first-class carriage and made my way over a gouty gentleman's toes to the farther corner, where I sat down opposite to a lady very much enveloped in silks and shawls, and as I had affronted my other fellow-passengers by coming late and disturbing them after settling down, I was thrown upon my *vis-a-vis* for the quiet companionship which I relish in the course of a journey. But I do not think I ever saw a more impenetrable face. Sternness and decision were mingled with features of remarkable beauty. It was not a happy look and seemed to remind me of a something I had seen before, but no connecting idea came to me at the time. We had journeyed some miles and passed some two or three stations ere from some slight movements I became aware that the lady carried an infant in her lap. At Ponder's End and Edmonton our fellow-passengers got out and the lady with her infant and myself were left alone. But just before the child had shown symptoms of wakefulness and the lady corresponding symptoms of distress. I don't know how it is, but there is a little pulsation in my heart which beats ever more and more quickly in the presence of young people, and just as this little thing was going to cry, an irresistible impulse made me bend over it, and before our companions left us alone the tiny fingers were clasping and playing with one of mine. It is always a very difficult thing to look full in a lady's face, especially if it be a pretty face. There is something so pure and holy in the glance of a good woman reminding the most

callous natures of mother and home. I do not think a man can be a man who does not love the ladies; but every good man must feel the truth of what I have just said. But although I could not stare at the lady's face, I soon became somewhat uneasily conscious that she was anxiously scanning mine. Now and then, too, when I ventured a glance, feeling her own removed, I could see by the twitch of her mouth that she was struggling with almost irrepressible emotion: but within a few miles of town she seemed calmer, and as though disposed to speak. My own impulse was the same, but, like many elderly gentlemen in similar predicaments, I did not know what to say. Perhaps the lady felt so too, for she was silent; but all this while the baby tightened its clasp on my finger, and though it had now fallen asleep again, it did not release its hold. The lights of Stratford soon became visible, and the long line of London streets burst on the view. The smoking engine paused in its career, and soon we were in the place of our starting in the morning, but on the opposite side of the station. The arrival of a train is always a scene of business and confusion; and of an excursion train especially so. I felt, after my acquaintance with the baby, I was bound to speak to the lady, and I ventured to ask if I could be of any service to her. She muttered something indistinctly about a carriage, and it at once appeared to me, from the richness and neatness of her attire, and the distinction of her manner, that she had missed her servant; so when she said a word or two about the difficulty of recognizing her carriage in the confusion and seemed preparing to go out, I don't know what possessed me, but I offered to hold the child. She smiled an assent and depositing the little one in my arms, arranged her shawl and got out of the train, looking at the same time eagerly around as though for the expected carriage. "Can I seek it for you," I said. "There are so many," she replied, and truly there were some fifty of various sorts, hackneys, and cabs, and private ones, crowding round in the imperfect evening light. "Perhaps," I said, "your servant might recognize you if you were to walk forward." She glanced nervously at the infant in my arms. "I will await your return with pleasure," I said. "I thank you," was the answer; and, apparently adopting my suggestion, she walked rapidly on. The infant in my arms just then gave signs of awakening, and I remember well adopting the lullaby plan of nurses raising and letting it fall gently with a soothing motion. I was thus occupied, how long I know

not, when I suddenly became aware that the commotion attending the arrival of the train had ceased, and at the same moment the rough voice of a porter shouted,—

"Now, sir! are you going to stop here all night?"

"Dear me, no!" said I. "Where is the lady and the carriage?"

"What lady?" said he "there's no lady; and no carriage here!"

"She will be back directly," said I, not wishing to leave the carriage with a baby in my arms; but after a few minutes I began to wish she would come, for it was getting late, and Deborah and Dorothy and old Saunders were waiting at home for their rubber of whist.

"You must get out of this, sir; we want to shunt the carriages," said the porter, this time a little more impatiently, and just then the voice of the superintendent was heard inquiring the cause of delay. He was a superior and civil person, and at my request sent a man to look after the lady and the carriage and stood near the door where I was awaiting the man's return; but presently he came back with the tidings that there was no lady and no carriage either at the station or in the yard. I suppose there was a something about me that did not quite suggest the notion of an impostor, for the superintendent quietly inquired what sort of a carriage it might be.

"Really I do not know," was my answer.

"Humph! What was the lady's name?"

"That I don't know," said I, quite innocently. "I offered to hold her baby while she called her carriage."

"Whose baby is it?" said the man.

"That's more than I can tell," was my reply.

"Well, that's a pretty tale, sir," said he; "however, you must get out, if you please."

Out I got with the baby in my arms, which, having released its hold on my finger, had began to play with my whiskers, and my hat having fallen back I must have presented a very comical sight as I stood on the platform, for about twenty men and hangers-on of the railway were congregated about, waiting to shunt the train, and laughed very rudely at my appearance. The superintendent, who saw there was some mystery about it, invited me into his office, took a note of the circumstances, and conferred with me about it. The child was so well dressed that it appeared possible that some singular accident might have happened, but after waiting a long time it became evident that I must

go home, and then what was to be done with the baby? I would gladly have left it in competent charge, but there really was none, and my soul revolted against taking it to the workhouse. In this dilemma the only course seemed to be to take it home with me. But then, what would Deborah say? and, worse than that, what would Saunders and Dorothy say? Would they believe me when I told them? However, something must be done, so a cab was called, and with the little one still snugly reposing in my arms, I gave the address, "Featherstone-buildings," in a faint voice, and off we went.

Meanwhile, poor Deborah was getting very uneasy on my account, and old Saunders very fidgety on his own. I don't know why society tolerates selfish people as it does, I suppose it is because they are nearly always respectable and well to do. If I had been smashed to a mummy in the railway carriage, I believe old Saunders would have chiefly regretted his spoilt evening, and yet we always treated him with our best, and I am bound to say he always used to expect it. Poor fellow, he must have had a sneaking kindness for me, after all, for when he died he left me a hundred pounds, and said it should have been more only he knew I would fool it away if it were a fortune. The women folks got on very well during the day, for Dorothy was a good sort of person, and she and Deborah rowed together nicely. But after their early cup of tea and the advent of the Captain, and when the hearth had been swept up and the candles got ready and the card table opened and the dusk had settled into darkness, poor Deb went very often to the windows and flattened her nose against the pane and then came back rubbing it with vexation because I had not come. The Captain was solaced for a time with his first glass, which he sipped with so much satisfaction that he joked Deborah about me, suggesting that she ought not to have allowed me to go out by myself, that I was never safe away from the apron strings, and other winks and witticisms which he thought funny and expected the women to laugh at. As time wore on, however, he became testy, so his second glass was got ready and the three sat down to whist, with a dummy. But poor Deb was getting seriously uneasy; she played wrong, and more than once went to the window, trying to look out into the darkness.

"I tell you what it is," said the Captain, throwing down his cards, "I wish Dick Scott would just go gallivanting after his young woman on some of the days when I don't come to see him."

"Really, cousin," said my sister, "you are scarcely civil. I'll answer for it, Dick never went gallivanting, as you call it, in his life."

"Not before to-day, cousin Deb," said the Captain "but, take my word for it, he'll introduce his young lady to you presently, that is if he comes home at all."

I think Deb was getting ready to cry, when just at that moment the sound of my cab was heard, and Susan, the maid-of-all-work, quickly opened the street-door. "Is there anybody up stairs, Susan?" said I. The girl with her mouth wide open and eyes full of wonder nodded "yes," and not wishing to have the interview out on the stairs, I ran up to our first floor as quickly as I could. I was in a cold perspiration, and something quite stuck in my throat; but thinking would do it no good, so I opened the door with a jerk, and presented myself before the astonished company. Poor Deborah would have been down to meet me, but evidently had been trying to recover a little composure. Old Saunders had a glass in his hand, and was about raising it to his lips. Dorothy had her spectacles on, and with her cards spread out like a fan was sorting the trumps. My sister on seeing me threw up her hands and sank down in a chair with a sort of shriek. "Zounds!" said the Captain. "My goodness!" said Dorothy—and I said nothing; but there I stood in the doorway looking like a fool, with a baby in my arms, which just at that critical moment began to cry.

It was more of a scream than a cry, but fortunately I did not know then what they had been talking about or I must have sunk through the floor. I have always observed, however, that quiet men, though ready enough to get into a scrape, and supremely ridiculous whilst it lasts, have usually a natural and ready mode of getting out of it. It happened so now. Deborah was sitting down with a look of blank dismay upon her face, and with her arms slightly extended in wonder; I went straight up to her and placed the infant in them. Her true womanly instinct made her look down upon it, and that sweet smile lighted up her faded face which had so often beamed with fondness upon me. The child seemed at that moment to catch the assurance of a sympathy which was never afterwards withdrawn; it ceased its wailing, and she only said to me, "Oh! Dick, what a pretty baby! where did you get it?" "Ah! where *did* you get it?" said that wretched old Saunders in his grating ironical way. "Oh! Dick, who'd have thought it?" said cousin Dorothy, echoing her husband's atrocious sentiments. But Deborah's glance had quite reassured me. I saw her loving

trustfulness was not a bit abated—and I cared not for aught else; so I determined to pay the Captain back in his own coin, and seizing his half-emptied glass of brandy and water I quietly said, "My service to you, Saunders!" and drank it off at a draught. I don't think anybody before or since ever took such a liberty with the Captain, and it seemed to fill up the measure of his astonishment, for he listened attentively to my tale, which I felt it necessary to narrate, even before anything was done with the child, which lay quietly in Deborah's lap sucking its little hand almost as though it was conscious that we were a council sitting to determine its fate. Perhaps it was that my narrative took an intercessory tone, for Deborah signalled to Dorothy, who began to busy herself quietly with some culinary preparation, and before I had done speaking the process of feeding was going on to the unspeakable content of the individual most concerned, and when that was over the women folk retired with their treasure to put it to bed, and although I could not help some misgivings about the matter, I felt that the little forlorn one was friendless no longer.

What old Saunders thought about the affair I don't know; whether his feelings were of astonishment or contempt or what I cannot say. Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to fill his glass again. He attempted one more joke about me during supper, but it fell flat. Then he suggested something about the Foundling Hospital and the workhouse, but the women folks would hear of neither, and when his wife told him not to talk so loud for he would wake the baby, he seemed to think it was high time to be off, and he and Dorothy trotted away together. What they said on their way home, I never heard. Probably he slept in the cab all the way,—but the hundred pounds he left me when he died he meant, I think, for the boy, for, by-the-by, it turned out to be a boy. Some natures, I have observed, are not really ungenerous, only they get so case-hardened in the world as to persuade themselves that good nature is a weakness.

When they had gone Deborah fidgeted a little with her bed-room candle, and I felt her glance was upon me as I sat thinking in my chair. I knew she would speak in good time and let her alone. At length she said, "I am thinking, Dick," and then she paused; I encouraged her by asking "What?" "That this has been a day of events," said she.

"Quite so," was my answer.

"Well, Dick," continued Deborah, sitting down; "there's nothing like promptitude; I like prompt, decisive action: what shall we do with it?"

"My dear Deb," said I, "it may be claimed to-morrow."

"No, it won't," she said with energy, pushing away the footstool over my corns.

I looked up with some surprise, wondering what she was driving at. "No, Dick," she continued, "depend on it this is one of God's children, sent for us to take care of. I don't think it is right, Dick, to go and take a child out of a poor man's nest, but when a little one is turned out of the nest good Christians ought to take it in charge. Now, I vote that we keep this little one, Dick; depend upon it, the hearts that could desert it ought never to have it again." As she said this she put her hand upon my knee. I could only take it in my own, and say, "Good little woman." She got up briskly, and bidding me not sit up late, trotted off.

But I did sit longer watching the decaying fire and thinking on what had happened and what I had done, and then, for the first time, I began to connect the interview in the park with the lady in the carriage. I felt certain the gentleman, one of the parties to the interview, was the same who had afterwards passed me so rapidly in the chariot, and my impression was strong that the female in the rumble was not the other person of the two. Could that other person have been the companion of my subsequent journey who had so skilfully relieved herself of the burden of her child. If so, what tale of sin and sorrow hung thereby. The fact of my having been the involuntary witness of a passionate interview, of having subsequently seen one of the parties, and had a strange adventure with another might qualify me for assuming a temporary guardianship of an infant who was manifestly in the way of his natural protectors. The lady herself was beautiful, highly-bred, yet withal proud and impetuous; the gentleman obviously a man of dark passions and stern force of will. Was it a *mésalliance* or a betrayal that had produced this forlorn fruit? I pictured to myself the impetuous father dashing away in his wicked pride on some career of action, pleasure, or ambition, content to cast aside one of the best gifts of God to man,—a little innocent child. Then my mind pictured the mother. Where was she then? Within what mansion was she hiding her terrible sorrow? on what uneasy pillow might rest her guilty head? what couch was she watering with her tears? The audacity of her attempt might become known, but even if it did I knew very well that in London it would remain only a nine days' wonder. I resolved that I would make some public announcement in the newspapers without saying too much, indicating a means by which communication might be had with me if desired.

"Poor mother," said I, "God help thee, whatever thy sin and sorrow; it is Deborah who will have the pleasures of thy maternity; thou wilt through life remember only its bitter pains!"

But the wonders of the day were not quite over yet. At this moment Deborah re-entered the room, with the child's garments in her hand. Her night-cap was on her head and unutterable astonishment was written in her face. "Dick! look here, Dick; it has been a regularly planned thing, I declare,—quite a new Rye-house plot!" And so it was, for taking the frock from Deborah's hand, I saw stitched within it a Bank of England note for fifty pounds.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE GRAND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

[BY R. W. M.]

THE Hon. Mr. F. W. Reitz, M.L.C., in the last number of the Magazine very earnestly pleaded for liberal unflagging and patriotic support towards the Western Province Agricultural Society and its secretary. I am about to follow up the subject by pleading for liberal unflagging and patriotic support for the Great Western Province Agricultural Exhibition which is to take place at Worcester next February, and I can answer for it that all the members of the Western Province Agricultural Committee, of which the Hon. Mr. Reitz is himself one, will consider such support the best that can be rendered them, and the secretary will be quite as deeply grateful to those who add to the success of that exhibition as if they were conferring a personal favour upon himself.

Before entering upon the subject of the exhibition, and after thanking Mr. Reitz for his article, it is desirable that a few little errors which that gentleman has unintentionally committed should be corrected. They are not material in themselves, but if left unnoticed might furnish persons not so well disposed towards the Society as Mr. Reitz, an opportunity for mischief. In the first place the Worcester people and the Western Agricultural Committee did not leave their arrangements and plans unannounced until the month of December,—as the article of Mr. Reitz and the editorial foot-note might lead the readers of the Magazine to infer. The list of prizes, the plan of operation, and the arrangements were all published months and months ago. Sufficiently long indeed for every farmer to be acquainted with the details at least six months before the exhibition, and to

enable a silversmith of Cape Town to get the prizes out from England two months before they were to be awarded. Next, Mr. Reitz tells us that the mistake at Caledon was owing to the supervision of each branch not being given to one member of the committee or sub-committee, so that everything might be in proper order in each particular department. The honourable gentleman is in error. It is true that on the second day the machinery was not exhibited in working order, and the failure in that department was not only a disappointment to the committee but a serious drawback to the complete success of the exhibition. This, however, did not arise from the non-appointment of sub-committees. The fact is that the classification and arrangements now proposed as a remedy were made at Caledon. Each of those who were present and willing to work took upon themselves a distinct section.—For instance, three gentlemen undertook the arrangement of articles in the produce tent; three attended to the registering of all articles as they arrived in the show-yard; three others arranged pens for the sheep, and so on. The working of implements and machinery *was* intrusted to sub-committees. No portion of the exhibition was left to chance—as Mr. Reitz supposes. But who of all the promoters of these exhibitions expected that the first would meet with such hearty support from the agriculturists?

I venture to say that Mr. Reitz was never more astonished in his life than when he first walked into the sheep-yard and looked over the wall upon the machinery which was arranged on the other side. There were at least five times the number of imported and colonial-bred sheep exhibited that the committee anticipated, and of implements and machinery there were more sent than could be properly arranged and described. It was the success of the movement, rather than any mistake of the managers, which led to such partial failures as those to which Mr. Reitz alludes. Had there been fewer sheep, cattle, and implements and less produce sent, the arrangements would had been quite sufficient. When it is remembered that of all the large number of agriculturists who were present as exhibitors and promoters, there were scarcely any who have ever seen an exhibition out of this colony, and then taking into consideration the magnitude of our first meeting we may fairly boast of it as a great success, and cease to attribute such failures as did occur to mistakes on the part of those concerned in carrying it out. Guided by the experience of the past, we may fairly conclude that greater supervision than was needed at Caledon must be provided at Worcester, or there will be a

breakdown which will impede further progress. It must not be left to the local committee to do all the work. Members of the Great Western Committee must contrive to be present, not only on the days on which the exhibition is to be held, but two or three days previously. The Worcester committees will, I am convinced, do all they have undertaken, and the members representing the district in Parliament have already proved that nothing which they can do to make the exhibition successful will be left undone. But then these gentlemen are not quite so *au fait* at arranging for exhibitions of this kind as are persons who have been connected with agricultural gatherings in Europe and elsewhere. The local experience of the Worcester committee and especially that of the two indefatigable members of the Cape Parliament —on whom all the work yet done has devolved, is very great, and can hardly be over estimated. Unaided by such men the exhibition must be a failure, but others with experience of a different kind are wanted also. It is said that a wink is no better than a nod to a blind horse, but then it is quite as good, and either a wink or a nod will, I am sure, be sufficient in this case to bring gentlemen to Worcester in time to help forward the arrangements.

I hold, contrary to the opinion expressed in the article now under review, that carrying out the machinery to the place of exhibition *gratis*, does much good. I am certain if it was not conveyed gratis it would not find its way there at all. It is only by begging, as beggars beg for bread, that you can obtain implements from the importers to send out, and when you do get them you have to offer various inducements, some of which it is afterwards impossible to fulfil,—as to selling, returning, and such like. It is all very well to say importers ought to do this, that, and the other thing, but if they will not do all they ought you must be content with as much assistance as you can get from them. If the sums said to be contributed by the people of Caledon towards the transport of machinery had been added to the prizes for the best ploughs, reaping and threshing machines, competitors would *not* have come better prepared for the contest. It is quite a mistake to suppose they would. In the first place they would not have been at Caledon at all, and in the second place a great deal of the conveyance for bringing out implements and machinery was supplied by persons who would not give money. The owners of machinery were in many cases merchants, and they were dependent upon such cattle as they could obtain upon the spot for working it when it arrived on the ground. Merchants cannot be expected to

keep trained horses for working agricultural machinery. The plan adopted this year will prevent anything approaching a second scramble, and the exhibition of machinery cannot be a failure. The importance of this department is by no means overrated by Mr. Reitz. I myself set more value upon it than upon all the rest of the exhibition put together—much as I value every department of it. It is but fair to Mr. T. B. Bayley to say that had he been listened to last year there would not have been a failure. He doubted the result which we hoped to bring about by our exhibition and trial of machinery. He told us over and over again that we should find it a great difficulty, but I—who had been accustomed to exhibitions in England, and not having the large experience which Mr. Bayley has had here, added to the perfect insight which he has had into the working of such exhibitions in England and in India—could not understand why we could not accomplish here all that a provincial society can do at home. I know better now.

And this goes to show the value of such local experience as the Worcester committee and the Worcester members are giving us.

Mr. Reitz, I see, recommends that imported grasses should be tried in the irrigated meadows of Worcester. I quite agree with him, and hope our friends at Worcester will make a note of this suggestion. It is not only imported grass seed that should be tried, but wheat and vegetable seeds of all kinds. I wrote the committee of the branch society some months since, and asked them to take £25 worth of imported seeds, and to sell them to the agriculturists with a view to ascertain the value of such importations by the produce exhibited in February. The committee declined to accept my proposal, but they will excuse me if I say, and I do say, in all kindness that I am sure they will regret it. If the agriculturists residing in the district in which exhibitions are to come off would use various kinds of imported seeds, and exhibit the produce, the contrast between it and the produce from Cape seed would afford a most valuable lesson, and one too that would soon lead the whole of the agriculturists to use large quantities of imported seeds.

I have written this just on the eve of my departure for Worcester to attend a public meeting of agriculturists and others, to make final arrangements for the exhibition. On my return I will contribute a paper to this periodical, describing the arrangements, and giving such information as I consider useful to the committees who have the work to perform, as well as the public generally.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE editors of the *Cornhill* and *Macmillan's Magazine* have during the past year effectually raised the standard of periodical literature. The latter keeps certainly a more apparently religious tone, conducted as it is more exclusively by university men, and those writers who have been more or less influenced by the *earnest* party in Cambridge and London; but it is not difficult to discover that the contributors to the *Cornhill* are more experienced in their craft, and superior in brilliant and epigrammatic style. With one single exception,—the article on spiritual manifestations, entitled "Stranger than Fiction," which it is not only an unprofitable, but, on account of the writer's evident sincerity, a mournful task to wade through, there is not a single paper in it which does not bear the impress of a master hand. In *Macmillan's Magazine*, "Tom Brown at Oxford," by the author of the most beautiful picture which has ever been drawn of public school life, does not quite justify the expectations which its announcement called forth, and we fear its influence over men will not equal the noble emulation with which in numberless instances Mr. Hughes' former work inspired their juniors. It would not, however, be fair to contrast the two books while the present tale is incomplete.

All who have read or listened to the sermons or lectures of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, and who know the man, his work, and reputation, will not pass over the few papers upon social topics which grace the pages under revision. Many, however, will rise from their perusal of them with the conviction that *light* literary work is not what he is best fitted to perform, and regret that he did not leave to its legitimate professors the task of presenting grave subjects in a garb which should arrest the attention of shallow thinkers and partially informed readers.

In the number for October, there is a most interesting account of the remarkable "Ammergau Mystery," or Sacred Drama of 1860, which gives full particulars of a dramatic representation of the History of the Passion, celebrated once in every ten years at the little village of Ober-Ammergau, a relic of the curious customs of the middle ages, from which, indeed, it dates its origin, and, we believe, the only serious existing attempt to re-produce in a dramatic form the most awful and solemn of all spectacles.

The above proceedings, as witnessed by the writer, are so faithfully narrated and with such moderation and simplicity that the reader is surprised into admiration where he anticipated repugnance.

The Italian struggle received a noble tribute of reverential sympathy, from the pen of Sydney Dobell, in a poem which he entitles "The Youth of England to Garibaldi's Legion," crowded with exquisite epithets and warm with the purest feeling, and the volunteer movement in Britain is amply recognized, and its true aims and responsibilities are prominently kept in view.

An Egyptian poem, by the late Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, entitled the "Sleep of the Hyacinth," though only a fragment, is very beautifully imagined, and breathes a symbolism which stamps him as a poet of no mean order.

The papers bearing the signatures of J. M. Ludlow and Charles Allston Collins are all excellent, and are written with great taste and in a noble spirit. The gems of the volumes as yet published are, however, "My Child Passenger," by Robert Paton, and "Our Father's Business."

The little tale first referred to is a pathetic story—narrated by a sailor, who after many wanderings at last settles down by his Christmas fireside—of a little boy of five years of age, who was intrusted to his care in Australia by a gentleman who cannot arrange to accompany his son to England. The little fellow by his winning affection and artless manners winds himself round the hearts of the skipper and his crew, who were all softened and refined by his bright smile and childish confidence. The poor child, by some mysterious and dark fate, fell overboard, and though the captain and several others were almost instantly on the spot where he disappeared, the former only caught sight of his darling for a few seconds. His sensations and after-reflections are thus graphically rendered: "Brave arms, do not fail me, I murmured; a moment more and I save him. I stare fixedly at the spot,—I scramble over the water to it—I am at it: it is vacant—and I plunge with what life God has left me. The senses of seeing and hearing are shut up; but stretching down vaguely through vague water I touch, with this hand, four little fingers which seem to close on mine and shake them. Then all is blank . . . . Since then, dear sister, this hand has touched nothing vile or false: it has handled pitch, but not been defiled; it has signed no false manifest or duplicate invoice with amended figures in it. It has signed many a bill of lading beginning 'by the grace of God,' whose contents were to me as sacred as a leaf from the Bible. It has put my name to nothing but what was honest and true, and I have tried to keep it from contact with all rude and worldly work as much as I could. If at any time, when gloomy or sad has seemed my solitary life, I have been tempted to lift that glass which might have heated the brain too much—what wee spiritual and invisible hand drew mine down and made me replace it untasted? Whose but little Charlie's? Or if my arm has been raised to strike a blow, what stopped its angry strength from descending but the little hand which touched it, the last warm thing in this world?" Surely this is a passage of rare feeling and deep pathos.

The poem entitled "Our Father's Business" is by the author of "John Halifax," and was suggested by Holman Hunt's celebrated picture "The Finding of Christ in the Temple." It is one of the most exquisite pictures of modern religious poetry with which we are acquainted, and bears the same relation to verse that the picture itself holds with re-

gard to art. The thoughts are beautiful and well arranged, the conception is grandly perfect, and the words are reverent as well as expressive. To extract even a few lines would be mutilation.

The contents of the *Cornhill Magazine* are, we conceive, more widely known, and are more deservedly popular. The clever novel by Trollope, Framley Parsonage, is exempt from criticism until the plot is fairly worked out. We shall then take the liberty with his characters of pointing out their virtues and deficiences. "Lovel, the Widower," by the editor, was not, as a whole, a carefully written novel, though flashes of poignant satire and brilliant wit were scattered thoughout with the profusion of a man whose fancy is only exceeded by his intellectual power and knowledge of the world. Mr. George Augustus Sala shows a wonderful knowledge of old London and old Londoners in his charming sketches of the life and times of Hogarth, which are replete with odds and ends of antiquarian gossip, and read like a condensation of notes and queries regarding their famous subject, whom he treats throughout with such honest English heartiness and affection. "The Studies in Animal Life," by Lewis, and the "Physiologial Riddles" are admirably suggestive and full of instruction. The papers on Political Economy, called "Unto this last," are by Mr. Ruskin, who in the appendix to some lectures which he delivered at the Fine Arts Exhibition at Manchester seemed to hint that the germs of the theories which he now propounds were working in his mind. They are original, consistent, and conscientious, and carefully put before the reader; but we fear that they will not be very generally carried into practice.

In one of the earlier numbers, "An Essay without End" was written by a deep thinker, and contained passages of great originality though tinged with melancholy. The "Round-about Papers" are written in Mr. Thackeray's happiest moods. Lively and serious by turns, he takes us entirely into his confidence, alternately sharing his triumphs, and then, lest we should envy an ovation which few amongst us can hope to deserve, narrating to us what may be termed his private professional trials, and ever and anon by a touch of his pen drawing a picture (as in the account which he gave of his forced rejection of a lady's contribution) which brings tears to the eyes in the midst of our genial merriment.

The celebrated lectures on "The Four Georges," of course, form the great attraction of the recent numbers. There are passages in each of them by far finer than anything Mr. Thackeray has ever penned, save a few choice pages in his English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century. His accurate knowledge of *all* the history, public and private, of England and Europe, from Queen Anne's reign downwards,—the thorough acquaintance which he possesses of the state of society in all its gradations, render his pictures of life as real as they are entertaining. Listen to his sketch of the reception of the first George:

"Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his church, with Kielmansegge

and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the defender of the faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James II.—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; and here are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster. The great Whig gentlemen made their bows and congées with proper decorum and ceremony; but yonder keen old schemer knows the value of their loyalty. 'Loyalty,' he must think, 'as applied to me—it is absurd! There are fifty nearer heirs to the throne than I am. I am but an accident, and you fine Whig gentlemen take me for your own sake, not for mine. You Tories hate me; you archbishop, smirking on your knees, and prating about Heaven, you know I don't care a fig for your Thirty-nine Articles, and can't understand a word of your stupid sermons. You, my Lords Bolingbroke and Oxford—you know you were conspiring against me a month ago; and you my Lord Duke of Marlborough—you would sell me or any man else, if you found your advantage in it. Come, my good Melusina, come, my honest Sophia, let us go into my private room, and have some oysters and some Rhine wine, and some pipes afterwards: let us make the best of our situation; let us take what we can get, and leave these bawling, brawling, lying English to shout, and fight, and cheat in their own way!"

One of the most forcible passages in these lectures is the awful picture of the madness of George the 3rd after the death of his daughter, and though, as the writer says, there is little need to draw from so heartrending a scene any common-place moral, few but will consider the thoughts which it suggested to himself as solemn and full of warning.

We give the entire paragraph:

All the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which, the queen desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story; what words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers," I said to those who heard me first in America—"O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades!

enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne: buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

> 'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, Dark Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!

The bitter scorn and contempt with which Mr. Thackeray holds up George IV, "the first gentleman of Europe," to public contumely, are without a parallel. He showers upon his memory shafts of pitiless ridicule; with manly indignation and Christian uprightness prompting a just detestation of the vices and follies in which the King, both before and after he ascended the throne, wasted and frittered away his time and opportunities. Surely, never was royalty so derisively dealt with as in this estimate of George IV's social value.

The boy is the father of the man. Our prince signalized his entrance into the world by a feat worthy of his future life. He invented a new shoebuckle. It was an inch long and five inches broad. "It covered almost the whole instep, reaching down to the ground on either side of the foot." A sweet invention! lovely and useful as the prince on whose foot it sparkled. At his first appearance at a court ball, we read that "his coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various-coloured foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste. And his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style." What a Florizel! Do these details seem trivial? They are grave incidents of his life. His biographers say that when he commenced housekeeping in that splendid new palace of his, the Prince of Wales had some windy projects of encouraging literature, science, and the arts; of having assemblies of literary characters; and societies for the encouragement of geography, astronomy, and botany. Astronomy, geography, and botany! Fiddlesticks! French ballet-dancers, French cooks, horse-jockeys, buffoons, procurers, tailors, boxers, fencing-masters, china, jewel, and gimcrack merchants—these were his real companions. At first he made a pretence of having Burke and Pitt and Sheridan for his friends. But how could such men be serious before such an empty scapegrace as this lad? Fox might talk dice with him, and Sheridan wine; but what else had these men of genius in common with their tawdry young host of Carlton House? That fribble the leader of such men as Fox and Burke! That man's opinion about the constitution, the India Bill, justice to the Catholics—about any question graver than the button for a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge—worth anything! The friendship between the prince and the Whig chiefs was impossible. They were hypocrites in pretending to respect him, and if he broke the hollow compact between them, who shall blame him? His natural companions were dandies and parasites. He could talk to a tailor or cook; but, as the equal of great statesmen, to set up a creature, lazy, weak, indolent, besotted, of monstrous vanity, and levity incurable—it is absurd. They thought to use

him, and did for awhile; but they must have known how timid he was; how entirely heartless and treacherous, and have expected his desertion. His next set of friends were mere table companions, of whom he grew tired too; then we hear of him with a very few select toadies, mere boys from school or the Guards, whose sprightliness tickled the fancy of the worn-out voluptuary. What matters what friends he had? He dropped all his friends; he never could have real friends. An heir to the throne has flatterers, adventurers, who hang about him, ambitious men who use him; but friendship is denied him.

And then after dismissing to execration the name of one who thus abused his position and outraged every principle of love, religion, virtue, and friendship, the severe moralist relaxes at the recollection of those *true* gentlemen whose names and lives are dear to all of us, and will be to Englishmen in every age—Scott, Southey, Collingwood, and Heber. Their irreproachable purity, simple piety, and kindly domestic feeling, win our thoughts away from the wild excesses of profligate debauchery, and lead us to say with Thackeray,—"Without love, I can fancy no gentleman."

This is the lesson which we may all lay to heart. In our concluding extract are the precepts which alone should regulate our conduct in life:

Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed;—the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after ages to admire;—yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honour, a purity unreproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory? Which of these is the true gentleman? What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as a gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty. The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III,—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshipped heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritrix of his sceptre a wiser rule, and a life as honourable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue.

CARITAS.

There are to whose reluctant view
Nothing is lofty, fine, or true,
Out of their darling sect.
Discourse to such of nobler deed
By others wrought, your only meed
Or supercilious, scornful smile,
Or tattered jibe or kindled bile,
Your motives to suspect.

Thrice happier, wiser minds are they
Whom warm impetuous throbbings sway
Frank homage to bestow
Where'er sublimer acts they find,
Shedding their lustre on mankind,
To see the germ 'neath dimning mire,
And hail the old heroic fire
With sympathetic glow.

Many a soft, voluptuous hour,
Tchâo-King, smiled o'er thy "flowery tower"
And thy enchanting scene.
Thy stream, swift, prosperous commerce ploughs
With gaudy-coloured, grotesque prows;
Thy landscape,—vivid sunlit glade,
Broad-leaf'd banyan, dark papan's shade,
With golden fruit between.

But gorgeous scenes and orient skies,
Dear to enraptured painter's eyes,
Wove not so sweet a spell
To those within that haughty tower,
Surveying China's wealth and power,
To lonely "strangers from the west,"
Like warriors drawing might from rest,
Permitted there to dwell

Not chivalry in days of yore
For love of woman ever bore
Thoughts half so pure and brave,
As burned in each intrepid soul
Calmly 'neath virtue's high control,
To sound Immanuel's trumpet loud,
'Mid nobles' courts, in city's crowd,
Or win a martyr's grave.

How changed of late the note that rang!
Our ears were deafened with the clang
Of the war-trumpet's blast.
Two mighty rival powers ally,
Jointly the battle shock to try,
'Gainst Pekin's host and Tartar sword,
"The Son of Heaven's" imperial horde,
With preparation vast.

Thro' wind and wave, thro' calms, thro' storms,
Resistless, swift, the vengeful forms
Of Western war-ships urge;
Full soon on the beleagered shore
Battalions sternly onward pour,
'Mid cannon's peal and rifle's flash,
And serried bayonets' glittering dash,
Celestial pride to scourge.

Not such *their* aim,—they came to bless ;
Their weapons, Christian tenderness,
Their fence, each Christian grace ;
And little consolation deem,
Fair-spoken words of smooth esteem,
While yet the sacred truths they teach
Like baffled arrows cannot reach
The small-eyed, slippery race.

Thus 'mid barbaric pomp and pride
Daily their ardour pined and died ;
Too surely hope was wrecked.
More precious were the martyr's crown,
With ribald curse of gaping clown,
Than this impassive, stolid guile,
Where falsehood wore so calm a smile,
But naught of heaven recked.

It chanced one brilliant sun descending,
Soft rose-tints into azure blending,
Sadly they took their way ;
Outside the walls, leprous, forlorn,
Filthy, exposed to loathing scorn,
A wretch whose very touch was taint,
Whose sight made strong men sick and faint,
Ready to perish lay.

Oh, joy to them !—Christ gave this prize.
Crime were it none in mandarin's eyes
This dear charge to assume.
They think not twice,—they do not tarry,
Straight in their arms that wretch they carry,
On their own couch he's gently laid,
By their own hands each cleansing made,—
So Love's clear grace doth bloom.

Love wins by patience,—they impart
Truths daily to that grateful heart,
As it might daily bear.
So when the wasted body broke
At death's inevitable stroke,
Rose up to heaven, from China's night,
First-fruits of "darkness into light,"
An angel fresh and fair.

'Tis not my scope,—even if my verse
More eloquently might rehearse
Their chastened, holy calm.
What though above a corpse they bent,—
A brother's corpse,—they were content,
Or happy, unto whom 'twas given
To snatch that outcast wretch for heaven,
From everlasting harm.

E. S. W

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR OCTOBER, 1860.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of Observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1860.	Barometer at 32° Fahr.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	BAROMETER, minus Tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloud-sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Mean hourly velocity	Direction.		
Oct.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	Miles.		inches.	
1	29·844	58·80	55·86	62·0	55·0	53·26	82·4	29·437	15·8	NNW		7·8
2	29·961	55·92	52·64	62·4	50·0	49·62	80 0	29·604	9·0	SWbS	·030	8·0
3	29·867	61·18	55·30	62.7	57·0	50·22	68·0	29·501	14·8	WSW		7·2
4	29·974	59·44	56·36	65·0	55·0	53·66	82·0	29·561	7·8	NW		7·5
5	30·100	57·52	53·66	65·0	48·2	50·34	78 6	29·733	8·2	W		0·8
6	30·269	59·90	55·46	66·6	50 5	51·58	74·6	29·884	8·1	SW	·027	6·3
7	30·262	62·12	56·30	68·8	56·0	51·44	69·0	29·880	16·7	S		1·3
8	29·999	68·82	59·30	77·5	55.6	52·18	57·6	29·607	9·0	SbE		0·6
9	29·863	69·44	60·10	84·0	56·7	53·28	60·6	29·451	9·9	SW		3·9
10	29·959	62·86	58·42	68·7	58·3	54·70	75·2	29·530	8·6	WNW		6·2
11	29·956	61·36	57·48	67·0	54·7	54·20	78·2	29·535	5·6	SW bS		9·0
12	29·915	59·32	57·40	64 0	54·2	55·70	88·2	29·469	6·4	WbN	·380	9·4
13	30·011	60·46	57·36	63·3	54·7	54·66	81·6	29·582	10·1	WSW	1·560	9·0
14	30·217	58·46	53·26	63 0	49·3	48·56	69·8	29·873	7·1	SbW	·022	5·5
15	30·201	59·24	54·06	63·7	53·8	49·48	70·4	29·846	19·7	S		0·7
16	30·139	63·00	58·32	67·3	56·3	54·44	74·0	29·715	14·2	SSE		0·3
17	30·108	61·48	56·96	68·2	57·7	53·10	71·6	29·703	24·2	SbE		1·3
18	30·110	60 70	53·76	64·7	56·0	47·76	63·0	29·777	28·1	SSE		0·6
19	30·025	64·14	57·44	71·7	58·0	51·90	65·2	29·637	23·4	S		3·2
20	29·975	67·04	58 46	75·3	59·8	51·72	58·6	29·591	19·8	S		2·0
21	30·014	65·92	60·74	78·3	53·8	56·80	74·4	29·550	4·6	SWbS		0·0
22	30·090	66·12	60·14	80·4	57 8	55·60	71·4	29·647	7 9	S		4·9
23	30·057	66·42	61·08	70·0	62·0	56·80	72·2	29·595	16·2	SbE		4·7
24	30·088	60·88	54·30	71·7	55·0	48·56	64·4	29·743	8·5	S		8·4
25	30·076	59·54	53·90	65·0	55·8	48·94	68 6	29·728	15·0	SbE		3·6
26	30·001	61·36	55·54	66·7	54·8	50·58	68·0	29·632	15·6	S		5·4
27	30·082	60·52	54·96	67·0	50·0	50·26	70·0	29·718	8·8	SWbS		3·0
28	30·109	61·36	55·20	66·8	53·3	49·98	67·4	29·748	7·6	S	·025	5·5
29	30·069	63·54	55·92	66·2	59.0	49·60	61·2	29·713	22·1	SbE		3·8
30	29·876	67·10	60·28	79·0	54·8	55·10	67·8	29·441	10 5	SbW		1·4
31	29·955	62·88	57·96	72·4	56·2	53·94	73·8	29·538	6·1	SW	·040	6 9
Mean, 30·038		62·15	56·71	68·9	55·1	52·19	71·3	29·644	12·6	SWbS	Sum. 2·084	4·5

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	5h A.M.	9h A.M.	1h P.M.	5h P.M.	9h P.M.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. Fahr.	30·031	30·065	30·030	30·016	30·047	30·391	29·792
,, Press. of dry air, ,,	29·653	29·669	29·623	29·616	29·660	30·036	29·328
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	56·69	64·03	67·52	63·27	59·27	84·2	48·3
,, Wet bulb. ,,	53·76	57·64	59·44	57·45	55·26	66·7	47·8
Humidity of the air. per cent.	82·1	66·7	61·4	68·9	77·4	96	37
Dew Point degrees	51·1	52·4	53 2	52·6	51·8	61·5	44·3

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

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THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—II.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF CAPE TOWN.

It is useless to deny it. It may be a humiliating confession but nevertheless it is a confession that must be made, that our first thoughts and objects of attraction on landing in a new place are of a grossly material character. We ought to be impressed, of course, with feelings proper to the occasion. Our minds ought to be duly elevated by the contemplation of foreign scenes and manners. We ought to be prepared at once to enter upon a minute and discriminating investigation into the moral, social and physical condition of the people among whom we find ourselves. We ought, in short, to conduct ourselves as intelligent travellers of enlarged mind and acute perceptions are popularly supposed to do. The truth is that we generally do nothing of the kind. Our mind is a good deal occupied with ideas of such creature comforts as a cool, spacious, airy dining-room and the unspeakable luxury, to one who has voyaged through the tropics, of a *bonâ fide* bath. For, after all, a matutinal sluicing of sea-water on the deck is but a poor substitute for a "tub." The first public building which we desire to inspect is a hotel, and our acquaintance with the inhabitants commences with the head-waiter.

And speaking of hotels, though one would desire to say nothing but what is in praise of the general management of those in Cape Town, yet it is impossible for a traveller who has seen other lands to refrain from some remarks which arise out of one of the very first peculiarities which will be forced upon his notice. Before he has been a day on shore, he will perceive that the spirit of *laissez faire* which is said to be distinctive of the Cape has affected its hotels. It is plain that nobody puts himself to much trouble to secure guests, or having got them, to keep them. I do not say that a traveller will not meet with civility and attention and good fare at either of the principal hotels, but it is plain that

the circumstances of the place are such that it is not worth the while to offer unusual attractions to visitors. Certainly nobody has ever thought of building a house expressly for a hotel. And yet, looking at the peculiar conditions of the climate of Cape Town, a very little reflection will convince any intelligent person that, on the one hand, a hotel ought to possess such advantages of situation, design, &c., as should make it a place of refuge from the various ills to which the Cape is liable; and that, on the other hand, if there were here a hotel which offered such advantages, it would speedily become a place of great resort and would satisfy the peculiar and fitting test which must be applied to such undertakings—it would pay. There would be no additional difficulty or expense, for instance, in building a hotel on such a plan as to form a hollow square, or three sides of a square, with such an aspect as to escape the south-east wind and dust. The rooms should all look into the square, which might have a neat grass-plot and refreshing fountain in the centre, with cool verandahs and balconies round. Baths, again, are not costly at the outset, and the finest water in the world may be laid on almost free of charge. Ice, too, ought to be had in abundance in every hotel. The hotel-keepers are the persons who would find it worth their while to import it, and make a trade of it. It would return a profit in two ways,—in the actual sale of the ice itself and in the additional attraction which such a luxury would gain to their houses.

It is the absence of any care about these things so striking at first sight to the stranger, and in such marked contrast with the ordinary practice in other parts of the world, which leads to the impression that a Cape Town hotel-keeper regards his guests much as a South African boer does his crop. If it comes up, well and good. He is prepared to receive it. But if it does not come up, he cannot help it, and he has no idea of distressing himself by distasteful exertions in order to secure it. And the result is, that visitors, after having passed a few times through the changes of being driven indoors by the dust and wind and driven out again by the flies and heat, vote Cape Town a place insupportable, and betake themselves to such quarters as they can find in the suburban villages. But, in spite of its drawbacks, Cape Town is the life and centre of the colony, and visitors would be well content to remain there if they could but meet with pleasant accommodation.

We will suppose the visitor, however, to have taken up his quarters at one of the chief hotels in the place; to have once more refreshed the outer man with abundance

of pure water; to have recruited his energies with tiffin and pale, and to be again ready to exercise that active and discerning observation which, as has been said, is popularly represented as the normal and unvarying condition of the intelligent traveller. He strolls forth into the town, not without some slight exhibition of that mild self-appreciation and unobtrusive, though unmistakable disparagement of others which is the birthright privilege of an Englishman abroad; and surveys what presents itself to his notice with an air as of calm and lofty indifference, but in real truth with an observant eye that leaves nothing unremarked, with a mind trained to compare and to reason, with a memory ready to receive and to retain all that is really worth remembering.

His first inquiry results usually in a total disappointment. For, following up that tendency of the mind towards material and creature comforts which has been noticed as being a sadly prominent characteristic of the newly-landed traveller, he inquires generally about the markets of the place he visits. Not, perhaps, altogether with a view to the commodities vended there, but because he knows well that the best insight into the character of a people is afforded by such works of public utility, and because there he can form the most rapid and correct estimate of the various products of the country, human and other. This disappointment abou the markets is really a very considerable shock to the mind of a visitor. To be told that there is no place in the city at which buyers and sellers can meet together except at a distance from the town and at an hour in the morning which totally excludes the mass of the community, sends the whole colony down many degrees in the mind of an observant person. To be referred to filthy, reeking shambles as the only places at which meat can be procured; to be sent down to the sea-beach as the only fish-market under the rays of an almost tropical sun; to be told that there is actually no place wherein fruit, vegetables, poultry, butter, &c., are exposed for sale, bespeaks an indolence, a narrowness, or a selfish indifference to the public welfare of the colony, which is seriously detrimental to its credit in the eyes of strangers. Where such waste, slothfulness, and bad management are observed in the minor though most important details of social life, there is fair ground for assuming that a similar want of public spirit will pervade all departments, and the credit of the colony is unfavourably affected by such neglect.

Nor, perhaps, is much relief from this feeling of disappointment experienced on being directed to the public

buildings of the city. Architecture, in the strict sense of the term, can scarcely be said to have, as such, an existence in Cape Town. Builders have hitherto contented themselves with modestly imitating in brick and plaster the more real and costly structures of other lands, and adorning them with paint and whitewash. Something of this tendency may be traced of course to the Dutch descent of the older colonists. The minute artificial decoration of inferior material which is so remarkable a characteristic of the towns of Holland is seen at the Cape in the imitation of huge blocks of malachite and costly marbles by which the exterior of so many houses are decorated, and in the laborious pains with which the whole front and sides of a warehouse are frequently painted, to represent superior brickwork. With such a a principle as this as the foundation of their ideas on the subject of architecture—that mere external decoration produced by such means was sufficient compensation for the absence of grandeur in design and the employment of mean materials—it is not to be wondered at that the colonists should have made but little advance in constructive art. Until within the last few years the only efforts in this direction have been attempts to show how much might be done in plaster and stucco in imitation of stone. The public offices do not even pretend to any architectural effect, though the large block of building at the top of the Heerengracht is really devised with a good practical apprehension of the needs of the hot climate liable to furious winds, such as that of Cape Town. There is wisdom in building in the form of a quadrangle where such atmospheric influences prevail. Within the enclosure there is always quiet, and shade, and coolness, whatever may be the weather without; and these essentials should always be borne in mind by architects who make designs for Table Valley.

The churches are generally modifications of the styles prevalent in Europe during the last century, when this branch of art seemed to have sunk to almost its lowest depth of degradation. The old church of the Dutch Reformed communion is an instance of all that is false in taste and principle. The style, if it can be said to have any connection with any style, is what is called, correctly enough, "Gothic," as interpreted by provincial carpenters. That is to say it has pointed windows set in black wooden frames, and glazed with common square panes, a cornice and pilasters which are Grecian if they are anything at all, and a low pitched roof with parapets decorated with Egyptian obelisks. The old tower beside it, the remains of a former structure, has in its outlines much of the character of the Flemish

churches, and its fine-toned peal of bells is unequalled in the colony. As is usual also in Holland and Belgium, the pulpit is a very handsome structure of carved wood.

St. George's Cathedral Church, on the other hand, is a development in the direction of "classic" architecture. Its model is evidently the church of St. Pancras, in the Regent's Park, London, but without the distinguishing feature of the adjoining vestry and its caryatides. Nothing is more dismally a failure, usually, than the attempt to compel any style of architecture to act a part for which it was never intended. One can afford to smile at the incongruous absurdities of suburban villas masquerading as pigmy abbeys or trumpery castles. But it is really sad to see the total subversion of all principles of fitness and harmony which results from the attempt to adapt a style of building suited admirably to pagan ceremonials to the purposes of Christian worship. A Byzantine basilica might have been turned into a very efficient church; but that modern Christians should patch on certain features of pagan architecture to the most pinched and thrifty of structures, combining trumpery plaster imitation of pilasters with mean nineteenth century windows, and be satisfied to designate the whole "a church in the Grecian style," exhibits a lamentable want of perception of true fitness and beauty. St. George's is bad enough, but it does not descend quite so low as the Scottish Church, of which the one noticeable feature, apart from its "classic" style, is the tablet which records the date of its erection.

The Independents' Chapel, in Caledon-square, is a step greatly in advance of any previous efforts at church-building in Cape Town. It is really refreshing to the eye, wearied with glaring plaster and stucco, and dissatisfied with mere imitations more or less clumsy of better things, to rest upon a work of real *bonâ fide* stone; a work which rests its claims to notice not upon mere external embellishment, but upon truth and harmony of outline and durability of material. The window at the western end of the chapel is a very beautiful specimen of its style, and is executed in a manner that does great credit to colonial artificers. The original design has evidently been shorn of some of its proportions, and some architectural decorations would seem to have been omitted, as if with the view of reducing the cost. Something would seem to have been altered in the western front, in which the continuation of the gable and the base of the tower in one flat line, gives a poor appearance to that part of the building, which will be yet more strikingly apparent when

the tower is completed. The absence of a chancel is ill compensated by a little unmeaning recess at the eastern end, which really tends greatly to mar the effect of the whole structure. It gives the building an air of incompleteness, or of being applied to uses for which it was not originally adapted. But it is an exceedingly well executed work, and one of the very few architectural ornaments of the city. The most perfect little building of the kind is the Infants' School at the foot of the great avenue. The effect produced by the use of blue slate-stone intermingled with blocks of granite, from Green Point, is exceedingly good—massive without being heavy. The high pitched gable with two small lancet windows and one circular light seen through the foliage of the trees of the avenue is very beautiful.

But it may be fairly questioned whether a style of architecture which was elaborated in the cold and inclement north is best adapted to the needs of a hot dry climate like that of South Africa. The lofty roof intended to prevent the lodgment of snow, not only looks close and heavy, but is in reality subject to some very serious evils. The large expanse of slating underlaid by only thin boarding and plaster tends to create a very high temperature below it, besides exposing a large surface to be acted upon by the heavy winds prevalent at the Cape. The large east window required in a gable must create an almost painful glare in an atmosphere so over-abounding with light. It is to be hoped that, looking to the probability of costly buildings being erected in the colony in future years, architects will turn their attention to the style of building adopted in climates similar in character to that of South Africa. The Byzantine or that modification of it which abounds throughout Northern Italy, would supply an inexhaustible field of study of this kind; and the style of building there used would be in every way more suitable to the requirements of the colony than that in use in countries of precisely opposite atmospheric conditions. In the north of Europe the great desiderata in building are the retention of warmth, the exclusion of air, the admission of light. In the Cape Colony, what is or should be most sought is the free circulation of air, with as little as may be of glare and heat. This seems to demand the use of vaulting for roofs, small windows without splays, and arcades or cloisters as screens to the side walls. Shade is what both the body and the eye crave in a sub-tropical climate, and the buildings of Cape Town have not as yet been designed with a special reference to this most natural want.

The most ambitious structure hitherto raised in the city is the Library and Museum Building, of which it may be questioned whether a more correct taste in architecture, which will grow with other things, will pronounce quite so glowing an eulogium upon it as it appears to be now the fashion to do. If ever this branch of art is to be cultivated in this country, as a means both of adorning its towns and of elevating the general tone of its people, it must be not by piecing together fragments from the designs of artists of other ages and countries, but by the careful and intelligent elaboration of a kind of building suited to the peculiar needs of the locality for which it is intended, and affording employment for the best materials which the country produces.

THE BLASTED BOUGH.

A LEGEND OF TABLE VALLEY.

CHAPTER III.

On the same evening, and almost at the same hour, that Hans Arends and the outlaw Pascal were groping their way in the darkness towards the cave at which they were to meet the Hottentot messenger, two persons were sitting in an apartment in the small stone-built house which has been noticed as the residence of the officer in charge of the Government Gardens. The room in which they sat was rude and cheerless enough. It was a kind of central hall of very limited dimensions, having at one end the entrance door, at the other, two openings intended for windows, but unglazed, and filled in only with coarse canvas. Four other doors opened into as many little cabins intended for sleeping apartments; the whole built with rough stone, unplastered, and coloured of a yellowish pink, with a wash made from the clay at the foot of the mountain. The night, as has been said, was raw and chill; and a fire of logs, which shed a glow of cheerfulness over the room, was blazing in a rude fireplace made of flag stones, placed beneath a black, yawning chimney built in one corner of the hall. Before the genial blaze, on either side of a little round table placed between them, sat two persons, both advanced somewhat beyond the period of middle age, and having the appearance of military men. One of these was a man of very ordinary type. He was a short, stout, ruddy-looking man, inclined to be bald on the top of the head, with a merry twinkling glance of in-

dulgent good humour in his little grey eyes. He wore a buff leather doublet, stained and blackened with wear, the short hose of the period, and boots so thickly covered with patches, that scarce a vestige remained of the original leather. A short broad *couteau de chasse* had been unbuckled from his belt and lay on the floor across a battered, broad-leaved felt-hat, in the band of which was stuck a remnant of a feather, giving to it an air of shabby finery peculiarly characteristic. The owner of this personal embellishment was reclining in as easy a posture as a straight-backed wooden chair would admit of, with one leg crossed over the other, meditatively watching the countenance of his companion, while he solaced himself with a long black pipe, the white clouds from which curled around his head like a halo of glory.

His companion was of a totally opposite stamp. His figure, which had been tall and commanding, had contracted a stoop, which was perceptible even as he sat. His face was sallow, and furrowed with lines of care or pain. His dress was a sort of undress uniform, but of a cut and colour as simple as could be consistent with the ordinary regulations of the day, in which, be it remembered, there was a latitude allowed in these particulars to the individual wearer altogether unknown to the present age. He wore his sword, a long and heavy weapon, almost totally destitute of ornament, the sheathed point of which rested on the ground before him, while his thin and white but sinewy hands were clasped over the steel basket-hilt. As he gazed with abstracted look into the fire, with an expression of pain and weariness that seemed habitual to his countenance, unconscious that the other was watching him with some appearance of amused astonishment, a deep sigh involuntarily escaped him.

"Duivel!" exclaimed the shorter, stouter, merrier of the two, laying down his pipe and turning full round to his companion, with the expression of astonishment heightened to the utmost of which his face was capable. "Duivel! it is beyond my comprehension! I tell thee 'tis beyond the wit of such as Dirk Stuurman to understand the meaning of it! Here thou art with all that man can desire; out of the clutches of this d——d Company; going home to snug little Holland, to a fortune of I know not how many hundred thousand guilders left thee by an old hunks who would have taken it away with him to the next world, an he could; going to begin life, as a man may say; and thou art as dull and gloomy as the Scheldt in a November fog! I tell thee, man, it is what the parson calls flying in the face

of Providence!" And thus concluding a speech of a length and animation very unusual with him, Dirk Stuurman applied himself again to his pipe with redoubled energy, gazing steadily on his companion with a frown that was intended to convey a stern moral rebuke.

The countenance of the other relaxed its gloomy severity, and a faint smile of remarkable sweetness lighted it for a moment, as he stretched one hand across the table to clasp that of his companion. "Forgive me," he said; "forgive me, friend Dirk. I am, as thou sayest, but a dull comrade. Truly, I have but little of the old spirit left in me. When I look upon my present self and go back in memory to the days when thou and I were younkers together, full of life and glee, it seems as if ages separated me from that time; as if I had lived another life, and had been once another man."

He paused awhile, during which his face gradually resumed its look of settled melancholy. Suddenly turning to his companion, he said with an effort which he in vain endeavoured to hide, "Tell me, Dirk Stuurman, hast found any trace of the man I bid thee make inquiry for?"

"Neither slot nor spoor," replied the other. "It is as I told thee, rely upon it. Thou dost torment thine heart with a phantom, a creature begotten of melancholy. Thou hast moped thyself in yon weary Factory in the Spice Islands till thou art clean given over to the fiend which doctors call the spleen. Once get thee to the Hague, and show thyself again among the gallants and beauties that throng the Palace in the Wood; shake off the mould and rust that a man gathers in these cursed settlements; be again the gay Baron van der Valk that I knew thee, and thou wilt forget thy fancies, and cast off thy melancholy!" And again, having been betrayed into an unwonted exhibition of eloquence, Dirk Stuurman betook himself to his pipe, and looked what his lips refused to utter.

The Baron van der Valk, for thus his companion had designated him, shook his head mournfully at this suggestion, and after another brief pause, again asked of the other "Was there no such name, then, on the books?"

"I looked over the records from the very first, and there was no such name as Pedro Gomez on the list." The name seemed to touch some secret sore in the other, for he half turned like a man in pain as he heard it. Stuurman went on: "There have been but five Portuguese in the settlement, and none of them named Gomez. One died of scurvy at the time of the great dearth. Another was among those left behind by the *Grundel*, in some bay to the north, who

were never more heard of. Two that are here alive and well you have seen. The other, Pascal Rodrigo, the shoemaker, was drummed out of the fort years agone, and is doubtless dead ere this; for there is but scant living here for a banished man who can get nothing from the Company's store. The fiend take him," he added, after a pause, during which he examined his patched boots. "Why could he not keep a civil tongue in his head? Since he has been gone there has not been a man here that knew how to put awl into leather."

"Was this Rodrigo, then, a shoemaker?" said the other; "such was not the man I am in search of. I could fain hope that my own purpose had been defeated. Nay, I have buoyed myself up a thousand times with the thought that my own plans had failed. And yet," he continued, with even deeper melancholy, "and yet it cannot be so. I saw him bound and laid on board. I saw the vessel sail. He must be here or dead."

"That is what I tell thee," replied Stuurman. "I tell thee he must be dead. He must have died on the passage, and they hove him overboard, out of soundings, with a round shot in his hammock; and so he is safely bestowed. Tut, man, look at the fair side of things! What was it? Thou didst supplant a lad in the good graces of his inamorata, and by good generalship didst steal a march upon, and spirit him away from the scene where his presence was superfluous. What harm? In love and in war all is fair; an it be not, I trow there are some heavy accounts to be reckoned one day with the Honourable Company. Well, she is dead, I think thou saidst?"

"Yes, she died," said the other sadly.

"She is dead; and he cannot be found," continued the practical Dirk Stuurman, "and there is an end. Why, what hast thou to mope for, man? Come, old friend," he continued, with more feeling than his reckless manner seemed to promise, "Come, let me see thee cheerful on thy last night with me. It is nigh half a lifetime since we met. Heaven only knows whether we shall ever meet again on this side of the grave. Let me not think of this in years to come as a splenetic, fantastical melancholy. Leave me some pleasant remembrance of thee to cheer me in this death-alive after thy departure."

He spoke with so much real feeling that his companion, much touched by the honest affection which he evinced, made a powerful and sustained effort, which was to a great extent, successful, to shake off his depression. He accepted

Stuurman's offer of some schiedam, of which the latter affirmed, almost in the words of a toper of later years, that it was meat, drink, lodging, and washing to them in the remote solitude in which their lot was cast. He laughed, or tried to do so, at Dirk's account of their mode of life at the little settlement at the Cape, his shrewd and characteristic traits of the little society which clung together as well as might be on this forlorn promontory in the Southern Ocean. With an observant eye had Dirk watched the petty intrigues, the little jealousies and coolnesses which almost inevitably will arise in a small and unoccupied community. The men, he said, could have got on well enough together, the introduction of the fair sex among them had been like a throwing down of the apple of discord. He described with much dry humour the social convulsion which had followed close upon the arrival of the very first importation. A feud had commenced on board the ship between the wives of the chaplain and of the chief storekeeper on a question of precedence. When they landed they were not on speaking terms, and within a week the whole settlement was divided into two bitterly hostile factions, which espoused the cause of either lady. Society was rent asunder, and a civil war appeared to threaten the infant community, when some secret transpired which put the means of obtaining signal victory into the hands of the lady of the chief storekeeper. Up to that time the chaplain's wife, being young and handsome, and possessing means beyond the slender official stipend attached to her husband's office, had drawn over to her side the bulk of the unmarried population. Even the Governor, who was a single man, condescended to assist at her parties, and was even said to have been somewhat fascinated by her charms. This temporary triumph, however, was suddenly eclipsed by this story, whatever it was, which had got about, which had the effect of terminating the brief reign of the chaplain's wife. Dirk could not say what the particulars were. He had been absent with an exploring expedition beyond Saldanha Bay at the time of the occurrence. All he could tell about it was that the shoemaker of the colony the said Pascal Rodrigo, had been in some way implicated in it; and that on his return he had found that Pascal, after receiving a punishment devised by the injured lady herself as her last act of power, had been banished from the settlement; shortly after which the lady and her husband had returned to Holland in a homeward-bound ship that touched at the Cape.

"And her name?" inquired Van der Valk with sudden interest.

"Her name, or at least her husband's name, was Langeveld," said Stuurman. "But what! thou couldst know nought of these people!"

His companion had clasped his hands over his face, and his whole frame heaved with some inward pang. He recovered himself after a while, and looking at his friend with a face from which all traces of his recent forced gaiety had fled, he said solemnly, "Dirk Stuurman, thou didst but now upbraid me for my melancholy. Thou didst tell me, and I would fain have believed thee, that I should banish gloomy thoughts by mixing with the world again. I say to thee that vengeance, the just vengeance for my sin pursues me. That I see the avenger of blood on my traces. That if for a moment the gnawing pain of remorse is still, it is only that its fang may be driven yet more deeply into my heart. I cannot if I would forget. I cannot if I would banish the past. That one act has grown and widened until I find myself surrounded on all sides by its inevitable but most dreadful results. Hear me, friend. She of whom thou hast spoken was my daughter! Yes, start not. She was the child of her whom thou dost remember. I traced her to the hospital of Amsterdam. I satisfied myself that she was dead. I discovered her child among the foundlings maintained by the state. I took her to my own home, where she passed for the daughter of a deceased relative. I educated her as my own child, and intended her to be the heiress of all that I possessed. Alas! what right had I to expect happiness in her? I who had deprived another of his happiness, what was I that it should gladden my home? She grew up wilful and disobedient. It may have been my fault, poor child! She may have drawn such tempers from me, or my own want of care may have allowed them to germinate. But as she advanced in years she grew in selfwill and in the spirit of opposition to my wishes, until my home was wretched through her. One method alone I had not tried. One last resource I had, by which I fondly hoped, poor fool, to buy her affections. I told her the fatal secret of her birth. She listened with petrified astonishment, which, as I produced my proofs, changed to such an expression of scorn, hate, defiance, as I almost even now shudder to think of. When I ceased, she rose up—that young thing, who drew her life from me—she rose up against me, denounced me as the betrayer and murderer of her mother, and cursed me with the bitter curse of a nameless, motherless orphan. I never saw her more. She left my house, and I heard she had married and left the country.

I discovered her husband's friends, and, through them, had conveyed to her the larger portion of my own property. I myself, as thou knowest, have sought relief, oblivion, death in foreign countries. In vain. Retribution dogs my steps, and will follow me until I have felt the full punishment of my crime. From that one guilty act what a host of evils have sprung already! They crowd around me, the consequences of my sin, crying for vengeance on me! Turn where I may I meet evil in some dreadful shape, which may be traced, as a stream to its fountain, to my crime. Even now, while thou, my poor friend, wast thinking to arouse me with thy narrative, what do I learn? I learn of anger, and discord, and harsh cruelty, and a poor wretch driven to death, it may be, and the cause of all this, not she who was the mere instrument, but I the author of her faults as of her being!" And the stricken man leaned his head and arms upon the table, and sobbed convulsively.

Dirk Stuurman, though feeling keenly for his old friend, was all unused to such scenes as this, and stood beside his chair irresolute what to do. At last he laid his hand upon Van der Valk's shoulder, and the touch seemed to rouse him from his passionate frenzy. He mastered his emotion with a powerful effort, and sitting up, looked into his friend's face. "Heed me not," he said. "Heed me not, good Dirk. This is weakness. But it is hard to bear. Hard and bitter to meet the fruits of one's own wrongdoing springing up around one's steps. This is but one more blow; it may be all but the last. The poor battered frame can bear but few more. Remorse and disappointment, and bitter unavailing regrets for what cannot be undone have swallowed up the best years of my life. The end is drawing nigh. I feel it. I feel within me what I cannot give expression to, that warns me of the end coming swiftly on. Oh!" he continued, clasping his hands and looking upward, "Oh! that years of penitence, that efforts unceasing, though fruitless, to make some feeble restitution, may avail to plead in my behalf to claim the cleansing Fountain opened for the washing away of sin!"

His rough companion stood abashed, almost awed at the strange emotion of a man superior to himself. Van der Valk stood wrapt in deep contemplation, perhaps in prayer, for a few seconds, and then taking from the table one of the rude iron candlesticks which rested upon it, silently wrung his friend's hand, and retired to the little den which he had used as a sleeping-place during the short stay which the homeward-bound ship had made in the bay.

Dirk Stuurman looked after him with a countenance in which a struggling expression of sagacity and shrewdness contended like an April sun against the clouds which were fast drifting over and obscuring it. During the unwonted animation of this evening he had consumed a far larger amount than usual of schiedam. In fact, as he acknowledged, he had taken his own full share and that which should have been his guest's, supposing him to have been a man of similar tastes and capacity to his own. He looked steadily at the door through which his friend had retired, and shook his head slowly and solemnly. He repeated this process several times, still staring fixedly at the closed door, and swaying himself very gently backwards and forwards. He then took up the remaining candle, holding it rigidly upright, and moved with a solemn but slightly irregular pace across the floor. Once more he shook his head slowly in the direction of Van der Valk's apartment; and then entering his own he nodded thrice in an oracular manner, set down his candle and prepared to go to bed. More than once he repeated this during the simple process of divesting himself of his garments. Having disencumbered himself of his outer and heavier clothing as he sat upon his wooden stretcher, he gravely revolved on his axis, and appeared sitting up in bed. In this attitude he again repeated those three nods of profound intelligence. Then extinguishing the light by the summary expedient of flattening it against the stone wall, he drew his good *kombaars* up to his chin, and subsided into a recumbent posture. But even as his head reached the pillow, before sleep could seize upon his heavy eyelids, he delivered such a substitute as the attitude might allow of another triad of oracular nods. Another instant and "sleep had seized him wholly." And in no more expressive manner than this did Dirk Stuurman ever express his emotion at the tale which he had heard, his deep sympathy with his unhappy friend, and his far-seeing, foreboding presentiment of troubles and sorrows still in store.

CHAPTER IV.

We must carry our readers back again to the cavern in which Hans Arends and Pascal Rodrigo were left by the Hottentot when he set out on his hapless errand. Rapidly recovering from his ill-humour under the genial influence of rest and fire, the boer, from whose mind considerations

of creature comforts were seldom long absent, bethought him of his supper. But here a difficulty presented itself. The provisions he had brought with him consisted of his ordinary rations of bread and meat, a sufficient meal for one man, but far from sufficient if divided between two. For some time, while he appeared to be busy drying his garments and taking the thorns out of his hands and legs, he was revolving this knotty point, how he was to surmount this unforeseen difficulty. He looked askant at the gaunt figure of the outlaw as he sat deep in meditation by the fire, and as the red light flickered upon his drawn cheeks and hollow eyes he thought, with something like a groan, of the miserable insufficiency of his rations to satisfy so hungry-looking a being and leave any tangible remainder for his own use. He bitterly regretted, as a man does regret when it is too late to remedy the consequences of his folly, that he had not eaten his supper before he left home. Once a wild thought flashed across his mind that he might feign excessive weariness, and betake him to his leafy couch at once, and then rising silently in the night eat his supper while the other slept. But the idea arose only to be dismissed without another moment's consideration. Experience had taught Hans that he could not eat silently. He knew that he champed and snorted during that operation as if he masticated by means of a steam-engine. And the thought of Pascal's wrath when awakened, as he assuredly would be, by this process going on in such very close proximity, and a sort of creeping shudder at the recollection of that long keen knife which was glittering just now in the firelight, drove all thought of such an expedient from his mind. He had almost resolved, as the least of the many evils by which he was encompassed, to offer to divide his supper with the outlaw, when his doubts were cut short by the other suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, and starting up with the exclamation,

"Why, Hans, I am but a scurvy host to thee! I treat thee little better than thy masters yonder, to whom thou hast sold thyself for the consideration of a belly-full of victual, and a dog-hole to bestow thy carcase in. A plague on my churlishness! I see so few visitors, that I scarce know how to make them welcome. But I have not been altogether unmindful of thee man. Here is a piece of venison that should have gone by thee to the captain's mess, and now thou shalt eat it thyself, friend Hans. It is hard if thou and I who provide the dainties for the greedy dogs may not have a taste of it ourselves."

So saying he stepped back into a dark recess among the rocks, and returned bringing with him the venison, a bush-buck skinned and cleaned with great nicety, which he hung by the hind legs to a peg driven into a chink of the rock near the fire. Hans' eyes glistened, and for one brief moment a faint shadow of regret floated across his soul at the recollection of his own recent selfishness. But it was idle to regret what it was now too late to mend, and what, in fact, the person mainly interested had never known. And putting easily aside these feeble glimmerings of remorse, he applied himself with energetic zeal to the preparation of supper. Drawing from his belt a knife of a far less threatening character than the long blade of Pascal, he proceeded to dismember the buck in thoroughly artistic fashion. First he extracted and carefully laid by the liver, as a choice morsel; and then proceded to cut some long deep slices down the back and hind legs as from a haunch of mutton. Meanwhile Pascal was engaged in preparing the fire; gathering up the masses of hot embers into a heap, and throwing on on them light pieces of perfectly dry brushwood, which speedily burnt out, leaving a bright glowing surface. Hans suspended a pair of the venison collops by sharp sticks, with one end forced in the ground and the other thrust through the meat, in such a manner that it was suspended immediately over the embers but without touching them. And as he knelt beside the fire on his hands and knees, with his face glowing in the ruddy light, his nostrils inhaling the fragrant steam, and his eyes sparkling with expectation, he looked for the first time at his ease and almost happy.

"'Twere long to tell" of the supper that Hans made that night. How, long after the outlaw's more moderate needs were satisfied, he continued to cut and broil fresh collops; how, when undiscriminating hunger began to be somewhat appeased, he applied himself to the *bonne bouche*, the liver, magnanimously offering to divide it with Pascal, and accepting the other's refusal with undisguised readiness; how he washed down his meal with alternate draughts from a calabash of water and from his own case-bottle; and how, when exhausted nature fairly succumbed at last, he laid himself down with his feet towards the fire with the air of a man who felt that he was not unworthy of having comforts bestowed upon him, for he had within him the capacity for thoroughly enjoying them. His countenance wore a look of calm peaceful satisfaction, which bespoke a mind at ease. He reclined with his back against a rock, and his legs stretched out lazily towards the fire, one hand lovingly

clasping the case-bottle. At last, after a long meditative pause he spoke.

"Master Pascal," he said, "Methinks you must find it but a lonely life up here among the rocks, with no soul to bear thee company." The outlaw merely looked at him but made no reply, nor did Hans appear to need it, so absorbed was he with the new idea that had occurred to him. "It must be lonely for thee, and I pity thee. And so, I have been thinking on it, and I will e'en bid farewell to yon brick-kiln beyond the hill there, and bestow my company upon thee. We will just let these English pirates go to the devil their own way, and live together in peace like a couple of—of—what kind of fellows were those that the parson told us about that used to live in caves and feed on roots and water? Only we wont feed on roots, Master Pascal. Thou shall snare bucks, and I will cook them, and we will both eat them. Methinks it would be pleasant life."

The outlaw's dark eye gleamed with something between ridicule and contempt, as he replied: "Thou my companion! Thou! Hark ye, Hans Arends. I am not alone, as thou dost think. I have my comrades."

Hans looked at him in a bewildered manner. "Comrades," he said. "Thou hast comrades, sayest thou? Why man I thought thy den here was so secret that no man knew it but thyself, until within these three days past. I prythee, who are thy comrades in this wild spot?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Pascal with something of the same touch of insanity which he had shown on his first meeting with Arends. "My comrades? I will tell thee." And he drew close up to the boer as if to impart some weighty secret to him, and whispered, "The Fiend keeps me company sometimes! Yes, 'tis true. Shrink not from me man, I shall not hurt thee. And he will not come to-night when thou art here. And yet I could wish thee to see my company. I would he might come!"

"The Lord forefend!" ejaculated Hans, with fervent earnestness, and with his late tranquil expression entirely banished from his countenance. "I prythee, jest not about such things. I promise thee I like it not." And Hans shifting himself uneasily a little further away from the outlaw, applied himself for comfort to his bottle.

"Why, man, thou wouldst bestow thy company upon me. Thou must know whom thou wilt meet. Ay, the Fiend comes to me in the long nights. And that other, too; he comes to me now. He is changed, but I know him. How should I ever forget him. He is thin and pale now, and his

black hair is grey, and his tall figure stoops. But I know him. And he comes and sits here just beyond the fire. And that other, the Fiend, whispers to me sometimes to stick my knife into him, or seize him by the throat and strangle him. But I will have his life in the daylight and before man, not in a dark hole like this, where none can see. And I shall have it," he said after a little pause. "I shall have it, if I wait. The Fiend has told me so, and he will give me my revenge."

To describe the change which passed over poor Hans Arends' countenance as his companion talked in this wild strain, with the light of madness gleaming in his eyes, and his voice lowered to a whisper, as if he were fearful of being overheard by some invisible presence, would be impossible. The jolly red hue of his face faded to an ashy paleness. His eyes and mouth opened simultaneously, and remained fixed in a stare of petrified horror. He could not draw further away, as he had reached an angle of the rock which barred him from further retreat; but he sat pressed into the corner with his face turned towards the outlaw, as if bidding avaunt to some unearthly visitant.

Rodrigo recovered the mastery over his unsettled mind as rapidly as he had done on the former occasion, when he had caused Arends so much alarm on their first meeting. He arose from the eager half-sitting attitude which he had assumed in speaking, and taking up a bundle of dry brushwood replenished the fire until the little nook glowed again in the cheerful light. Then throwing himself down before the blaze, he said, in his natural voice, "Well, well, friend Hans, we are comrades for this night at any rate, and we are to be comrades in the enterprise that is to be. And so, as is the wont of good comrades, I will begin by telling thee the story of my life. Take courage man, there are no worse beings here to-night than ourselves. Sit thee on this dry heap of leaves and refresh thyself with thy bottle, and I will beguile an hour by telling thee how I came to be Pascal Rodrigo, the outlaw."

He paused for a few moments, as if looking back into the remote past; while Hans recovered his composure to some extent, though his former easy confidence seemed banished beyond recovery. Then throwing himself back, and gazing up into the sky, which by contrast with the fire-light seemed to cover in the spot with a low canopy of black velvet, he commenced his tale.

"I was not born in that uncomfortable confusion of the elements, neither firm land, pure water, nor clear air, which

thou dost call thy country, Hans. I am no Hollander. I was born in the sunny south, in bright Carthagena, that looks out over the dancing blue waves of the Mediterranean. My name was Pedro Gomez. My father was a merchant of good repute, who died when I was young. My eldest brother got the largest share of the property he left behind him; but I cared not, so I could indulge my darling passion, and go to sea in my own bark, trading from port to port, seeing the world, and enjoying life as only the young and free can do. Money came to me lightly and went lightly, for I had ever an open hand, and I was welcome wherever I set my foot. Sometimes, in dreams I suppose, I fancy myself still leading my old roving life, with my tight vessel under foot, and my staunch crew about me, and a good cargo beneath the hatches, and sea and sky breathing life and gladness around, and youth and hope gilding the future before me." He was silent for a minute, his thoughts wandering back to the bright brief happiness of youth. In a somewhat altered tone he resumed:

"I was still a young man when I sailed with a cargo of wine for Rotterdam, intending to return laden with salt fish and such commodities as might find a ready sale in the south of Spain. I can see it all now," he said dreamily, with his eyes closed; "I can see that old town just as it showed that evening when my bark dropped down to her moorings. The tall, stiff, quaint old houses, the roads lined with great oak trees, the broad canals crowded with shipping."

Hans gave a grunt and a sigh of gratified recollection. The outlaw had touched a chord that vibrated within that sluggish heart. He had spoken of home. And Hans heaved another sigh, drowned it with a dram from his bottle, and set himself to listen with awakened interest.

"I tell thee no names. Though thou and I are sitting here alone, thousands of miles off, I cannot, dare not trust myself to utter their names. Enough that I had my letters of introduction to a wealthy merchant on the Boompjes, that he invited me to partake of his hospitality, and that I saw his daughter. I suppose I was not different from other men of my age. I suppose other men have loved as I did. I never asked another human being of his own feelings. But, for myself, I can but say that almost before I had spoken to her I was deeply, madly in love with her. I had seen girls enough of my own race, dark-eyed beauties of the sunny lands of the south, but never any like her. Eyes as soft, as blue, as bright as the sea that I loved so well. A skin white and clear, glowing with rosy tints like the inner part of a

shell. I cannot describe her to thee. I can see her. I can call her before me when I will. But I cannot set her down feature by feature, line by line. It is enough that I tell thee that I loved her; loved her with a depth of passion which I knew not I possessed within me; loved her with all the fiery impetuous devotion which I had heard was the character of the Spaniard. I scarce dared to hope that I had interested her, but I would spend my life and all that I had to awake a kindred feeling within her breat. Week after week my bark lay alongside her father's wharf. My cargo was sold, but I cared not to make preparations for my departure. I put off the purchase of another freight by one excuse or another. I was drinking draughts of love at those pure deep fountains that beamed so kindly yet so modestly upon me. I was learning the language of love with the tongue as well as the eye; learning to speak to her; to tell her in intelligible language what I felt for her. At last, so absorbed was I by my passion, that I resolved to settle myself permanently in Rotterdam. I sold my ship. I paid off the good fellows who had sailed with me so long; right sorry they were, some of them, to leave me, and I was grieved too to part with them; but my love overcame all other considerations. They saw how it was with me, and they wished me a speedy and happy marriage, and returned, I suppose, to tell my brother at Carthagena that I was on the point of being married to a rich burgomaster's daughter. I dwell on these things, I think, because I am unwilling to approach the crisis of my story. But it must come. I had begun to feel sure that I had secured the approbation of the father to my suit. I even hoped that I had made some favourable impression upon my love. She was shy, I thought, and seemed to avoid giving me an opportunity of speaking to her. But that seemed rather to be in my favour. If I were altogether indifferent to her I thought she would feel no embarrassment. I fed my hope until it grew into something like confidence. When one day entering, as I was accustomed to do, by a small gate, into her father's garden, I suddenly met her walking in a retired alley with a person whom I had never before seen at the house. He was about my own age, a tall handsome man I am bound to say; but in the first glance which we exchanged with each other I saw we were rivals and foes. I looked at her narrowly, eagerly, to detect, if I could, any trace of her feeling for one or other of us. In vain. She introduced him as her cousin just arrived from Namur, and spoke of me as her father's friend and guest, and I could catch no meaning

glance, no tremor in the voice, to show that she had a feeling for either of us beyond that which she might entertain for the most ordinary acquaintance. But something, an instinct within, told me that the pleasant current of my life was stopped, that a shadow had come across the bright promise of my love. It was plain they had matters to talk of in which I had no interest, and I left them together. But I had realized, for the first time, a horrible dread of losing the object of my passion, and I could rest no longer content with the inaction in which I had lived for the last few weeks. I sought her father at once, with the eagerness of a man who feels that each instant is precious, that his whole hope in life is hanging by a thread, which any passing breeze might snap. I poured out to him the pent up feelings of my heart. He listened not unkindly. But when I proceeded to tell him of my means and prospects he was all grave attention. He asked me some questions, which, under the circumstances, were right and proper; and bade me farewell, telling me he should communicate with my brother in the course of a few days, and in the event of receiving satisfactory accounts from him, of which he did not doubt, he would offer no obstacle to my marriage. In the meantime, I might consider myself his guest as before, but he laid it upon my honour to take no further steps towards pledging the affections of his daughter. And with this I was fain to be content. It was with some surprise that I remarked that the young officer whom I had seen in the garden was not at the table that day. Nor, so far as I could learn, was any mention made of his having been at the house. My dawning fears and jealousy made me sensitively alive to the most trifling circumstances. I resolved to discover from the old man, as soon as we were alone, whether he was aware of this visit. And, without betraying her, I contrived to learn from the father that this cousin was only a very distant relative or connection, whose character for profligacy and reckless extravagance had made him notorious, and who had received his solemn injunction never to set foot in his house again. My fears were now thoroughly aroused. I saw plainly that something was in progress which threatened my happiness; and acting on the impulse of the moment, I told the old man just so much as would suffice to put him on his guard against danger from that quarter, and left without again seeing the idol of my affections. For two days I dared not venture again to the house. I feared that the father might have made known to her that I had, to a certain extent, betrayed confidence. I was in an agony of doubt as to the effect it might have upon

my hopes. I cursed my folly in having risked her displeasure, but again I felt that I had removed one whom I knew to be a rival, and that brought some comfort to my distracted mind. It was on the evening of the third day that a message was brought to the door of my lodging, by a man who said he had orders to return immediately, to the effect that the old merchant, her father, was taken ill, and desired to see me instantly. I threw on my cloak and hat, and hurried off in the direction of his house.

"I can see it all now as distinctly as if it were there where those rocks stand. I can see the broad black canal, on which the ships were only distinguished by a light here and there glimmering through a port hole, and making a slender path of yellow light across the rippling surface of the water. I can see the dark quay, made all the more gloomy by a feeble lamp at long intervals, hung by chains between two of the great trees. Though it was not yet late, nobody was abroad in the streets. The houses were closed and dark. I had just reached one of these lamps when a man stepped out from behind a tree, and gazed into my face as I came into the full light. He was tall, and muffled in a cloak which with his broad-leafed hat concealed his features, but some secret antipathy assured me that it was my enemy. At the same instant, two men in the dress of sailors, slipped out from the same concealment. I was totally unarmed. I had hurried out without even a stick to protect me. And in a sort of desperation I flung myself suddenly on the tall man, and grappled desperately with him. He was strong and active, but I felt as if in my frenzy I had the strength of ten men in me. I grasped him so that he was unable to draw his sword, and as I bore him to the ground he threw back his head, and as I expected, revealed the features of the man whom I had seen but once, but seen never to forget, and never to cease to hate. For one instant I saw his face beneath me; the next a fell blow on the head laid me senseless beside him.

"I know not how long I remained insensible, or what was done with me. I only know that I awoke at last to a sense of pain and misery such as I had never yet felt. It was pitch dark, and the air was stifling. I was parched with thirst, and when I attempted to call out my dry tongue refused to utter a sound. At last, as reason began to return, I recognized the wash and ripple of water close at hand, and my experience told me that I was in the hold of a vessel under sail. It flashed across me in a moment, I had fallen into a trap of that accursed rival, and had been kidnapped

on board a ship, and conveyed out of the country while I was insensible!

"I cannot tell thee what I said or did. I hoped I might have died; but my wound had bled so freely that I was saved from that. They came at last and took me up upon the deck, and when I looked round we were far out at sea, with no land visible save a low line on the horizon fast fading out of sight. I looked at the men. They were reckless ruffianly fellows, with whom I saw at once that entreaty would be vain. I offered bribes. I told them of the moneys which were lodged in the hands of the old merchant who I had thought was so soon to be my father-in-law. I told them of my brother the prosperous trader of Carthagena. I offered them all I had. I offered to get for them all they could desire. They only mocked me, and, by their talk, I saw they were under the impression that I was mad. I thought I was going mad. I thought of how I had been duped. I thought of the triumph of my rival. I thought of her for whom alone I lived, lost to me for ever, just as I seemed about to possess her. My heart swelled and throbbed as if it would burst asunder. Suddenly the grey leaden waves that heaved under the ship's bows seemed to beckon me to them, and I made a frantic rush to throw myself over the side. They watched me too closely. A heavy hand clutched me and flung me back on to the deck just as I reached the bulwarks. The captain called out to put me in irons, and for the remainder of the voyage I lay fastened by one foot to the deck, with no occupation for mind or body, left to prey upon my own soul and torture myself with maddening recollections. I did go mad I believe. I have since thought that misery such as mine must have ended in madness or death. And I believe that it was in mercy that my mind did give way. But I am dwelling too long upon these details. I must hasten to a close."

The outlaw paused a few moments, during which Hans gazed at him with the wide fixed stare of a man who, almost asleep, desires to give proof of his wakefulness, and uttered a deep "Ja!"—whether of sympathy or assent the other did not attend sufficiently to notice.

"I knew not"—Rodrigo, or, as we must now call him, Gomez, went on—"I knew not whither we were bound, and we had been at sea twelve or fourteen weeks, as I judged, when we entered this bay. How I had longed, hoped, feared for this during that weary voyage! I scarce dared think that they were carrying me to any part of the world where I might have a hope of justice. But it had

been my poor comfort in the long dreary hours to settle what course I should adopt if I were landed among Christian men. I amused my mind by thinking over again and again what I would say how I would explain who I was, and under what circumstances I had been kidnapped on board the vessel. I would proclaim my intimate connection with the merchant of Rotterdam, and the place I was so soon about to occupy in his family. I would make my story heard, and would demand justice and redress. My heart sank at the thought that they would surely carry me to some foreign port, and there sell me as a slave. But when at length I learned from the conversation of the men that we were actually in Table Bay, and that our destination was the new settlement just formed by the Dutch in the Southern Ocean, then my hope rose to the pitch of confidence. Here were men, almost fellow-countrymen, to whom I might appeal confident of sympathy and redress; and I looked upon my period of suffering as at an end. It was not until the third day after we arrived that I was landed. How eagerly I had watched the shore; how I had longed to be once more among kindly men I scarce need tell thee. Well, I was released from my shackles and ordered into a boat and carried to the shore. As we neared it the lightness of my spirits received something of a check. There was a look of poverty and wretchedness about everything that chilled and oppressed me. Even after my long voyage the land had nothing attractive or inviting. The settlement looked filthy squalid, poverty-stricken; the few people who came down to meet us were thin and sickly. I demanded loudly to be taken before Governor Van Riebeek, and as I was speaking a shabbily dressed man came towards us with the captain of the ship in which I had sailed. It was Van Riebeek himself. All present doffed their hats, and I knew I stood at last in the presence of one from whom I might obtain justice. I began my appeal in language rendered passionate by the misery I had undergone and the pitch of excitement to which I was wrought up. He heard me for a few seconds, steadily looking at me the while, and then abruptly asked 'What can he do?' The captain replied that he believed I had not been taught any trade; on which Van Riebeek, turning on his heel, said 'Let him help the builders.' Not another word! My heart seemed to stand still within me. Was this to be the end of my hopes and longings! Was I really in my senses that I should see such cruel injustice perpetrated among men! Did I hear myself actually condemned to a life-long slavery among Christian people, and

for no fault committed! I flung myself on my knees before him, and cried aloud in the bitterness of my heart. He turned round for one instant to say, 'If he makes a noise, gag him!' The whole dreadful truth burst upon me, that I had no redress, no mercy to look for in this world; my senses forsook me, my brain reeled, and I fell on the ground like a dead man. I wonder I did not die. I should have died: I should have laid hands on myself, but that something ever whispered to me that I should have my revenge, and I lived on for that. All through the weary years since, that has kept me living. I did not resign myself at once to despair. The idea of escape took possession of me as I regained my strength. Once we stole away, four of us, to go we knew not whither, so we left that hell upon earth. We travelled but a few days when my comrades turned faint-hearted and resolved to return. And something whispered to me that I should lose my revenge if I wandered away and perished in the desert. We came back and surrendered ourselves to their tender mercies. Dost know what keel-hauling is, Hans?" Hans grunted an assent. "Aye, thou hast seen it, I warrant; but thou hast not felt what it is to be dragged naked under water along the bottom of a ship that was crusted a foot thick with barnacles. I know what it is. And I know what it is to have a hundred and fifty lashes laid on to the scraped and wounded flesh. All this I bore as my punishment for attempting to escape, and lest I should do so again, I was condemned to labour in irons. And still I did not die. I did not despair. I felt that I should have my revenge. I ceased to resist, and resigned myself to my fate. In my hours of rest I had made myself a pair of shoes, which were noticed as much better than such as were usually made in the settlement. I found I might turn my ingenuity to account, and by degrees I was removed from the rough work to which I had been put, and employed entirely in making shoes. In two years my irons were taken off, and I found my lot a far easier one under submission, and so I submitted.

"I must have lived near twenty years in the settlement, and my nature seemed to have adapted itself to its circumstances. I lived for the day, like the other poor slaves around me, without hope or care beyond daily food and shelter. I was drawing towards middle life; and hopeless of change, and desiring to feel that there was a human being that had something in common with me, I married one out of a shipment of foundling girls sent here from Amsterdam. She was a faithful, affectionate creature, and it seemed as

if a ray of something like happiness was about to gild my declining years. She was about to bear a child when the event occurred which turned again the whole current of my life. One day a vessel arrived from Holland, and I went, like others, to see the passengers come on shore. There were ladies among them, and as the foremost of them set foot on land, I looked at her, and saw in her the very face of my enemy, scarcely seen but never forgotten! There was his dark, haughty face, his proud imperious eye, the very counterpart of himself in a female. When I could command my voice, I eagerly asked who she was, and learned that she was the young bride of the newly-arrived chaplain. I returned home with that detested face haunting me, with all the fierce passions which time had partly lulled roused to full fury within me. I told my poor faithful wife for the first time my story, and her woman's wit helped me to understand the case at once. She recollected, as people who have but little to interest them do remember, how, years ago, a poor forlorn creature had come to the hospital where she herself had been brought up, and there had borne a female child, and had died. Such topics are the only subjects of interest to these forlorn orphans, and it quickly became talked about that the dead mother was the daughter of a great merchant in Rotterdam, whom he had turned out of his house for misconduct, and sworn never to see more. The child grew to be about ten years old when another event occurred of absorbing interest to the inmates of such an institution. A grand-looking gentleman, as she described him, came one day through the rooms, accompanied by some of the officers, and looked at the children. The moment he saw this little girl he walked up to her and said, 'This is she,' as if he had recognized her. She was at once taken away, and rumour soon told how she was seen sometimes richly dressed and attended by servants, and how she was going to be a great lady. I had not a doubt that my wife's account explained the mystery, and her instant recognition of her when she saw her one day walking in the gardens, confirmed my conviction. This, then, was the daughter of my only love and my only enemy! It was plain now. The villain had won her affections, had seduced her, had left her to perish! And here was their child now brought before me in this strange manner. Should I love her for her mother's sake, or hate her for her father's? It was soon decided for me. I was summoned to her presence one day, and ordered to make her some shoes. I know not how it happened. The violence and agitation of my feelings made me awkward, I

suppose. She blamed my clumsiness in a haughty tone, which recalled the father and aroused all the pent up wrath within me. I replied insolently; she called me unmannerly slave, and I poured revilings and curses upon her as Van der Valk's bastard!

"Thou knowest the rest. Thou knowest what revenge her malice prompted her to take. I have told thee how my back was scored with lashes, and how, when repeated blows had made the flesh numb, a left-handed man was sought for who might lay them on the cross-way, that the skin might be cut in squares. And see here," he said, protruding his tongue, at which Hans, without moving, opened a pair of glazed lustreless eyes, "See here where they thrust the red-hot iron through. My poor wife in vain implored that Jezabel for mercy. And the faithful wretch unable to bear my sufferings was carried to our hut, and there being taken in premature labour, died, and left me alone! Alone, ay, banished from the sight and society of men! Turned out to starve and die of my wounds! Banished! Bitter, heartless mockery! Better, and kinder to have killed me at once. But I am preserved alive that I may have my revenge. Why, else, was this knife sent to me almost, found hanging against a tree when I most needed it? Why, else, did my wounds heal as they did? Why, else, was I shown this cave and enabled to slay the wolf that lay here, and both take his fortress and wear his spoils? Why, else, have I learned to track and snare the wild beasts of the forest? Why, else, did I gain such influence over these savage Hottentots? Why, else, wert thou sent to me, when I found thee that time when thou wert lying hurt beneath the rock? Why, but that all things may combine to bring about my revenge—that I may live to be revenged on those who have done me such bitter wrong. Ay, I shall have it. I know—I feel within me that which tells me I shall have it. I shall be revenged on my enemy who has made my life a burthen and this fair world a misery to me. I shall execute vengeance upon him for my wrongs and for hers!"

He ceased abruptly, and almost at the same instant sank down like a man exhausted, and fell into a sleep as deep and heavy as a trance. His companion spoke no word and made no sign. He was still reclining with his feet towards the blackened spot where the fire had burned, and one hand laid caressingly on the bottle. His eyes were closed; his mouth was open; he was fast asleep and had probably not heard the half of the outlaw's story.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

And a very good land to live in it is too, if we would only look at it in a proper light, and not be quite so fond of taking it as we find it, and of abusing it for *not* being what we have *not* made it. How the poor old Cape is abused. The Cape of Storms is stormed at by all, from the merchant, who makes money at a rate he could not do anywhere else, to the expatriated "sub," who never having been further than Aldershot or Dover says, with the air of a profound authority, "The Cape is, ah, the *somethingest* hole in the world, by Jove!" I know that what I have just written is true; we have all done this, and why? simply because we have formed our ideas of what we consider "the correct thing," on much too perfect a model. We found South Africa very different from England, and therefore we abuse it. We take the country as we find it, and say, "Thank goodness, we shall soon be out of it," instead of doing all we can to improve it while we are here, and trying to supply the deficiencies that occur to us. Well, although we all say a great deal derogatory to the land we live in, few of us probably mean half we say, and those who do, may deem themselves lucky if they have never to "go further and fare worse."

Has the Cape no advantages to make up for those it has not. I think Fair Play answers in the affirmative. What say you, gentle reader, to its climate? Is it not truly the land of the sun? I don't mean old Sol, as he is in England, where he seems to have looked through a medium of fog until he has got sulky, and only deigns to peep out every now and then, and always retires into private life when most wanted; nor the same luminary in India, where he only allows men out on sufferance, or imminent peril, and a pith helmet, seeming to say, "Come out, pale-faced individual, and I'll knock you down with a sun-stroke." Our sun, is the sun as it ought to be; that is to say, as it ought to be for we men of vulnerable livers, and not possessing skulls of impenetrable thickness. True, old Sol does come out a little too strong sometimes, and renders the possession of a white cotton umbrella (of Gampish dimensions) desirable, yet nowhere does he pay such regard to the invaders of his territories as in South Africa.

And our field sports! does not that touch *La corde Sensible* (name of a French *vaudeville*). O ye readers of *Bell's Life*, ye connoisseurs in Eley's cartridges and breech-loading rifles! Have you a fancy for roughing? Here you

can "do the rugged" to your heart's content. Are you fond of hard riding, of "going a-head" as if you had a spare neck in your pocket? If so, even that propensity can be gratified here; and though you will find no "bull-finches" to charge, no "double-ditch and rail" to get over, no ploughed fields to flounder through, and no brooks to get ducked in, yet I will promise you that a very short experience in the South African "rough-riding" department will prove to your entire conviction that a spare neck would be a very desirable appendage.

The "bush" and the "*veldt*." What a host of recollections those two words will bring to the minds of many who read them here. The mind of man is a veritable kaleidescope, of which the changes are numberless. It is a gallery of pictures, limned with an art that the hand of the painter can never approach.

Those two simple words, the "bush" and the "*veldt*," will bring to many, very many minds pictures of places far distant, days long passed for ever, and friends long parted with, some of whom, alas! they will never see again. Scenes will pass before their mental vision, that Salvator Rosa would have loved to sketch: scenes as wild and groups as picturesque as those bandit haunts afforded midst which his pencil revelled. A painter might go a great way before he found a better subject for his pencil than a bivouac in the "*veldt*."

"Halt la;" I am getting poetical, or stupid—probably the latter; and leading those who are patient enough to read what I write to suppose that I am going to tell them a great deal that I am not.

I wish with all my heart that some one would come forward and give us some stories of Kafir war life; of his experiences —not in the "imminent deadly breach," but in the treacherous pass, where a hidden enemy lurks behind every bush and stone. There have been many Kafir wars, and they must have been very different from other wars, if the participators in them have seen nothing worth communicating to their fellow-men.

However, it will not do for me to lay upon the shoulders of others what I have taken upon myself to perform; but, at the same time, I hope my readers will forgive me for telling them simply what *I know*, instead of writing a great deal of fiction about places and circumstances of which I *know nothing*. I am sure that most of my readers know what sort of sport is to be met with in the bush. Lovers of shooting, at home, in England, travel scores of miles to enjoy the pleasures of deer-stalking,—here we can have

buck-shooting within a few miles from our houses. We get into our coats of —— of what? Well, I can hardly say what most of the shooting jackets worn "out here" *are* made of. The greater number of them were originally made of cord, or moleskin; but when that material gives way to the vast amount of endurance required of it, the rents are artistically repaired with patches of leather: pieces on each shoulder for the gun to rest upon, and pockets and cuffs of the same lasting material, so that eventually the garment wears a most business-like aspect. But I am wandering away from my subject. Well, we have donned the aforesaid coats, have shouldered our gun, and accompanied by our cur, an animal of the canine species, half greyhound, quarter pointer, and the other quarter unknown, we mount our trusty pony, and off we start for the bush. We have not to go far; for even if we live in a town, there is sure to be bush to wander in, and bucks to shoot at, within a few miles. "Now Buster, good dog, turn 'em out, boy:" in he goes, and from the way he sniffs about that bush, we should not be at all surprised if he turned out a buck. Hark! a rustle; we thought as much; out he rushes, and a well-directed wire cartridge lays a magnificent ram bushbuck at our feet.

Have you, dear reader, ever been to a Kafir hunt; if not, it is pleasure to come. It is a "bâttue" on a savage scale, not a "bâttue" such as my Lord Tom Noddy invites his sporting (?) friend to, and at which an uninterested spectator would fancy that a number of persons had been hired by the poulterers to supply the game market; not an amusement in which the performer has his gun loaded for him, and has nothing to do but fire it off, being nearly sure to hit something, if it be only his next neighbour. No, a Kafir hunt is a very different affair, and the easiest way of telling you what it is like, will be to quote the following account of one, which I copy *verbatim* from the *Anglo-African*:*

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of June last, the chief of a Kafir kraal, close to the fort we were quartered in sent me word that he and his people were going out to hunt, and that they were to start immediately. Now anything in the shape of excitement on an outpost being most welcome, I jumped on my horse, and after a smart canter of a mile over very dangerous ground, I at last overtook my friend Mr. K. and the Kafir chief. We were soon joined by some officers from the neighbouring forts, who brought their guns and seemed determined on slaughter. We had still seven miles further to go, and that over rocks and through most thorny bushes; however, we accomplished the distance without anyone coming to grief, and overtook the hunting party in a beautiful valley. A scene then burst upon our view which would

* See "Kafir-hunt," by "Nero," in *Anglo-African*, 29th November.

have amply paid us for our ride even without sport. In a lovely valley of the Keiskamma, bounded by lofty, precipitous, and thickly-wooded hills, were extended two long lines of naked savages, in number about two hundred, each carrying a couple of assegais and a knobkerry, and some of them leading strong Kafir greyhounds. The men were all tall, athletic fellows, and their dress consisted of a necklace of glass beads or a steel chain, with brass hoops round their loins and arms. We next dismounted and left our horses in charge of a black policeman, telling him to meet us at the head of a kloof about four miles up the river. A boy immediately gave the chief his assegais and knobkerry, and we joined the foremost line of hunters, who then began to advance with demoniacal shouts and yells, with which

"Rock, wood, and stream rang wildly out."

These, the barking of the dogs, and the murmuring of the river rushing over its rocky bed, made most glorious music for the hunter's ear. We had not advanced very far when the chief's practised ear detected a buck stealing through the bush, and presently the beautiful creature bounded across our path, when a well-directed cartridge laid him on the ground. We pushed on after this, but our luck seemed to have deserted us, as we did not get another shot. After tearing through the bush, and scrambling up stony hills for more than an hour in the face of a burning sun, much to the detriment of our skin, clothes, and complexion, we at last came upon a delicious pool of clean water, and, plunging our heads deeply in, drank a deep draught. We had now attained to a considerable elevation above the hunters, and, despairing of getting another shot, we sat down and watched the exciting game going on below us. The bush was literally alive with men and dogs, howling, barking, and forcing their way through in all directions, often starting the game, which we occasionally saw making a dash across an opening, and thus affording a ready mark for the unerring assegai or almost equally dangerous knobkerry. The sport was kept up until evening with great success on the part of the Kafirs, who made a very respectable bag.

There, is not that fun! aye, not only fun, but glorious sport. [Our friend "Nero" did not make much of a bag, certainly, but that was not his fault.] Is such sport as that not equal to Highland deer-stalking? I won't venture to give an opinion; but I fancy there are many of our lovers of powder and shot at home who would by no means object to be transported for a few months to South Africa, if the accompaniment of hard labour was buck-shooting with "Nero," that is to say if "Nero" is a "good fellow," which I have no doubt he is, in spite of his bloodthirsty name.

Although there is good sport to be met with in the bush, it is tame compared with what the *veldt* or the flat affords. Picture to yourself, dear reader, a boundless plain covered with thousands of antelopes, the graceful springbok, and the stately koodoo; fancy the intense excitement of a day's shooting on such a field as this, the headlong gallop after a wounded buck, over ground covered with hidden pitfalls, made by those most indefatigable of Sappers and Miners—

the meercats and jackals. It is sport like this which tests a man's shooting and riding. This is indeed sport in earnest.

Most of those patient and indulgent individuals who wade through this paper, have probably bivouacked on the veldt more than once in their lives, and the chances are that they agree with me that the wind up of a day's shooting is by no means the worst part of it. I'll take for granted, however, that some of my readers have never been in either the bush or the veldt, or "roughed it" except at a pic-nic. If you come under this denomination, gentle reader, come with me, in imagination, to the flats and see the sportsmen "at home." You see they are all occupied. Tom Sparks of "ours" (Tom Sparks belongs to the "Sparklers," and is a great swell when he is at home) is cleaning his horse like a "buck," he is hissing like a puff-adder (I believe it is the correct thing to do that when cleaning a horse; in fact, I believe no horse could be cleaned properly without it), and scrubbing away with a whisp of "karroo bush." When he has "karroo bushed" his nag until he has made him look like an animated door-mat for roughness, he'll smooth him with a tent bag,—an odd sort of rubber, I admit, but it answers the purpose. More power to your elbow, Tommy, my boy. Tom's companion is doing what Tom calls "doing housekeeper." Tommy must have rather an eccentric idea of a housekeeper's duties, for Hendrik Darneveldt (an anglicised Dutchman, and a capital fellow) is at present engaged in putting the tent to rights, feeding the dogs, and cleaning the rifles,—rather hard work for a housekeeper, I imagine.

But who is that extraordinary individual pottering about the fire? That extraordinary being is Jacobus Powderbox, the ugliest and most useful little nigger in South Africa. What is there he can't do? He rides like a centaur; when I say like a centaur, I don't mean to say he is at all a graceful equestrian, because he is the very reverse,—he simply rides like a monkey, and like that animal, holds on so tight, that the worst "bucker" that ever bucked would not get him off, unless the saddle came off too. He is a dead shot. People say he was a rebel deserter from the Cape Mounted Rifles, but as they have been pardoned the less said about that the better. He cooks like an ebony edition of Soyer; he plays most wonderful Hottentot dances on a cracked fiddle, and is the most wonderful mimic I ever saw. Tom Sparks says he would not take half-a-crown a pound for him if he were sold by weight, and once offered to back him at five to two to black boots against any nigger in Cape Town.

What a savoury odour comes from that uncompromising looking three-legged pot that old Jacobus is paying such devout attention to. Let's sit down with our imaginary friends, and "have a go in at the grub," as Tom Sparks unpoetically calls it. By Jove! what a capital stew, springbok meat, the spoil of Darneveldt's rifle (Hendrik does most of the shooting, while Tom courses the wounded bucks), stewed with onions and potatoes, brought in the cart. Oh, ye gourmands, who rack your brains to invent new dishes, and rack your stomach afterwards with indigestion, what would ye give for appetites like ours, sharpened by good honest exercise! But confound the gourmands, let them make themselves uncomfortable, while we drink our hot "boer" and water, and listen to Tom's song. That's right, Jacobus, pile up the fire, my fine old African phenomenon; and now, Tummus, tune your mirthful pipe and give us a stave.

By-the-by, dear reader, I am forgetting that you have not the power that I am enjoying *pro tem.*, the gift of second sight and magic ears. Never mind, however; just trust to me while I consult my magic crystal, and I'll give you Tom's song.

SONG.

1.

Some people, they tell us, this world is a bad 'un,
That it's chock full of nothing but sorrow and woe;
But he who believes this must needs be a sad 'un,
Must go "off his feed," become awfully slow.
But now to be serious; 'twas never intended
We should go through this world as if under a pall;
There is nothing so bad that it cannot be mended,
And I'm sure that this world aint a bad one at all.

CHORUS.

No, it aint a bad world after all.

2.

See the beauties of nature around us,
See yon glorious sun in the sky!
All this "free gratis" is found us,
To gladden the heart and the eye.
There's friendship that softens our hearts,
There's love that entrances the soul,
And though we meet here but to part,
This world aint so bad on the whole.

CHORUS.

'Tis a hearty old world on the whole.

3.

For the angler the waters are teeming,
There is game on the earth, in the air,
And for lovers who sit fondly dreaming,
There are bright eyes enough and to spare.
Let our hearts then be honest and true.
Let our hands lift the feeble that fall;
In a word, let's be jolly together,
For this world ain't a bad world at all.

CHORUS.

For this world, &c.

Now, dear reader, let us leave Tom Sparks and his friend, to talk about their adventures by "flood and field" and discuss their "toddy," while we discuss something else. What think you of the Volunteer movement? For my part, I simply take off my hat and give three cheers for the Cape Volunteers. I am free to make as much noise as I like in my own room, as my landlady is out. Three cheers cost nothing, and our Volunteers deserve to be cheered. They were the first to be formed, they are second to none in their shooting, they are great "swells," which seems to be "the one thing needful" now-a-days, and I believe they are as yet unaffected by what I may call the *silver bugle mania*, and are content to sound their "calls" on plebian brass. I write these lines in fear and trembling, for I believe the mania I mention was originated by "the fairest of the fair" —or in other words, the ladies of England. I hope they will forgive me for the suggestion I am about to make. I know the generous impulses of their gentle nature will prompt them to show in some way their appreciation of their gallant defenders, but if they would bear in mind the following maxim, *Palmam qui meruit ferat** and act accordingly, I think—(mind, I *merely* say I think) that it would be better for the British volunteer. Why should the volunteer hear his "fall in" sounded *off plate?* I may be answered by the question, "Why should he not?" Simply for this reason: Volunteer corps were formed for use, not empty show. It would never do to leave out altogether the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but honorary distinction, such as silver bugles, &c., unearned by the recipient, are nothing more or less than empty show. If the bugles were restricted in number, and shot for by the different corps of a county or district, then the winners would have some reason to be proud when "blowing their own trumpets."

* Fair reader, if you don't understand it, ask your brother.

It is an undisputed fact that we can have too much of a good thing, and the English newspapers do certainly give us a little too much of the British volunteer. I have the greatest respect for the movement; but *it is* a nuisance, and that is the only word for it, to be told every mail in every paper that the "Lumberland, or Royal Hob-nailed Rifles" were put through the "goose-step" by their gallant and noble colonel, and afterwards presented with a "pair of colours" by Lady Constance Passmenterie, or that "The No Man's Land Artillery" were out on the 10th, and after destroying no end of targets, they demolished a sumptuous cold collation. Now, are we to understand that the demolition of the eatables is to be placed on a par with the destruction of the targets, and that the attacking force got the word from their officers, "Handle knives and forks!" and commenced eating "by the right" at the word "tow!" Are we to look upon all this as a military manœuvre? If not, why are we told all these things,—things which, in nine cases out of ten, have no interest whatever for us? I don't say all this because I am bilious or in a bad humour, or because I bear any ill-feeling towards the Volunteer movement—no, not at all; I may say I have stood a great deal from the gallant Volunteers, having once lived in a street with a Volunteer bandsman for next door neighbour on my right, and a ditto ditto on my left. My dexter friend had a "penchant" for the cornèt-a-piston, and continually played "Cheer, boys, cheer!" in the most fearless manner until he broke down, when he invariably began again; and the ditto performed in the most melancholy way on the flute. They were constantly playing together, and always different tunes, and between them performed the most diabolical fantasia I ever heard. After that, I think I may honestly say I have paid my "footing," and may consider myself entitled to give my opinion on the interior economy of our *Garde Civique, sans peur,* though I cannot hope to escape *sans reproche.*

From the title I have given my paper, some of my readers may have been led to imagine that I should have treated my subject differently, and looked upon "The land we live in" in other light than as a mere place of amusement; but such is not my intention. I have never yet heard anyone contradict the fact of the Cape being a splendid field for men of business; but I have heard dozens say it is a miserably "triste" country, and therefore I wish to prove, as far as I can, that healthy enjoyment is to be obtained here to a very considerable extent. In every newspaper we take up, we read of something new in the way of amusement. Yachts are

being imported from England, volunteer corps, hunt clubs, cricket clubs, and dramatic clubs are being formed, volunteer club-houses, and libraries are being established every day, and in a few years, when the steam-whistle is heard through the length and breadth of the land, there will be many, very very many, more uncomfortable quarters of the globe than "the land we live in."

TYRREL-MORIN.

CONSTANTIA.

WE this month present our subscribers with a photographic view of High Constantia, the residence of Sebastian van Renen, Esq.; and we feel assured that to our town readers this picture of one of the most delightful country residences in this or in any other colony cannot fail to be acceptable in these long summer days of scorching sun and blinding dust, whilst those who are familiar with the locality will gladly possess such a souvenir of a house so famous for its hospitality, and distant subscribers will appreciate a truthful picture of one of the places which produces the far-famed wine which has been described as sweetening the lips of Royalty.

Constantia is distant about eleven miles from Cape Town, —the road running through the pretty villages of Mowbray, Rondebosch, and Claremont, till near the eighth mile-stone, at which point a turn to the right leads down to Wynberg, where the sanitarium determined on by the Home Government for the benefit of the poor soldiers worn out by Indian climate is already beginning to assume a form. Leaving this to the right, the road winds down to Alphen, the seat of Mr. D. Cloete, and whilst descending the hill, the green vineyards of Constantia are seen covering one of the spurs of the mountain range southward of the gorge leading to Hout Bay. Ascending again from Alphen, the road lies for about two miles across a flat country covered with varieties of *Proteaceæ* and other shrubs, and then dipping again into the valley through which runs the Hout Bay pass, the eye is gladdened by the fresh cool green of surrounding vineyards, and looking across the valley, and through the avenue of fir trees which borders the road, Mr. van Renen's homestead is seen, sheltered under venerable oaks and surrounded by a belt of blooming garden and orchard and park-like meadow land. Almost at the gate-way is now rising a

CONSTANTIA.—THE RESIDENCE OF S. VAN REENEN ESQ.

pretty little building, erected by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, assisted by the Bishop, as a chapel and school for the use of this out-lying portion of the Wynberg parish. At this point, the road to Cloete's, or Great Constantia, and Colyn's or Lower Constantia, diverges on the left, and the road to Hout's Bay on the right; but as we hope on some future occasion to visit with our readers all these pleasant places, we will now pass through the gateway, surmounted by an arch bearing the word "Constantia," embossed in immense letters, with regard to which we would just in all kindness observe to our excellent friend that "*good wine needs no bush*," and continue our course up the drive leading to High Constantia, where, in the photograph, may be seen our jolly host—monarch of all he surveys—calmly, but with hospitable thoughts intent, awaiting our arrival. The house, which has been recently modernized, is single-storied, the rooms lofty, cool, and spacious. On the right is another dwelling-house, the residence of Mr. van Renen's brother, with the stables and farm-buildings in the rear; and, on the left, is the wine-cellar, towards which a servant is seen advancing with a tray of clean glasses, whilst the carriage is being taken round to the stables, and our host bids us welcome to Constantia. Friendly greetings exchanged, the prospect admired, and the little incidents of the road related, a disposition to follow the wine-glasses manifests itself, and the party is soon entering the cool dark cellar, and one feels a sort of reverence in the presence of those great casks full of good liquor—those silent witnesses for so many years to all that has been said in praise of their contents, and in whose presence we must now express our opinion—and the laugh is hushed, and the voice is lowered, and even Van Renen appears not wholly unmoved by the solemnity of the occasion as he arms himself with a large glass syphon and strokes his flowing beard for a moment in silence. He moves towards one of the casks which line the wall on either side, and a smart tap with a wooden mallet calls upon it to bleed for our gratification. With a groan the cask yields its bung, and the next moment the syphon is deep in its vitals, returning filled with its heart's blood, which is quickly transferred to the glasses and handed round. Observe now the twinkle of Van Renen's eye as he raises to the light the liquor that he loves. Watch the tender, almost melancholy grace with which, holding the glass by the foot, he raises his head above it, inhaling its aroma. Notice the ecstatic thrill while yet the ruby liquid lingers on the palate. See, finally, the beaming look of satisfaction, contentment,

resignation, with which he returns the emptied glass. It is inimitable. Any wine-merchant who could so convey his own appreciation of his own wine would make his fortune in no time; and we have pleasure in making the Trade a present of the suggestion that it would be well to have a jolly-looking gentleman on the premises as taster. The question has often occurred to us, and with an unpleasant feeling of vague alarm, why is it that our wine-merchants, if prosperous in their business, are generally thin, worn, bilious-looking men, suggesting the idea that something is perpetually disagreeing with them? But this train of thought is too horrible; let us hasten back to the jolly wine-farmer whose portly frame has been nourished on his own wine since he was three feet high, and whose father, still a hale strong man, will, if the day be not too warm, very likely look in ere we have completed the round of the cellar, and take his glass with equal gusto.

And so you really like the prize Pontac! That is gratifying; but taste this rich Muscadel which clings to the glass like vinous oil. Try this Frontignac, ever so many years old. Pure wine, my dear sir—pure as maiden's kiss, mild as mother's milk,—and again and again the syphon comes up charged with generous liquor, amber and golden, ruby and garnet, till the judgment becomes bewildered, and the last tasted seems always the best. But be not over-bold, sweet youth, whose precious limbs yonder *Groggy* hack must bear back to Cape or Simon's Town. Exercise some discretion, gallant captain or sporting civilian, to whose skill in driving, vaunted through the long voyage, your friends have intrusted their necks in drag or tandem—nay, even venerable *paterfamilias*, or staid colonel, be careful; though the easy and well appointed open carriage-and-four be ready to receive you. *Prize* Pontac may be succeeded by a *blank*. That Muscadel, though soft as bottled velvet and mild as nectar, is potent withal; that Frontignac, though never so old, has still within it something dangerous; so let us walk through the inner cellar, where, in huge *stukvats*, young wines are ripening to take their place in due time in the casks we have been helping to empty, and then come back into the bright sunshine and stroll through the orange groves, or sit in the bower so artfully contrived in mid air in the sheltering branches of yonder gnarled oak, or, if your inclination be more practical than romantic, let us visit the vineyards, and hear something of vine culture, and see if the *Oïdium Tuckeri* is committing its ravages here. The vineyards are on the slope of the hill seen in the photograph immediately

behind the house, and here we have about one hundred thousand vines planted with minute accuracy, four feet apart from each other every way, so that whichever way we look, long radiating lines stretch from us with a somewhat bewildering effect, especially after our recent labours in the wine-cellar. The ground is scrupulously clean and free from weeds. The soil is a red, sandy loam, mixed with large quantities of quartz detritus, or decomposed granite. Lower down the slope of the hill, the soil is black loam, also freely mixed with sand and quartz particles; and on this part are situated the vineyards of Groot Constantia and Colyn's Constantia, the three properties thus occupying one spur of the mountain range which extends from Cape Point to Table Mountain.

We ask about the vine mildew, and are straightway carried off to see the sulphuring process, which is extremely simple, when you know how to do it. The great point seems to be to sulphur early and to sulphur well. The mildew will appear in a single night; sometimes on an isolated vine, sometimes in patches, sometimes, but rarely, over a whole vineyard. The greatest care, therefore, is necessary in examining the vineyard constantly, and detecting the slightest symptom. This, of course, is the business of the proprietor or superintendent, and constant vigilance in this respect renders them so familiar with the work, that in a vineyard of fifty or one hundred thousand vines they will at once notice a slight change which to the uninitiated is invisible just as a shepherd will know almost every sheep in his flock, and observe immediately the slightest falling off in their number or condition. As soon then as the master's eye detects an appearance of mildew, the hands are brought to that part of the vineyard, and the affected vines and those in their neighbourhood receive a thorough dressing; a boy holding open the branches and exposing the fruit, while a man applies the flour of sulphur from a tin cylinder or canister, fitted with a colander about three inches from its extremity, through which the sulphur percolates into a compact mass of woollen threads which fill the bottom of the canister and extend about two inches beyond it, and which again deposit the powder with the utmost regularity and evenness on anything over which the instrument is gently shaken. Our host informs us that now they have the sulphur cure, and know how to apply it, the *Oïdium Tuckeri* loses the greater part of its terrors and takes its place amongst other misfortunes the vines are liable to, and which may be greatly modified in their effects, if not wholly reme-

died, by careful management and timely precaution. And, then, we sit under an umbrageous oak and talk about the origin of this strange disease and the best means of preventing instead of curing it; and the subject becomes split up into different sections, the theoretical part of the company talking fungology, and the practical getting into hot argument about subsoiling and tile draining, bone dust and guano; and we drink in the sweet balmy air and gaze dreamily on the lovely prospect:—a wooded and broken foreground slopes downward to a level plain covered with perpetual verdure and studded with clumps of trees and white farm-houses, beyond which are seen a chain of deep-looking lakes and a fringe of sandy beach, and the waters of False Bay, a

"Dark purple sphere of sea,"

locked in the giant arms of the two mountain ranges, which, stretching southward for some thirty miles, terminate in the bluff promontories of Hanglip and Cape Point, with twenty miles of blue water between them.

And as we sit thus in the cool shade, listening to the hum of the insects on the wing, the laugh of the negroes at work, and the broken conversation of the rest of the party, we drowse back in dreams to the early days when Constantia first was planted, and the old times seem to visit us again.

It was in 1685, that Simon Van der Stell, then Governor of the colony, bethought him that a country-box somewhere on the mountain slopes, out of the dust, and heat, and worrying mosquitoes, and evil smells of His Honour's state-residence in the Castle would be a vastly agreeable thing; and, if we recollect that His Honour had just returned, wearied and depressed, from that eventful journey to Namaqualand, in search of copper, in the course of which His Honour's coach-and-six had been charged and capsized by an irritated rhinoceros, and His Honour, in a huge cocked-hat, had with difficulty, and only by the use of unwonted exertion, escaped from the pursuit of the evil beast; if we recollect this, we shall appreciate his desire for some cool, calm retreat—out of sight of Cape Town, away from the cares and toils of Government, away from

"The weariness, the fever, and the fret,"

which even Governors are subject to in this hard workday world—a retreat where he might smoke his pipe in peace, and take repose after the fatigues of that terrible journey; where he might ponder at leisure over further schemes for the good of the colony and himself; and where, finally, he

might plant some of the vine twigs which the French refugees, then beginning to arrive, were bringing with them from La Belle France, and from which they predicted they could produce good wine. Accordingly, we find in the records, that in 1685 first commenced the Colonial Land Register, which enables any man to claim as his own the land which is registered there in his name; and in the same year, worthy Simon Van der Stell, by a simple grant from himself, as Governor, to himself, as citizen, became possessed of about two thousand acres of land, where he built a house; and naming the estate "Constantia," in compliment to his wife, who bore that name, he made it his country residence.

And anyone who now visits the spot will say that whether Simon selected the spot for its natural beauties or its natural capabilities, he chose well. It may be that as His Honour had a nose for copper and smelt out the existence of that metal in Namaqualand, so he had an eye for country and selected this instinctively as the spot best adapted for growing the vine to perfection. People may say that he had his information in the one case from the Namaqua Hottentots who came to trade at the fort; and in the other case from some of the French exiles, who, applying their past experience to the circumstances of their new country, came to the conclusion, for His Honour's benefit, that certain conditions of soil and aspect were here favourable to the growth of the vine. But be this as it may, the credit is undoubtedly due to His Honour, who, in a natural, easy, simple manner, without any bother with Surveyor-General, Divisional Council, or Inspecting Officer, became possessor of such a very desirable property; and it is pleasant to imagine him here in the long summer days sitting on his stoep in homely wise—the cocked-hat discarded and the sword laid aside; nay, possibly, His Honour's coat off and His Honour's breeches untied at the knees, his pipe in his mouth, and a huge "bokaal" of Bordeaux wine by his side, while he ponders over the evils which he fears, and fears truly, will follow on his resigning the Government to his headstrong, avaricious son, and watches with quiet satisfaction the long train of Government slaves toiling among the young vines, or tells over again to the faithful Constantia who sits near, knitting His Honour's stockings, the adventures of that journey to Namaqualand, which she interrupts by occasional exclamations of "Ach schepsels," "Foei doch!" and winds up with the devout ejaculation, "Onze Vader," when the catastrophe of the rhinoceros is arrived at.

But the shadows are lengthening across the plain; the negroes, yellow with sulphur, are ceasing from their work; the unfinished argument on fungology must be left to time and Miles Berkeley to determine,—the bone dust and guano question must be postponed *sine die*, and we must back to the dusty town, and the cares and concerns of every-day life. Another pull at the famous wine, another hearty shake of the friendly hand, and numbered among the past is our day at Constantia.

THE CAPE IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

The Government some time since appointed a commission to arrange for the due participation of the colony in the "Great Exhibition" of 1862. Until lately there has been some doubt whether the London Exhibition would take place at all; but this uncertainty appears to have passed away, and the time has now come for decided action on our part. The commissioners nominated by his Excellency, we take it for granted, will set to work immediately, and their first endeavour must be to seek the confidence, and ensure the co-operation of the community at large. Their plan of operations must be carefully prepared, and the public mind must be satisfied that every possible effort will be made to uphold the credit of the Cape on this momentous occasion.

The first thing to be considered is the *coup d'œil*, the field of view, within which our colonial products are to be gathered and the colonial capabilities rightly developed. Are we to have one comprehensive *tableau*, or is there to be a clear line of demarcation between the East and the West? The Eastern Province has a committee of its own. Is it to be independent of the Government commission, and what are to be its functions? If established as a sort of rival concern, competition between the two provinces may be excited to some extent, and local activity may be stimulated; but, in other respects, such an arrangement may be found to have its objections. The natural productions and the chief articles of commerce from each province are so nearly alike that we shall only be exhibiting duplicates of the same things, and may be censured for demanding unnecessary

space and accommodation in a building of limited capacity. Wool, as we all know, forms the staple of our export trade. If we can pride ourselves on any one thing, it is our wool, and it ought, most undoubtedly, to occupy a conspicuous place in the show-room. A mere handful or two in a fancy basket will not suffice by any means. We must display it in bulk, and three or four samples of our fine, long, and medium wools (the last classified as *Cheviot-merino, Southdown-merino, Leicester-merino,* &c.), will be as much as South Africa can show to advantage. Why, then, should we have duplicates of such specimens, which we must if the Eastern Province's glory is to be distinct from the Western? It is not to be expected that the Exhibition of 1862 will be on the same scale as that of 1850, or that there will be much room for raw produce in large parcels, and withal possessing no particular attraction to the sight-seer. For one practical man who observes and examines such things, there are five hundred visitors at such places perfectly indifferent towards them. They have heard of the Cape, no doubt. It is associated in their minds with the Hottentot Venus or Gordon Cumming's caravan. Ostrich feathers and Cape wine may have given us a certain notoriety, but what do they know in England and what do they care about our local differences, and the bone of contention between the Eastern and the Western Provinces? Our geographical distinctions are nothing to them, and they will take no sort of trouble to investigate the relative merits of the raw produce from either. But if the two provinces are to have their separate collections they must be compressed in a corresponding degree; and if there is to be a parliamentary grant in aid of each, we may presume that it will be divided in proportion to the funds raised by private subscription in each province. Natal, though a distinct colony, has not much of a leg to stand on at present, and may be inclined possibly to make its bow in our venerable company. Its tropical offerings will not clash with ours, whilst, on the other hand they may secure more prominent attention than if thrust into a corner by themselves.

The difficulty just demonstrated may be removed. Perhaps it does not exist. The Eastern Province committee may be intended as an auxiliary branch of the Government commission, and nothing more. In that case, the general outlines of the work before us can be traced at once; though, until we know what funds we are likely to have for the purpose now contemplated, it will be scarcely possible to decide on what principle they are

to be carried out. On the previous occasion (A.D. 1850) we had not much money, and we had a preparatory local exhibition of our own in the Commercial Exchange. A poverty-stricken affair it was, and rather depressing than otherwise to our patriotic feelings. This must not happen again. If we do the thing at all, we must do it handsomely; and when we have ascertained what the public spirit and liberality of our Cape merchants, and agriculturists, and colonial millionaires generally will contribute for such an undertaking, we may then find ourselves in a position to seek a grant in aid from the Government and the Legislature. But not before. It is scarcely possible to say how much money will be required, but the more we can obtain, the better; and the commissioners will have the responsibility of expending it to the best advantage. The principle on which the Cape Town exhibition of 1850 was conducted is not likely to be adopted on the present occasion. In 1850, the prize articles became the property of the commission; the successful competitors receiving such prices for their respective articles as were considered highly remunerative. The articles thus purchased by the commission were subsequently sold in England after the great exhibition was closed, and the proceeds were found sufficient to balance the account. We can hardly face such a venture now. We may have larger funds at our disposal, but we hope to have an infinitely more extensive and valuable collection of artistic fabrics, as well as of the raw material; and to attempt placing any arbitrary value on them would be a speculation rash in the extreme. Perhaps it may be found advisable to foster local competition, and to excite a spirit of emulation amongst our artizans as well as our agriculturists, by the offer of direct prizes for certain things, reserving a considerable sum for others not specially enumerated.

Taking a wider field, our Cape Town exhibition should be open not only to prize competitors, but to all desirous of contributing to this South African demonstration in England, —the selection of articles for exportation being left to the commissioners. We may be sure that they will not undertake to forward everything which may be offered for that purpose. Their duty will be to select the best, and to see that the colony is fairly and honourably represented in that European circle where it ought to be better known, and where we must do our best to make it better appreciated.

To carry out the object of the commission with the fairest chance of success, it may be found desirable to portion off

the work to sub-committees, say—

1. For agricultural produce.
2. For botanical specimens, woods, fibres, and natural curiosities, &c., &c.
3. For commercial products, articles of export, &c., &c.

The commission is so constituted that each of these departments can be handed over to competent administrators, who would take an interest in their duties, and would thoroughly understand what they are about. These sub-committees might act independently of each other, and should meet together at fixed intervals to report progress. A secretary, however, will be required, and his qualifications must be of no ordinary kind. He will have much work to do, and must enter upon it *con amore*, for upon his individual ability, tact, and energy the success of the present undertaking must in a great measure depend. He must have a thorough personal knowledge of the colony, and a familiarity so special with our colonial statistics, products, and people as will enable him to seek at once the right thing in the right place; and sufficient address to secure the co-operation of those with whom he may be brought into correspondence.

Due provision must be made also for the Home agency. Such a charge will involve responsibilities which unremitting personal attention alone can deal with, for not only will there be a heavy consignment of goods to receive and arrange for exhibition, but each separate article will have to be numbered and the owner's name and directions for its subsequent disposal duly registered. We cannot expect people to send valuable goods (valuable at least to themselves) unless they are satisfied of their recovery at an early date after the closing of the exhibition. It may so happen that a large portion of our South African consignment may be intended for sale in England, and the representative of the Cape Commission there will have to use his own discretion in that respect also, and to render an account thereof, item by item, for the satisfaction of the shippers.

Next arises a question which may involve much difference of opinion; but it must be handled irrespectively of all local prejudices and sectarian bias, and perhaps at some sacrifice of our colonial predilections. *What Cape productions are to be exhibited in England, and what are to be kept back from public view?* Take our Cape wines to start with. The general impression seems to be that we had better not attempt any display in that line; not because Cape wine has unjustly and through the nefarious practices of dealers elsewhere obtained a bad name, but because it is an article of which

the worth and quality cannot be determined by mere optical scrutiny. To form a correct judgment of it by the taste will be obviously impossible under the conditions of its presentation. We may certainly set forth certain bottles, or flasks, or ankers labelled "Cape Constantia," "Cape Hock," "Cape Pontac;" but if their contents cannot be investigated, *cui bono?* The French and Rhenish wine-growers do not resort to such expedients, and under existing circumstances, such a challenge on our part would be impolitic. "South African Port" and "South African Sherry" are pretty well known to fame (thanks to *Punch* and other kind friends to the colony), and the old adage that "good wine needs no bush" might be turned against us in a disagreeable manner. We can scarcely follow the example of certain London wine merchants, who are in the habit of improving their business by a device at once liberal and ingenious, and perhaps new to some of Maga's readers. The eminent firm alluded to send regularly to the great race meetings near the metropolis their spring vans, containing hampers of their choice wines, judiciously iced. These are for the use and benefit of their customers and friends, and their customers and friends assist, of course, in extending the connection of Fox & Co. by dispensing the iced champagne, and moselle, and other irreproachable liqueurs to gentlemen in a state of some excitement and not difficult to please. In point of fact, the wine merchants' drag is there just as much an advertising van as the huge vehicles bearing placards which perambulate the streets of London, but it is worked less obtrusively, and with more effect. Messieurs Fox & Co. take care to apprize certain of their esteemed clients and friends that the customary refreshments will be forthcoming at Epsom and Ascot, and this they playfully term contributing their quota to the national picnics of the Derby day, and the "Cup" festival. There is no occasion to blow a trumpet from the box-seat of the drag, nor for a muezzin to mount the roof and call with searching voice the faithful to their devotions. The "afar-off whisper" of the hampers soon passes amongst the initiated, and the great race of the day being over, there is a perceptible sidling off to the wine merchants' picnic, which produces its fruit in due season.

Now, indeed, if we could make our little game after this fashion, and arrange matters so as to have in our special department at the forthcoming exhibition a "neat-handed Phillis" or two, to dispense fairy-like crystal thimbles of our rich, fragrant, nectareous old Constantia, with the accompaniment of a confectioner's wafer, crisp, ethereal, and frail—

alas!—as lovers vows, depend on it the ladies would appreciate the attention, and the wine; and even if the genuine Cape hock could be served out with seltzer water under similar auspices, a sensation might be created. But unless visitors can taste the wines they see in bottles, we should only be risking unpleasant remarks and the revival of ancient prejudices. Dried fruits and preserves in syrup, and liquids of various kinds can be judged to some extent by their colour, consistency, clearness, &c.; but Cape wine in a closed bottle or in a sealed cask would be regarded with derision, or be voted at once, and without remorse a delusion and a snare. Such, at all events, are the ideas entertained by the writer on this branch of the subject, and although they may not be very novel nor very edifying, yet they may serve to introduce a question which will have to be solved.

The list of articles for which prizes were given in the Cape Town Exhibition of 1850, if any where to be found, might be of much use to the Government commission of 1861. No doubt it is capable of much amendment and some extension. We should scarcely think of sending to England in the present day, barrels of beef and pork salted and cured in the colony; but on the other hand we might forward (though only as curiosities) some specimens of our Namaqualand copper nuggets (*Eendop* for instance), such as we saw when the red ore "flashed up in ingots from the mine obscure;" just by way of showing what was once found, though perhaps we had better not say *where*, nor how much.

As an exposition of our colonial products, whatever collection we may realize will be interesting to the man of business and the man of science, but we must endeavour to make it also a *tableau* attractive to the *gobe mouche*. We failed in this egregiously last time. Not that it was altogether our own fault, for we had not time to make the necessary preparations. Being now forewarned, and profiting by former experience, the shortcomings of the past may be easily avoided.

The conversion of our raw material into works of art and show articles is well worthy of consideration, and ought to be encouraged with a liberality equal to the occasion. Take for instance the woods of the colony. Many of them are of the finest grain and of the most exquisite colour, and are capable of being worked up into furniture of the most splendid description. We have cabinetmakers and carvers in both provinces adequate to the handling of such materials, and their taste and skill would have full scope for their display. The colonial woods might be exhibited also in small slabs, both rough and polished, but such specimens

would be interesting chiefly to the botanist, whilst our object should be to entice European customers to our woods and forests.

The artistic grouping and picturesque arrangement of our fancy products, such as karosses, skins, ostrich feathers, &c., &c., is another important matter. We might show such things to great advantage, if we could borrow the Kafir figures now in the Cape Town Museum, and drape them,—not precisely in Kafir fashion, but dramatically, and in the "Great Medicine" style, with plumes, and elegant karosses, and native ornaments, fore and aft! Such a synod of "down-Easters" would be startling and effective, especially if in the centre of it we could have, by way of contrast, the exact effigy of a "British Settler,"

> "In the midst a form divine,
> His eye proclaims him of the British line,
> His lion port, his awe-commanding face,"

&c., &c., &c. Perhaps some honourable M.P. from the East, with the "lion port and awe-commanding face," would consent to sit for a cast; or, failing in this, we might immortalize in the group the revered form of the late excellent Dopper, as he first came to Parliament, in his round jacket and velveteen continuations! In preserving such a specimen of the primitive, we might almost say, the primeval senator of the Cape of Good Hope, we should be securing one landmark of our colonial history, and handing down to posterity a legacy of inestimable value: for, of course, we should stipulate for the return of these effigies, and they would adorn the Parliamentary chambers quite as much as some of the amazing portraits of certain benign rulers and enlightened statesmen already there deposited. However, this may be, the effective display and appropriate grouping of our Cape contributions to the Exhibition of 1862 must depend upon the active co-operation and good taste of our representative in London; and we must endeavour, therefore, to enlist the services of some one whose heart will be in his work, and into whose hands the credit of the colony can be safely committed.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES AND THEIR SOCIAL RELATIONS.—PART II.

In our last paper we were rather sparing in our illustrations of the dishonour in which mechanical industry is held in our community, because it is a point which none who

have a knowledge of Cape Town society doubts for a moment. Some further consideration of the subject appears now desirable.

Among the respectable but poor and declining families, of which there are always considerable numbers when society is rapidly passing from one phase of civilization to another, manual employment is looked on with a degree of horror, and clerkships sought as the ultimatum of good. If we were to ask a respectable youth of such a family in narrow circumstances, why he does not learn a trade and get an independent living instead of struggling against hope and submitting to every kind of insult from incompetency in a petty clerkship, for which education or natural parts has not qualified him, it is pretty certain that he would consider it an insult. This feeling causes us to attach undue importance to those occupations which are considered as the prerogatives of gentility, clerical employment becomes in public estimation the measure of respectability, and thus we compromise our dignity and usefulness;—young men seek Government clerkships with such avidity, and fathers seek them for their sons with as much earnestness as though society afforded no other respectable means of support. Now this is reversing the natural order of society, for according to all the dogmas of social and political science, as interpreted by British rules, the Government is the servant of the people, not the people of the Government. If the Government have offices to confer on merit or on honourable competition, it is honourable to strive for them; but a young man who goes crouching to the Government for a piece of bread, begging to be put into one of the clerks' offices, if not labouring under some industrial, physical, or mental infirmity, must have forgot his position as a man. The evils of this looking to what is genteel and making it the criterion of respectability rather than what is useful are many and of a serious nature,—the great admiration which we extend to clerkships causes so much competition that the profession is over crowded with candidates and the needy circumstances of the unsuccessful degrades the whole class; what is truly only an auxiliary to industry acquires undue importance in our eyes and is exalted above measure in public estimation.

By this unwise admiration we lose sight of more valuable and important qualifications; and situations requiring a large amount of sound practical knowledge, great activity and experience, and no small mental capacity sink into mere clerkships; and thus a very great mischief is inflicted on

society by preferring what has not inaptly been termed a contemptible silver forkism to honest industry and persevering toil. By this perversion of judgment we learn to admire what is flashy, showy, and genteel, and lose sight of its cause and its consequences, and carrying our admiration a step further, we come to admire what is great rather than what is good, and judge of results without reflecting on the means by which they have been brought about. Success becomes the measure of respectability, and thus every kind of crime becomes less heinous in our sight if attended with wealth and splendour: we lose our disgust at what is mean and treacherous, cruel and dishonest, and come to admire what is the degradation of our race rather than what is noble,—dishonest, treacherous, and dazzling splendour rather than honest industry and meritorious striving. There is one particular emanation of public opinion in regard to an interesting portion of Cape society, worthy of our utmost consideration,—we mean that which relates to our youths. When going through their school-days they are quite equal, if not superior, to youths of the same age and class in England, but when they leave school and come to acquire and pursue an avocation in life, the general impression is that they break down and in very many instances utterly fail. Now, so far as this opinion is true—and it is with regret that we acknowledge it to be so to some extent—it has its origin entirely in the degradation attached to labour and industry. The repugnance to learn trades is too great to be overcome, society has no other occupations sufficient to employ the half of them, and the rambling, thoughtless habits peculiar to that age receives countenance by the example of numbers, and thus the character of the whole class becomes unjustly deteriorated in public opinion.

Of the many evils arising from such a state of things, there is one which has lately occurred among us of so mournful a character that we should rather have avoided mentioning it did we not consider it a duty to point out the evil consequences of the neglect of the great principle of a full development of industry. We allude to the mournful occurrence arising out of a late examination of candidates for the Government service. That fine and promising young man may be considered a victim to public opinion, the disgrace of failure had borne too heavily on an ill-regulated mind, a too sensitive imagination had clothed it with a stigma amounting to infamy, the world had nothing left in it respectable enough to be worth living for, nothing to be

desired; confidence in his acquired powers, hope in the future, faith in divine guidance, were all crushed beneath the master passion—the pride of a deceived heart; the thought of losing connection with what public opinion clothes with the dignity of the upper classes was too grievous to be borne, and he rushed from the petty difficulties created by a perverted view of society into the presence of a just and all-seeing God, leaving his aged parents no hope but to go mourners to their graves. But how important is it that we should look well into the principle from whence these evils spring, and endeavour to impress on the minds of our young men that a faithful discharge of humble duties is far more respectable and important to society, to families, and to individuals than the lofty pretensions resulting from any fancied connection with particular classes, and that the conceit and self-sufficiency fostered by false views of society have a baneful effect on our usefulness, our happiness, and our character.

There may be those among us who think that the dishonour in which labour is held is a feeling of the past; certainly, the position of the mechanics is much improved within the last two years, but there is a very curious item in our imports and exports worthy of all attention,—we export money to import men; and such is absolutely necessary, but we do not lessen this necessity by competitors from our own soil. Now, the sooner we can do this the better, by extending to them the same measure of respect, importance, and assistance as we do to the other classes of society.

If we take a retrospective glance over the history of nations, principally those of modern times, we shall not fail to observe that causes of the beneficial tendencies of which there cannot be a shadow of a doubt, and which are almost universal in their application, nevertheless, in the change from a low state of social development to a higher, pressed heavily on some classes of society for ages. Take, for instance, the great principle of constitutional liberty, and no one can deny but that it has been in all respects beneficial, yet has this liberty operated rather unfavourably, or at least less beneficially to some classes of society than to others,—and the race of modern competition has deprived the artizan of much of the assistance and protection derived from the communities and guilds of the middle ages. There he combined with his fellow-craftsman for protection against oppression, and by that act secured himself from any individual hardship and from any privation or neglect that was not common to all: by being a member of a limited community and having a voice in its assembly and

internal arrangement, he became a person of importance and could not sink into a cipher. But as society extended and guilds became inconsistent with modern freedom, and too exclusive to combine the expansiveness of modern populations, the working mechanic was thrown on his own individuality; his pride of craft left him, and with a small amount of intelligence he sunk to a lower level and became an object of neglect and contempt to the wealthy. The guilds of the middle ages were beneficial in their day, they were the strength and bulwark of the working man and were the corner stones of our political liberty, and though their efforts were not always directed to purposes beneficial to society, they united the feelings and the sympathies of master and man; but the contests of crafts in modern times has invariably been between the masters and the men, the demon of discord and jealousy has taken possession of them, and they act too often as though they had no interest, no feeling, no sympathy in common. Now, to us it appears that mechanics' institutes may be made a remedy to many of these evils, combining as much of the elements of good of the guilds of the middle ages as may be necessary, with none of their evils, and also very many advantages which they did not possess.

In our estimate of the importance of mechanics' institutes as a means auxiliary to the great end of education for the working man, we must clearly bear in mind the position of the working classes as a body in the mother country. The effects of machinery in attracting wealth to large centres has drawn men together in such masses that there must ever be as a set-off to a high state of wealth and luxury a very large mass of poverty and ignorance, and the comparatively expensive habits of living, descending through all grades until it reaches the lowest, as well as the high price of all the necessaries of life, compels the working man to send his children early to labour and renders it extremely difficult for him to give them even a scanty schooling. Acknowledging it as a primary duty, he will still in too many instances linger over its commencement and curtail its progress; and the pernicious effect of the seven years' apprentice law renders it necessary to cut short a boy's school-time at so early a period as to leave him quite unfit to pursue his course respectably in life, or yet to have acquired such skill as to make a voluntary pursuit of the subject at all probable. Moreover, no system of national education has yet been established worthy of the name; schools are not sufficiently numerous, or are sometimes too high for the working man's means, and in the case of pure charity

too low to make them valued. In Scotland things are different—a system of education was established at the Reformation, and just brought within the reach of the working classes, and yet sufficiently costly to make it a matter of honourable striving; and good local supervision has placed it before the working man in so honourable a light that it becomes the great object and aim of his life; a five years' apprentice law which enables a boy to be kept at school until he is sixteen, and a respectable parsimony and self-denial in pursuit of this grand object, ensures such an acquisition of skill as to render the further pursuit of the subject both practicable and agreeable, and has given the Scotch peasantry an advantage over the English of the same class not to be accounted for on any other grounds. We must not, however, conclude that even in Scotland education has reached the mass of the people collected about her great centres of industry.

When immigrants of the working classes arrive in this colony, whatever may have been their previous diligence in pursuit of education there is a very general falling off, and if there is any one subject in which the immigrant is likely to err more than another it is in this of education. We do not intend to deprecate the laudable practice of striving hard to secure a competency for rearing a family, any more than we would the prudent parsimony necessary to enable a man to become a master, and until one or other of these is acquired education cannot properly go on; but we condemn the neglect of education for the inordinate accumulation of wealth. We could adduce instances enough to justify our assertion—if space permitted, and we see around us numerous instances of immigrants of 1820-23, dying and leaving respectable legacies to each of a numerous family of almost uneducated children, which is to them a legacy of misfortunes, second only to the greater misfortune of ignorance which prevents them from knowing its value or how to use it. When we see this tendency among immigrants of the working classes to neglect education, how important is it that we should encourage mechanics' institutes and every other form of adult education, with the hope of catching in mature age even one neglected being sinking rapidly deeper into the abyss of ignorance, poverty, and vice: and if possible raise him up to the dignity of intelligence and usefulness, and we have reason to hope to influences which shall operate on his state for eternity.

Our space does not allow us to enter on the inquiry as to the amount and kind of influence exerted on the minds of the members of a mechanics' institute and the public generally by

the three sections, classes, lectures, and reading-room, into which such institutions resolve themselves; our object is more with the necessity there is for such institutions and of giving them support, leaving this other view of the subject for perhaps a future day, should no more competent hand take it up in the mean time.

It is remarkable that the Cape Town Mechanics' Institute receives no support from large sections of society from whom it may be supposed institutions whose aim is to raise the condition of the working classes would receive ample support.

The master artizans give it no support, and with a few distinguished exceptions the employers of labour give it none. This, at first sight, seems strange, but the interest which masters take in their men in general is the result of public opinion; selfishness and cupidity lean the other way. Professional jealousy and the jealousy of place, with those who have so recently risen from narrow circumstances, perhaps through a commendable struggle, operate strongly to prevent the progress of a rival, and public opinion in regard to the working classes is not strong enough to exert any influence in the matter.

Among the learned classes there is no section whose position is so favourable for diffusing scientific knowledge among the labouring classes and carrying it into the business of every-day life as that of the medical profession. From an early and intimate knowledge of science in the removal or mitigation of the sufferings of our common humanity, and their constant acquaintance with human wants and woe, their position is most favourable for moulding the mind of the masses to improved tastes and elevating tendencies, and it is only just to say that in the mother country the medical profession do stand out favourably in this respect, but with the exception of one subscriber, Dr. Ebden, the medical men of Cape Town have given to the Mechanics' Institute no assistance in any form—until the recently delivered lectures of Drs. Ross and Pappe. Now we cannot help but remark in reference to the three sections usually considered as forming the learned classes, that the ministers of religion, dealing more with things beyond the reach of time and sense, frequently draw their support from sources over which the mass of the people have no direct control. The learned in the law, dealing more about the rights of property, often find their profits greatest in a state of public poverty and confusion, where those rights are more frequently and keenly disputed; but the medical man, who deals with the suffering humanity of his own neighbourhood, will find his fees increase in proportion to the happy and

progressive prosperity and increase of the working classes, resulting from peaceful industry, whilst his charitable visits to the abodes of poverty and wretchedness will be in proportion to the intemperate indulgence and vice resulting from the neglect of a moral education and the full diffusion of useful knowledge.

The ruling power of Cape Town (that is the money power) is its merchants ; they hold the sinews of progress and are the princes and aristocracy of the land. The British merchant commands respect among the nations of the earth for his honourable deportment, his intelligence, punctuality, liberal mindedness, and generosity; but how stands the matter among us. The imports and exports in Table Bay in 1858 were, imports, £1,403,864; exports, £740,590; total, £2,144,454. Any attempt to calculate the merchant's gains on this sum must be vague indeed, but if we state it at twenty-five per cent. it will exceed £500,000 a year. With such an assumed amount of means to back the honourable reputation, generosity of character, liberal mindedness, and intelligence, acquired ages ago, we shall probably conclude that the merchants of Cape Town contribute largely to the support of institutions of all kinds which aim at the elevation of the people by educational influences, brought within reach of the working classes. So far, however, as the Mechanics' Institute is concerned, they do not; there is a tradition that one was once a subscriber, but from the princely merchants of Cape Town the Mechanics' Institute receives no support. This seems strange, but on a closer examination we shall find that a very large number of them are foreigners from the continent of Europe, or, what amounts to the same thing in the end, are members of large English houses. They come out here with a singleness of purpose, reside in their cool suburban princely villas, above society rather than in it, and when a fortune is made hurry away home, carrying with them the life's blood of our commercial prosperity to enrich the place of their birth, and thus have all the characteristics of absentee landlords or foreign residents; and not unfrequently bestow on the institutions of their native cities a part of the princely fortunes made in a country on whose institutions for the spread of intelligence, useful industry, and prosperity they would not bestow a single shilling. Now, the best and indeed the only remedy to this is the spread of sound, healthy intelligence and industry among the sons of the soil, to produce an uprising from below, and raise up a class of merchants, natives or naturalized, who shall be content when a fortune is made to allow it to fructify in the country and nourish the soil from whence it has been drawn.

The important part of the question as regards future support and procuring a building to meet in, remains yet to be answered Parliamentary assistance to any extent, as in the case of the Agricultural Societies and the Volunteers, can hardly be expected, because our legislative bodies being formed principally of agriculturists will not, it is feared, be so ready to acknowledge the claims of any other industrial body as they are of their own. And in the case of the Volunteers, it is the popular and fashionable foible of the day, rendered highly useful, it is true, by patronage and good management, but its popularity rests on its exciting nature, the vanity of show, and the admiration we extend to it more than on its usefulness. There are stages of civilized society in which excitement, and luxury, and the vanity of show prevail over every other feeling as much as it does in individuals: "the round of baser pleasures must be tried and found wanting" before the graver matters of educational influences or intellectual pursuits present claims strong enough to arrest our attention. In large and crowded communities this may not be found as so great an evil, but in a young and rising community like ours where the youthful element so much prevails, it may be matter worthy of consideration whether too much of our admiration is not given to excitement, such as volunteering and the love of things theatrical. It is not, however, to legislative assistance that we should look so much for direct pecuniary support for institutions of this nature as it is to the mechanics themselves, and to the classes we have enumerated above as giving it no support. When popular lectures are delivered fathers of families crowd in with such long trains of healthy and interesting young "olive branches" as must be particularly consoling to those who think that prosperity is very much connected with the healthy increase of population; but here their assistance ceases until another lecture or another subject is sufficiently fashionable or exciting to demand their attention. Our princely merchants, our learned medical men, and influential masters and employers of labour must become its supporters and assist its working before it can thrive. Government must give its assistance, too, not so much perhaps in a pecuniary point of view as to encourage progress and reward results. A committee for conducting meteorological observations has lately been appointed, and we have been led to conclude that it will grow into a meteorological society, which would still further expand into a literary and scientific institution, and which from a mutual attraction would draw towards it all lesser bodies of a kindred nature, particularly those emanating from the germ planted by Dr. Birkbeck, and be prepared to give

counsel and advice, and perchance assistance—certainly a participation of advantages and privileges—to the Cape Town Mechanics' Institute under the name, when united, of the Cape Town Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institute. Such a plan would give mutual support and embrace all orders of men; no one would be able to complain of insulted, outraged, or slighted dignity—a matter which, in the colonies, often mars our happiness and usefulness, and defeats our hopes of enjoyment. But it would be necessary in such a connection to give the mechanics the independent management of their own affairs; such appears to us the most hopeful plan for securing the means necessary to strengthen active life in future. We merely give the slightest outline, leaving the detail to be adjusted at the proper time.

In conclusion, we would remark that social progress, political and statistical science does not usually call forth much attention in sparse communities having a large tract of comparatively unoccupied country at their disposal, and we may very well be excused if the subject has not assumed in our minds its due importance: but there are weighty reasons why we should give it more attention. The constitution of society in this country up to the present generation was such that laborious industry was connected with the lowest condition of civilization, and therefore unpopular and degrading. We cannot, in one generation, remove those permanent influences which have been the growth of ages; the early and hereditary impressions of childhood sink too deeply to be removed by outward influences; we must be content to know that the good and the bad are growing side by side, and to ascertain as correctly as possible the extent and bearing of their influences, and modify, stimulate, and control them as far as possible, until by the removal and renewal of successive generations a better mode of education in early life begins to bear fruit. We could hardly produce a stronger instance of wrong views of society than the pertinacity with which we refuse a census, the only means of giving us a knowledge of how society is progressing, and measuring its difficulties. The vessel in which we have embarked our all may be going ahead rapidly, the helmsman may be obeying the indications of the compass, but without correct observations to ascertain our position from time to time side winds and cross currents are likely to mar all our efforts and defeat our best purposes. Of one thing, however, we may be fully assured, however limited may be our knowledge of social progress, it is a fact that admits of no dispute that a full development and encouragement of industry in every

practicable way is as necessary to the prosperity of communities as to individuals: it is a primary obligation under which civilization and christianity lays equally the parent, the statesman, and the citizen, and the legitimate method of doing this is, besides the direct remuneration given to a constant supply of employment, to endeavour to raise the character of the labourer, be he mechanic, agriculturist, or navvy, by the increase and improvement of his social position and thoughtful character; but as the elements on which this must be built has been in general so sparingly communicated in childhood, and in so many instances and from such a variety of causes totally neglected, it is only as an after-consideration that the deficiency can be supplied, and mechanics' institutes seem to afford the best means of doing so. We do not, however, give the same amount of support to mechanics that we do to other branches of industrial development and social progress, and if they should grow dogged and feel like men, and when they see that they are powerless to raise the position of their own class, if they should leave us and go to other climes in search of a state of things more agreeable to their feelings, are they to blame? If our youths when they arrive at a certain age refuse to learn trades, and if they can't become clerks become nothing, are *they* to blame for it? Is it not our statesmen and legislators, our merchants and employers of labour, parents and guardians, and teachers of youth that are to blame,—who give their approbation to show and impertinent gentility rather than sober industry and honest gain, and have allowed their ideas of right and wrong on this subject to become confused and confounded, and tamper with an evil principle from sheer indolence or neglect, and give their approbation where they ought to condemn, that are to blame? We look on our working-classes as the muscle, bone, and sinew of society, our merchants and capitalists as the blood which when kept in healthy circulation gives activity and motion; our religious feeling and intellectual yearnings as the feelings of the heart, and our learning and science, and above all good government as the head. But in vain may the head exert its wisdom and the heart its power, and the blood its active motion, if the limbs, the bones and sinews, are feeble and motionless, and not kept in healthy action,—no progress can be made. We are at present a small but rapidly increasing family in possession of a large and far from a bad estate, but we develop its resources so imperfectly that at present it wont find the family in bread for their support.

J. S. H.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE GRAND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION TO BE HELD AT WORCESTER.

I regret to find that the *Magazine* is so full that space cannot be afforded me for my promised article. I must content myself, therefore, with giving an outline, the briefest possible, of what has been done; and I will add one or two hints, which I hope may not be thrown away.

There are now only a few days more of preparation before the exhibition will be opened. Everybody concerned are as busy as they can possibly be, and there is little time for speculating upon probable results. Besides, it is hardly worth our while to speculate upon that which will be positively ascertained before this magazine has found its way through the colony. The public generally, and importers, manufacturers, and agriculturists especially, are much more interested in ascertaining what has actually been done, what the arrangements for exhibitions are, and what accommodation Worcester offers to visitors who may be inclined to attend the exhibitions.

In the first place, of the arrangements for exhibitions of live and dead stock, the following is a tolerably clear outline. The site selected for the show yard is one of the magnificent squares in front of the Drodsty-house. A better situation or a more convenient one is not to be found in this colony for an agricultural exhibition. The ground is as even as a lawn; it can be covered with water in ten minutes, and completely freed from dust without difficulty. Each side of the square is about 600 yards. Between this square and the Drodsty Gardens is a large piece of ground sometimes used as a road. This is enclosed by the hedges of the Drodsty Gardens on two sides, by the trees at the bottom of the square selected for the show-yard on the other, and a paling will be put up on the fourth side. There is plenty of room for riding and driving horses within this enclosure, without the least fear of accident to the bystanders, or to the animals to be exhibited and paraded. It has been many times complained that horses are kept too long in the sun; that there is never the least shade provided; and that the ground is at too great a distance from the stables in which the horses are kept. Neither of these objections will hold good in this case. The trees surrounding the ground are in splendid foliage, and afford plenty of cool shelter. The Drostdy has a number of good stables, and valuable horses can stand in them up to the moment

when the judges are prepared to commence work. This much as to the arrangements for the horses. Now for the inside of the square.

The sheep-pens are placed on that side of the ground nearest to and running parallel with the road, and on the right and left of the main entrance that is to be. Kraals will be provided behind the pens for sheep sent for sale only. Along the bottom side of the grounds the stalls for cattle, fatted and otherwise, and cows in milk will be placed. Behind the stalls there will be large kraals for the cattle and cows to be offered for sale. In each case stock sent for exhibition will be kept apart from those sent for sale only. The pig-pens will be placed at the extreme entrance. Force-pumps and machinery sent for exhibition will be erected at the higher corner, where there is as much water as can be used for exhibiting the uses and value of such machinery. In the centre of the ground will be the Great Western tent, to be used for the exhibition of produce on the first day, and for the dinner, which is now fixed to take place on the second. There will be other tents for the exhibition of saddlery, horticultural and agricultural tools, poultry, &c., &c.

The threshing, ploughing, &c., is to take place on the second day, a little from the village; and the fair is to take place upon the third day.

There will be special committees appointed for each department, and none of these committees will be permitted to meddle with each other.

This is just an outline of the arrangements, and it only remains for the committee to do their duty in the stations in which they are placed, and the exhibition must be successful. It would serve a good purpose if the general committee would suggest to those special or sub-committees that they should make notes each of its own department. A shrewd, observing committee-man, who had nothing but his department to look after, might find time to make notes of the number of articles entered, their relative degrees of excellence and so forth. These notes might be written out fully within the next twelve months; and the information so obtained would instruct us greatly, not only in reference to the exhibition itself, but also in reference to the kinds of stock and produce grown in the various surrounding districts.

The accommodation for visitors is almost unlimited; not a family in the whole town but will make way for a number of strangers. The houses are all so much larger than those at Caledon that no one need be deterred from attending the

exhibition out of fear that he will not be able to procure accommodation. A committee has been appointed to provide for strangers, and they will exert themselves to make everyone comfortable.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Although it is the dictum of no less an authority than Mr. Ruskin, that all young persons, and a great many of their seniors, would do well to eschew magazine and review literature—and that the chances are ten to one that it will mislead them—we are prepared to defend the practice, which has very generally obtained favour, of glancing cursorily over the new books and magazines which are sent out monthly for colonial readers; and without disparaging for a moment the critical taste of the enlightened booksellers of Cape Town, we propose to render their recommendations superfluous by endeavouring to steer our readers clear of the shoals and quicksands of current literature, and bring them to the haven where they would be. Notices of books will be confined to that class which is likely to have the most extensive circulation, and must necessarily be brief. It will be perhaps gratifying to those for whose benefit our criticisms are intended to know that they are genuine. Mr. F. O. Ward's idea of cutting open a new book, smelling the paper-knife, and then plunging into a review of the work, is now pretty nearly exploded, and the witty advice proffered by the Rev. Sydney Smith to critics, not to read volumes which they were about to notice, *lest they should be prejudiced*, is also generally disregarded.

One of the best new books upon our library table is a series of extracts from the memoir and the published works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, entitled his "Wit and Wisdom." Messrs. Longman have done a very judicious thing in sanctioning such a collection. Many people are ignorant of Sydney Smith's writings, and of his life, on account of the high price which they must necessarily pay to possess the memoir by Lady Holland, and the whole of his miscellaneous works; and as many of his contributions to the periodicals of his day were in connection with subjects of ephemeral interest, they are not likely to be sought after with avidity. But Sydney Smith never wrote upon any topic—not excepting chimney-sweeps—without flashing into brilliance, and the editor of the present volume has carefully, and with great discrimination, separated from the context all such passages which exhibit either the wit or the keen intellectual power of Sydney Smith, and has placed them before us in a shape which conveys immediately the whole strength of each quotation. As he himself elegantly terms

the labour of the compiler—"the gems are displayed without their setting—the pearls are unstrung." It is a book which, as it is suitable for almost every mood, should have a place on every table. The title is justified by the value of its contents.

The unparalleled success which has attended the arms of the Italian Liberator, and the enthusiasm with which his progress has been watched both in England and on the Continent, has naturally resulted after the manner of the age, in the publication of various books, bearing upon the political future of Italy, or giving apocryphal biographies of the most celebrated of her living heroes. Some of these books are mischievous; none are above mediocrity. Until the present tyranny be overpast, and echoes of cries for vengeance have died away, we must not anticipate being able to read any other reliable history than that imperfect daily chronicle furnished by the press. Every fact throwing any light upon the social state of the Italian people is carefully treasured up, and several works describing the state of affairs during the last few eventful years have gone through a new edition. The most interesting book of this kind is, without doubt, "Lorenzo Benoni," which was originally published six or seven years ago, and contains a series of passages in the life of an Italian who makes his escape from Piedmont when prosecuted for joining a secret political society. The autobiography bears all the marks of authenticity, and the sketches of the state of education, both in the public schools and in the universities, prove very painfully the intentional object of the government to fetter free thought and degrade intellect in the masses of the people. The yearnings of the young for freedom will find a ready response from all who know and prize her blessings.

The magazines are, with scarcely an exception, very meagre. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine* and *Bentley's Miscellany* are below the average, but we are promised a new novel, by Mr. Ainsworth, in the January number of the latter. In *Fraser's Magazine* there is a quaint, but rather too elaborate essay—"consolatory" as its author calls it,—which exhibits the general unsoundness of human nature in a manner which may be true, but which is certainly very unpleasant. We were gratified to see in this number a brief sketch of the life of Thomas De Quincey. The materials have been collected from his published works, and no private information appears to have been received from his relatives. It was a service, however, to render De Quincey's account coherent, and to place the principal events of his degraded existence in chronological order. The dreamy mysticism and imaginative halo with which this remarkable man wraps up and surrounds the most ordinary trivialities of every-day life lead his readers into a chronic state of confusion and uncertainty. It is, therefore, a relief to light upon a plain, straightforward account of Mr. De Quincey's career.

The writer's estimate of his personal character is singularly just and temperate, and we shall look forward to the promised detailed criticism upon his works with a strong hope that he will vindicate De Quincey's claim to a place among the greatest men of the age.

The two last numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine* have fully sustained the reputation which this publication has deservedly earned. A wild but very beautiful poem, written by Owen Meredith (*nom de plume* of a son of Sir Bulwer Lytton), is one of the most touching pieces of fugitive verse which we have met with for some time. We extract a few lines from "Last Words."

Yet oh! the confident spirit once mine, to dare and to do!
Take the world into my hand, and shape it, and make it anew:
Gather all men in my purpose, men in their darkness and dearth,
Men in their meanness and misery, made of the dust of the earth,
Mould them afresh, and make out of them Man, with his spirit sublime,
Man, the great heir of Eternity, dragging the conquests of Time!
Therefore I mingled among them, deeming the poet should hold
All natures saved in his own, as the world in the ark was of old;
All natures saved in his own to be types of a nobler race,
When the old world passeth away and the new world taketh his place.
Triple fool in my folly! purblind and impotent worm,
Thinking to move the world, who could not myself stand firm!
Cheat of a worn-out trick, as one that on shipboard roves
Wherever the wind may blow, still deeming the continent moves!
Blowing the frothly bubble of life's brittle purpose away;
Child, ever chasing the morrow, who now cannot ransom a day;
Still I call'd Fame to lead onward, forgetting she follows behind
Those who know whether they walk thro' the praise or dispraise of mankind.
All my life (looking back on it) shows like the broken stair
That winds round a ruin'd tower, and never will lead anywhere.
Friend, lay your hand in my own, and swear to me, when you have seen
My body borne out from the door, ere the grass on my grave shall be green,
You will burn every book I have written. And so perish one and all,
Each trace of the struggle that fail'd with the life that I cannot recall.
Dust and ashes, earth's dross, which the mattock may give to the mole!
Something, tho' stain'd and defaced, survives, as I trust, with the soul.

. . . . . .

Peace to the past! it skills not now: these thoughts that vex it in vain
Are but the dust of a broken purpose blowing about the brain
Which presently will be tenantless, when the wanton worms carouse,
And the mole builds over my bones his little windowless house.
It is growing darker and stranger, Will, and colder—dark and cold,

Dark and cold! Is the lamp gone out? Give me thy hand to hold.
No: 'tis life's brief candle burning down. Tears? tears, Will! Why,
This which we call dying is only ceasing to die.
It is but the giving over a game all lose. Fear life, not death.
The hard thing was to live, Will. To whatever bourne this breath
Is going, the way is easy now. With flowers and music, life,
Like a pagan sacrifice, leads us along to this dark High Priest with the knife.
I have been too peevish at mere mischance. For whether we build it, friend,
Of brick or jasper, life's large base dwindles into this point at the end,
A kind of nothing! Who knows whether 'tis fittest to weep or to laugh
At those thin curtains the spider spins o'er each dusty epitaph?
I talk wildly. But this I know, that not even the best and first,
When all is done, can claim by desert what even to the last and worst
Of us weak workmen, God from the depth of His infinite mercy giveth.
These bones shall rest in peace, for I know that my Redeemer liveth.
Doubtful images come and go; and I seem to be passing them by.
Bubbles these be of the mind, which show that the stream is hurrying nigh
To the home of waters. Already I feel, in a sort of still sweet awe,
The great main current of all that I am beginning to draw and draw
Into perfect peace. I attain at last! Life's a long, long reaching out
Of the soul to something beyond her. Now comes the end of all doubt.
The vanishing point in the picture! I have utter'd weak words to-night,
And foolish. A thousand failures, what are these in the sight
Of the One All-Perfect who, whether man fails in his work, or succeeds,
Builds surely, solemnly up from our broken days and deeds
The infinite purpose of time. We are but day labourers all,
Early or late, or first or last at the gate in the vineyard wall.
Lord! if, in love, tho' fainting oft, I have tended thy gracious Vine,
Oh! quench the thirst on these dying lips, Thou who pourest the wine.
Hush! I am in the way to study a long, long silence now.
I know at last what I cannot tell: I see what I may not show.
Pray awhile for my soul. Then sleep. There is nothing in this to fear.
I shall sleep into death. Night sleeps. The hoarse wolf howls not near.
No dull owl beats the casement, and no rough-bearded star
Stares on my mild departure from yon dark window bar.
Nature takes no notice of those that are coming or going.
To-morrow make ready my grave, Will. To-morrow new flowers will be blowing."

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

CAPE TOWN NEWSPAPERS.

"DAY'S paper, sir," says the attentive head-waiter of my hotel, depositing on the table beside me the crisp broadsheet, uncrumpled by any hands but his own, and carefully folded down so as to present the leading news of the day in the most convenient position for perusal during the discussion of breakfast. The head-waiter, I have said, has already, as bound by the exigencies of his position, made himself master of the contents of the said journal; studying its columns in cool and dignified ease at the open window of the coffee-room before the usual hour at which his energies are required for the due administration of breakfast; and is now prepared to discuss the contents of those columns critically or to pronounce upon them oracularly, according to the qualities and calibre of his auditory. He has just placed my chair in the position which he has noticed is the spot which I prefer—observant man the head-waiter—just where I can avoid the draught between the open windows and door, and from which I can look out on what is passing on the busy Parade-ground. [There is more than one hotel, I beg leave to remind the critics who have been good enough to comment upon my earlier "Impressions," looking out on to the Parade-ground.] He has just whisked the cover in artistic style from a dish containing a chop and kidney done to perfection, flanked it with some slices of thin, crisp, dry toast and a couple of eggs as a sort of *pisaller*, placed the teapot and etceteras *within* reach, and a dish of fresh-gathered grapes just *out of* reach—as a thing to be looked at, not touched for the present—and comes back again, not in a bustling, heating manner, but with the calm yet decided step of one who knows that this is a climate in which it behoves a wise man to husband his energies, and deposits the crisp, rustling broadsheet with the brief but pregnant sentence "Day's paper, sir."

Yes, there is a vast fund of meaning contained under those simple words "the day's paper." The record of the passing history of the time; the depository of the hopes and fears, the passions, interests, prejudices of the hour; the counterfeit presentment of ourselves as we are, as other people see us; the witnesses whose mute evidence decide the verdict which posterity will pronounce upon our times. The newspapers of the day are the indicators of intellectual growth, the tests of moral soundness, the standards of public taste. Neither the writers nor the readers of newspapers can afford to look upon them as things indifferent, as the mere ephemeral evanescent creation of the day, to perish and pass by and be forgotten with the day. The day's newspapers of one generation will rise up in judgment against it in the next; and according to the daily picture of our daily life there jotted down will our children and our children's children form their estimate of us. A traveller desirous of recording his "First Impressions" of a country will lose no time in noting the impressions created by its newspapers. And feeling conscious of this, feeling that "the day's paper," on our first acquaintance with it, is not to be indolently and heedlessly glanced over during the progress of breakfast, in the mere pauses and intervals between kidneys and fresh eggs, I put it aside for the present, until circumstances shall enable me to proceed to its study in a fitting temper of mind and body to do it justice. And meanwhile, the coffee-room being occupied only by two other guests who are deep in conversation in a low tone at the other end of the long table, my thoughts have leisure to dwell in an easy, desultory manner, such as befits a man seriously occupied with the pleasurable and important business of eating a good breakfast, upon the subject of newspapers in general.

An Englishman, it is said, is lost without his newspaper. But how, in this respect, does English human nature differ from other human nature? What is a newspaper, but the common ground on which we all meet for the interchange of thoughts, for learning what the rest of the world are doing, and making our comments thereon. On the area of that broadsheet, what a mass of individuals meet as on an exchange, or in a newsroom, and hear what others have to say, and have liberty if they think proper to make their own opinions known. And who is there that does not, to some extent at least, appreciate this? Who is there who does not endeavour to travel sometimes out of his own little circle, if it be only to return to it again like a honey-bee

laden with new stores to add the common stock? And how can he do this more easily and more effectually than in the newspaper? If the newspaper be, as folks say it is, a thoroughly English institution, then it must be so because the human species is more fully developed in the Englishman. But the fact is that newspapers and newspaper-reading belong to no one country or people more than another. The one only requisite is for a people to acquire the taste for newspapers by means of a free press, and when once that taste has been formed, they will no more consent to go without that common field of information and discussion than without their breakfast. The fact of the English people taking their newspapers with them in all their wanderings and migrations is worth nothing. It only proves that when they do go abroad they take as much of home with them as they can; and having found that newspapers are among the necessaries of life, they transplant them into new soils and introduce them to new skies, just as they do parliamentary government, or trial by jury, or God save the Queen, or pale ale, or any other English institution. Even when frozen up in the long night of an Arctic winter, or grilling in a calm within the tropics, where there can be but few readers and no news to record, men will amuse themselves by playing at newspaper. I am told that the reading-public of this colony is not large, and that a considerable proportion of the rural population vegetate in crass ignorance both of news and newspapers. I speak, of course, with diffidence on such a subject, but I venture to say that if it be so it is because the newspapers of the colony have not hitherto been such as could find their way among them. The mass is not impenetrable. It only needs discernment to detect the assailable point, and tact to apply a wedge keen enough and hard enough, and then, stroke after stroke, the whole mass cracks and gapes and finally cleaves asunder and becomes useful for the ordinary purposes of society. Such a wedge, we read, has been already inserted in the shape of the little patois Dutch pamphlet of "Klaas Waarzegger," on Separation, in which in homely and familiar language the attention of the bucolic mind has been directed to a subject of general and deep importance, especially to the "landed interest." It has been shown that they will read where the topic is one which attracts them, and where the style is such as they can easily comprehend. And when a fissure has once been made, there is not only a promise of still further clearage in the same direction, but there is a void left, which, according to the universal law,

will require filling up with something. Where a subject has once created an interest and become a subject of conversation and debate, the first feeble impulses of an intellectual appetite have been excited. The little scattered society which has once learned the pleasure of looking to a newspaper for confirmation of the opinions which have been already asserted with all the vociferous vehemence of thorough partizanship will require constantly fresh pabulum on which to satisfy the new craving. If they only have what they can understand and what interests them, they may be brought to read; but it is scarcely reasonable to find fault with them for not being profoundly enlightened by a kind of literature which is generally far above their comprehensions, conveyed to them through the medium of a language which is still a foreign tongue to them.

There! Nobody, it is to be hoped, would be so inconsiderate as to expect anything very deep or original from a man actively engaged in the very business of disposing of a sound breakfast. And now to light the cigar of profound criticism, and assuming the cool and pleasant seat occupied for the same purpose by the head-waiter at an earlier period of the morning, to proceed to an examination of the Cape Town newspapers.

Taking the newspaper press of Cape Town as a whole, it may be pronounced highly creditable to the colony. If it be, as I am informed, only within a very few years that newspapers at all worthy of the name have sprung into existence, the very great merit possessed generally by that branch of the press is worthy of high commendation, and promises well for the future advancement of the colony in this direction. The newspapers of Cape Town present usually a very favourable specimen of what the public press of the colony ought to be. A man fresh from England, if he be unaccustomed to the newspapers of young countries, is not competent to pass an opinion on this matter. There is such a wide difference between the peculiar circumstances of an old and a new society, between the even, regular course of settled institutions, habit of thought, and principles of action, and the inchoate germs of social existence, that a mind moulded in the maturity of an ancient and highly civilized community cannot at once grasp the peculiarities of an altogether foreign state of things. A Spitalsfield weaver, or a Cockney cabinet-maker, who has been accustomed his life-long to one particular portion of one particular branch of his trade, is sadly at a loss at first to know how to apply his hands to the new and strange work required of him

in a new country; and as the self-complacency of the natives of large cities is generally on a par with their helplessness under a sudden and total change of circumstances, they are apt to consider that the whole world must needs be going wrong because they have been jerked out of their particular groove. Just so it is, intellectually, with a great many worthy persons who take up for the first time a colonial newspaper with a view to gain an insight into "ye manneres and customs" of the colonists. The chances are that having made the usual inquiry as to which is considered the "leading paper," and applied himself to the perusal of it, he will lay it down with an unfavourable verdict. "Vulgar, abusive, personal, scurrilous" will probably be among the condemnatory epithets which garnish it. And judged by the standard to which he has been accustomed, the orderly, decorous, grave-spoken English newspaper, with a character as old as the hills and as wide as the limits of civilization, it may be that the colonial press is open to some such charges. Though if the virtuous censor were to put the screw upon his memory he might extract therefrom some forgotten instances of similar faults even in the columns of the *Thunderer*. For singling a representative man out of a crowd, for holding him up as on a pillory, a spectacle to gods and men, for thoroughly knocking him down, and then remorselessly trampling the breath out of his body, commend me to the *Times!*

But, after all, what does this peculiar tone in the colonial newspaper press, to which we sometimes find reference made, amount to? What is it more than the tone of the society itself finding its natural expressions in the journals of the day. Colonial society does not profess, or would make a grand mistake if it did profess, to exhibit the dignified, self-contained bearing of an old, wealthy, cultivated community. It is yet in its healthy, vigorous, bursting youth, and some harmless vagaries and freaks of eccentricity may be allowed it as evidences of an exuberance of undeveloped power. That was a party of very agreeable, gentlemanlike young men who dined in this coffee-room yesterday. But certainly the walls of no correct London hotel ever rung with such jovial jokes, such shouts of infectious laughter. The very head-waiter himself went off in a convulsive explosion, and perhaps, on the whole, it was as well there were no ladies present; and yet, who, but an old maid or a methodist, would find fault with them for a little harmless ebullition of youthful vitality? If they had not some superabundance of life at their age, they would never be fit

for such work as they will do in their maturer years and up to their green vigorous old age. That generous liquor with which the captious critic daily warms the cockles of his virtuous heart was once, when fresh from the vintage, too potent and fiery to have suited the nicety of his cultivated taste.

On the whole, then, I believe that the newspaper press of Cape Town will bear very favourable comparison with that of other colonies, even of such as are far beyond the Cape in material advancement and prosperity. Certainly it is superior to the bulk of the public press of the United States, in tone, in ability, in all that constitutes excellence in that department of literature. And no one is competent to pass judgment upon the press of a colony who has not some knowledge of the extent to which "our Transatlantic cousins" transgress the delicate line which separates the liberty from the licence of the press. But the fact is, that in all small communities there will be a tendency to personality. It is only in very large societies that principles and opinions can be separated from the individuals who originate or who support them. And where the individual himself labours under what is, too often unhappily, the *dis*advantage of being perfectly well known, his character and antecedents only too familiar to the society among whom he lives, it must very often happen that a tinge of personality should add point to what ought to be only the sober course of dispassionate argument. But there is a natural tendency to a cure of this sort of error. As I glance over the columns of the Cape Town newspapers it is no very difficult matter to arrive at a sufficiently accurate estimate of the extent of their circulation and the character of their readers, from the tone of their leading articles.

Here is one, for instance, in which the original articles—though far from being wanting in vigour and assuming somewhat of a conscious air of authority—are, studiously moderate in expression. I am told that the time was, and that not so very long since, when the same journal was distinguished by an audacious freedom of speech which was almost a defiance of the ordinary rules of propriety. My explanation of the grounds of such a change would be that the journal in question had attained to a very large circulation, had risen to the position of an authority in matters of colonial politics, and that its conductors had recognized this truth, and had gradually brought the tone of the paper into accordance with its altered circumstances. Many newspaper writers, and some newspaper readers, have an idea that

the press gives the tone to public opinion. I believe that the opposite is the case, and that the press is, secretly and unconsciously, perhaps, but actually, influenced by the tone of public opinion. A newspaper rarely, if ever, originates and carries through a new and great idea. The *Economist* did not originate the idea of the abrogation of the corn laws. It seized upon and gave expression to the strong feeling that was latent in the public mind, and according to the ebb and flow of that feeling the tone of the paper itself fluctuated. The same principle is at work everywhere. A newspaper to be successful must know how to feel the pulse of its constituency; and according as that constituency is large or small, violent or moderate, will its style be adapted to meet the peculiar requirements of its readers.

Another journal, I see, which really does descend to very low personal abuse, to specious arguments, to glaringly untrue assertions, to bitter invective. I do not require to be told that such a paper is published by and for a clique. The tone of its columns betrays the narrowness of its circulation. It is written, manifestly, for that small class of readers whose intellectual palate will not reject any trash—provided only that it be highly seasoned. It may be the organ of a party, but while it adopts its present style—a style which is often assumed to answer some little local or temporary object, or in default of ability to deal in a fitting manner with subjects of wider interest and deeper import—it will never be respected and relied on as a fair exponent of public opinion.

Another whose columns I glance over, though worthy of all respect, is too manifestly bidding for support by a too careful avoidance of all that may give offence to any individual or any section of society. Such policy rarely effects its purpose. A paper which is known as "never having anything in its columns to which anybody could object," will never secure the confidence of the public as being a ready and outspoken champion of whatever may demand a hearing. Vigour and originality may be so diluted as to approach the confines of twaddle; and twaddle, though it may be totally inoffensive, fails utterly to gain respect.

I must confess that the paper which I read with the greatest satisfaction—always, of course, second to the "leading journal" is the very modest yet manly and ably conducted "weekly." One is tempted to ask, in so dull a place as Cape Town, how can such a number of newspapers exist, where can they find materials, who can the writers, and, above all, who can the readers be? After the manifest strain, the wordy emptiness, the resuscitation of dead and buried

matter that is necessary to keep up the frequent issues of some of the public prints, it is really refreshing to come upon one which is content to make its appearance no oftener than it can reckon upon matter to fill its columns and readers to peruse them; which takes a calm and fair review of the topics of the week, sifts the sound wheat from the infinite preponderance of chaff, and presents it with comments which, at any rate, are always readable.

Two circumstances connected with the Cape Town newspaper press strike me as worthy of remark, and with these I must bring this prosy paper to a close. No one who looks critically at these journals can fail to remark what I may call their *unevenness*. No one of them is ever for long uniform or regular. Not only do they vary in character and in quality in different issues, but there is often a want of harmony in the different portions of the same issue. There is a general want of homogenity, a want of settled purpose and steady undisturbed course of action. The cause of this, I think, is apparent. The press, as an institution, is not yet thoroughly naturalized at the Cape. It is still exotic, not homegrown. It is obvious that each of the larger papers is carried on by a certain staff, not many of whom, probably, have been trained for the position which circumstances have induced them to assume, and that to each individual a considerable latitude is allowed in the expression of his own opinions in his own way. The disadvantages of this system are manifested in the kind of unevenness and inconsistency to which reference has been made; but it is not easy to see how, in the present condition of the colony, this defect could be remedied. There can be few, if any, professed literary men of the stamp employed on the staff of the best English papers. The work of original composition must fall a good deal upon educated men who do not make newspaper writing their sole means of subsistence, and such men, naturally, will not consent to surrender their own individuality so utterly as is required by the great European journals. Thus the newspapers of the colony lose in uniformity and general harmony, but it may be doubted whether it be not, on the whole, a gain to the public. Far greater freedom, originality, and independence of thought and expression is ensured by enlisting the services of men who are conscious of being something more than portions of a great machine employed for the grinding of public opinion. And, after all, why should a newspaper be uniform or consistent? Why should it be talked of as a heinous offence for a newspaper to change its views on any subject. A newspaper is not an

oracle. It is the exponent of the fleeting, shifting, fluctuating opinions of the day. And why should it be any more infallible than the ever-varying human nature, whose mouthpiece it is?

The other point which occurs to a stranger is the practice of publishing a column of remarks on the current topics and events of the day in a familiar conversational style, in which the obscure dignity of the "we" is exchanged for the use of the more colloquial first person. This exchange is made, of course, at the sacrifice of some weight of authority, but in a state of society, such as that of the Cape, the practice has much to recommend it. It is to be remembered, however, that there is always the danger, in descending from the decorous reserve of the editorial style, of drawing near the confines of that familiarity which, as the copy-books used to tell us, "breeds contempt." It is only on the ground of its being the educator and the improver of society that the newspaper press can lay claim to the honour of being the "fourth estate." A journal which will condescend to *write down to* the less thoughtful or intelligent of its readers, will justly cease to lead public opinion. No man who respects himself but desires others to respect him also; and if he imagines that the tone of the lighter articles in his newspaper is lowered in order to suit the tastes of himself and of his class, he will naturally and rightly resent it as an insult. The newspaper press is a most important engine in the formation of a young society; but its usefulness will depend in a very great degree upon the due recognition, by those who conduct it, of the serious responsibility which rests upon them in the office which they have assumed.

THE BLASTED BOUGH.

A LEGEND OF TABLE VALLEY.

CHAPTER V.

THE grey dawn was breaking when Hans Arends, having been for the past hour or more undergoing much physical discomfort, suddenly awoke. For an instant he looked about him in blank bewilderment. So unfamiliar was the scene that met his eye that he thought at first he must be still asleep. Instead of the well-known walls of his hut, which, though rude, was at least warm and weather-tight, honest

Hans saw before him a circle of grey crags, a low-browed cave, the black chilly-looking remains of an extinguished fire, and, over all, a mass of dark heavy clouds, drifting across before a moaning wind, which was coming up from the north-west. Slowly the events of the previous evening came struggling back to the boer's sluggish mind. The figure of the outlaw stretched on the ground in the same attitude in which he had thrown himself down, and still sleeping as calmly as if his hardened frame was proof against any atmospheric influences, summoned up the recollection of all that had so agitated his mind the night before. He rose to a sitting posture, and looking disconsolately about him upon the many cheerless objects that combined to depress his spirits, he gave way to a train of gloomy meditations, such as had visited him while sitting in the dark, on the stone, waiting for the outlaw.

Who is there that does not know the rush with which uncomfortable thoughts come over us on first waking in the morning? It seems as if all the blunders, follies, faults of our lives seized upon that occasion, when the mind and body are alike powerless, to present themselves in their very blackest aspect. If one has fallen into any little scrape, if one has made a rash engagement, or got into debt, or missed a favourable opportunity, or is trembling on the edge of failure in a crisis of one's life, one is never so conscious of it as in the waking hour. Poor Hans was keenly alive to the present discomforts and future dangers of his position. In addition to that strange tendency to look on the gloomy side of things to which we have alluded, he had to struggle with much personal inconvenience. The hour of dawn is usually the coldest in the whole daily cycle, and the weather had altered materially for the worse since he had sunk to sleep beside the glowing fire. He shivered in the raw wind that whistled among the grey crags, and turned himself uneasily on the hard couch of leaves that had seemed so luxurious to him a few hours since. He was thoroughly miserable. Never at any period of his life had he felt so overpowering a conviction of having been a fool; never had he had such uncomfortable forebodings for the future. Silently huddling his limbs together in a crouching posture in order to create some little circulation of warmth, without awakening his companion, of whom he felt in no little awe, Hans applied himself seriously to consider the circumstances of his position and the course which would be most in accordance with his safety and comfort for the future. One thing was clear enough. By a strange chain of events it had happened that

he, a man naturally of an eminently peace-loving disposition, much given to the enjoyment of such creature comforts as were open to him, and troubling himself as little as might be with what occurred outside his own narrow sphere, had become engaged in a daring and hazardous enterprise in company with men of lawless and violent character. The even tenor of his quiet, inoffensive, idle life had been broken up by dark plots, intrigues, mysteries, utterly discordant to his nature. He who had never troubled himself with any matters more serious than the getting through his day's labour with as little sacrifice of personal ease as possible suddenly found himself the pivot upon which a conspiracy was revolving, fraught with horrors which he shuddered to think of. How was all this to end? What was to come of it; to himself in particular? Either this plot would succeed or it would fail. This much Hans could see pretty clearly. If it did succeed, what then? Why, then, as Roderigo or Gomez had told him, there would be no more work to do for his masters, and plenty of eating and drinking. But the more he thought on this the more his mind misgave him. Should he be really better off? Should he be really more his own man when the Dutch Governor and officers were disposed of? These Englishmen, who were at the bottom of the conspiracy, he knew to be fierce, lawless fellows. Already they threatened him with ill-treatment at the slightest appearance of disobedience to their behests. How would it be when there was no authority to restrain them, when their savage tempers had cast off all control but their own lawless will? He thought, with sad foreboding, that the English conspirators might be harder masters than even the Dutch officers. And how was he to be sure of the continuance of that blissful abundance which Gomez had held out to him? The magazine of stores would not stand, for any long time, such a drain as might be expected to set in upon them immediately the place was mastered. Even if the savages could be kept from plundering, which was very doubtful, and only to be accomplished by violence and vigilance abhorrent to his nature, even then the stores would certainly come to an end at some time, and as certainly would not be replenished. And, in that case, starvation stared him in the face. But if, on the other hand, the conspiracy should fail! Then there was the certainty of being in some way identified with the conspirators, and of being involved in their punishment, whatever that might be; and Hans knew enough of the nature of punishment at the Fort to feel a creeping over his skin at the bare thought of it. Turn which way he would he saw

only danger and trouble before him. He was in an evil plight, and he groaned inwardly at the gloomy prospect before him. He looked ruefully upwards at the gloomy sky, and round him at the cold grey walls of his desolate retreat, and at last his eye rested on the sleeping figure of the outlaw. As much wrath and hatred as his unmeaning countenance was capable of expressing, gradually settled upon it as he gazed on the man whom he regarded as the cause of all his troubles and dangers.

Some months previous, while engaged in his usual occupation of snaring game for the officers at the Fort, he had fallen from a crag, and so injured himself as to be unable to rise from the ground. He had exhausted himself by struggling and shouting in vain for help, and in this helpless condition had abandoned himself to despair, and to the horrible expectation of being attacked and devoured by wild beasts, when the gaunt figure of the outlaw suddenly appeared before him. Even in the extremity of his danger and his delight at seeing the face of a man, he could not repress some superstitious dread at so sudden and strange an apparition: which seemed to have risen from the earth before him, so silently had it come upon his sight. The outlaw assisted him to rise, and half led half carried him to a niche in the rocks where he would be in comparative safety. He had brought him food and water, had lighted a fire, and had staid by him that night to guard him; and when, on the following day, he was better able to move, had helped him to a point near enough to a party working in the gardens to make his cries for assistance heard. Before he left him, however, he had extracted from him a pledge of secrecy, and a promise that he would meet him at a certain spot at the upper end of the valley as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to resume his ordinary occupations. From that time they had met very frequently, and the outlaw had added to the weight of obligation already resting upon Hans Arends by lightening his labours. He it was who supplied the less skilful Hans with game when he would have incurred abuse, if not punishment, for returning without it. And in return for these good offices he had allowed himself to become, by degrees, involved in the plots of the unscrupulous men who had made him their tool, and had reduced him to his present unhappy dilemma. And regarding Gomez as the author and first cause of all his misery, Hans scowled at him as grimly and fiercely as a large fat face enabled him to do.

And as he sat crouched up together, with bitter thoughts in his heart, a light began to dawn upon him. Why should he

thus risk his own safety in other people's quarrels? Why should not he consult his own advantage, as they were plainly consulting theirs without any regard to his safety or convenience? Why should not he give them up to the authorities, and secure himself and gain favour at the same time by betraying the conspiracy? The idea found more and more favour with him. The more he revolved the matter the more convinced he became that his only safe course was to take the first opportunity that offered of revealing the whole plot to the governor of the Fort: making the best bargain he could for himself while betraying the real actors in the plot. Before his own personal danger all compunctions of conscience were hushed; and he could contemplate, even with satisfaction, the terrible fate which he knew would await the conspirators, but which would have the effect of ensuring his own safety, and of removing the dangerous allies who had so disturbed his usually quiet life. He resolved that on his return to the Fort he would lay the whole matter before the authorities. But in the meantime he must be wary. If Gomez or either of the Englishmen had their suspicions aroused, he knew that his hours were numbered. The reckless men who had planned and were prepared to carry into execution their desperate design, would have little scruple in sacrificing to their resentment the tool who had betrayed them. He must dissemble until his design could be effectually and safely acted upon. He must allow no signs of discontent nor reluctance to escape him. That very day he hoped to be able to invent some excuse that would enable him to return, but if not, he could at least involve the whole plot in confusion and failure at the moment when his aid was required to effect the proposed combination of the conspirators. Having settled this point to his satisfaction, the gloominess of the prospect began to brighten to Hans' gaze into the future. He saw a way out of his difficulty, and he allowed no needless scruples to affect his mind or damp his hopes. And now, being so far relieved, the sense of cold and hunger began to make itself keenly felt, and he thought it time to awake Gomez.

The outlaw started up at the first slight movement of Arends, and in an instant was on his feet, with the wild, eager, restless gleam in his eye, and with his hand feeling for the haft of his knife in the manner that was peculiar to him. He shot a moment's glance of surprise and suspicion at his companion; then his brow cleared, and it was with almost genial heartiness that he exclaimed: "What, awake, friend Hans! Awake before the sun is up! Thou wouldst

sleep for another two hours, I warrant me, an thou wert in thy snug bed down at the Fort yonder! The wind blows shrewdly up the hill here in the early morning, and tends greatly to promote the healthy habit of early rising. But now I look at thee, thou art half starved, and thy nose is blue with cold. The sun will not be up for another hour or more, and we may venture to make a fire to warm thee; though, for myself, I never let smoke be seen between daylight and dark." He pulled a bundle of dry branches from a heap collected beneath an adjacent rock, and giving a common flint and steel and a handful of dead grass to Arends, he bade him light a fire, while he himself went forth to mark in what guise the new day was coming on. In a few minutes he returned with a look of fierce exultation.

"The very elements favour our design, Hans! There's a gale coming up from the north-west, and yonder ship must get out of the bay before nightfall if they would not have her bones strewed upon the strand by this time to-morrow. Everything goes well for us! They dare not stay six hours longer in the anchorage: and when the crew and the soldiers on board have left, we can master the garrison with ease. I tell thee I had begun to fear that the time must be delayed. While that ship is in the bay we could not venture to attempt our design. But Heaven favours us, Hans! Yon heavy bank of clouds that is coming up over the sea there, and the wind that has been gathering since yesterday for a tempest, will help us to our just revenge! But I see thou dost look cold and cheerless, and even this good news can rouse no spirit in thee. Thou shalt broil another slice of venison and break thy fast. I warrant that will go far towards making a man of thee again; and if thou hast yet a drop in thy bottle that will complete the work of restoration."

In truth poor Hans did look scared and cold and uncomfortable. The outlaw's words had opened to him another aspect of his present position. He could not hope for another opportunity so favourable for carrying his own designs into execution as now while this additional succour to the little garrison was within reach. He knew as well as Gomez that the master of the ship would not, if he could help it, be caught in a north-west gale in Table Bay, and would at any risk get out to sea in the course of the morning. If he let this chance pass him it might happen that even after he had betrayed the conspirators, they might, with the assistance of the Hottentots, which he still supposed was to be reckoned upon, overpower the garrison; and he, Hans, might be placed between two fires, as it were, with the cer-

tainty of suffering some damage whichever party proved victorious. The thought of failure, of detection, of suffering, perhaps of death, came over him with a cold, creeping shudder, and his teeth chattered and his hands shook as he attempted to hide his emotion by affecting to busy himself about the fire. Urgent necessity was fast making poor Hans more rapid in thought, more prompt in action. He determined that as soon as possible after he had eaten the breakfast which he thought it both impolitic and inconvenient to decline, he would inform the outlaw of the absolute necessity of his returning instantly to the Fort in order to escape the risk of discovery. And thus resolving, he applied himself with somewhat steadier nerves to the business of boiling the venison. His panic had not so far affected him as to deprive him of appetite. He ate with that keenness and capacity which distinguished him, revolving in the meantime the best mode of bringing about his plan, while the outlaw strove to interest him in matters of hunting and wood-craft.

Alas, for the vanity of human resolutions! Hans ate and was satisfied, and drank and his spirits revived. He put off the moment of introducing the subject of his intended return to the Fort. His blood warmed again with the full meal and the cheerful glow; and yielding to their soothing influences, and feeling that his ordinary night's rest had been woefully curtailed, he sank again into a blessed repose.

How long he may have slept he knew not, when he was awoke by feeling a hand gradually tightening its grasp upon his arm. He looked up in some amazement, but saw only the outlaw, who had risen to his knees, and was thus grasping his arm, making with the other hand a gesture of silence, while his face was lighted up by an expression of the most intense eagerness, as if every faculty were on the strain. Presently he turned his head quietly in one direction—as if his acute sense of hearing had detected sounds in that quarter, though Hans himself could distinguish nothing but the roar of breakers on the shore below and the shrill sighing of the wind overhead. Gomez continued listening, evidently catching some sounds which soon grew so plain that even Hans could discern the voices of some persons who seemed to be approaching the spot where they were concealed. Soon they could make out that these were two men, and almost as soon as they had ascertained this they heard them come close up to the stones behind which they were lying, and seat themselves on some fallen fragments. They remained silent for a few seconds, during which the two others

lay so silent in their concealment as scarcely to draw breath. Then one of the two strangers broke silence.

"And so thou dost not think much of my discovered treasure, old friend," he said.

There was a brief pause, and then a voice of singular softness and melancholy replied, "Nay, Dirk, I fear thy desire to light upon some mine of wealth has misled thee. I have been in the New World, where the silver ore is dug, and there is nothing in thy vein of earth that gives promise of it, so far as I can judge. It is a singular appearance, and may contain mineral of some kind, but I think not silver."

"Well, then, there goes my castle in Spain," said the other with forced cheerfulness, "in which I was going to set myself up for a Grandee of the first class! I am glad thou wert here to tell me before I had been fool enough to try the alchymist's trade of turning worthless dross into precious metal. I knew thou hadst been in Potosi, and hadst helped to capture Spanish plate-ships, and would be able to tell me whether that queer seam of earth contained silver or no. I know nought of these things. Even when it is coined into dollars and comes to me in the shape of pay, it is but little silver that I earn, and that little stays with me but a little time before it is melted into liquor at the wine-shop."

"Dirk!" said the outlaw, with great earnestness of tone, "Believe me, this will never be a rich or profitable country to thee or to thine employers. There is no precious mineral here, no gold, or silver, or diamonds for which they may barter justice, and honour, and common human kindness. This is a land of which the soil may be made to yield a rich revenue; but it must be by patient labour, and by training these poor savages to do their part in that labour, and for that labour giving them their due award. I tell thee this cruelty and extortion and oppression towards these poor creatures will never thrive. It calls aloud for the vengeance of Heaven. Hear the words of a man who has not long to live," he continued solemnly, "and who has therefore a clearer sight of what is to come; this injustice and wrong to the natives of this colony will not go unpunished."

"Why, what a tender-hearted chicken thou art become, man!" was the answer. "Why, what dost take these blackskins for? Dost think they are men and women of the same flesh and blood as ourselves? I tell thee I have Scripture warrant for the contrary. I tell thee they were made to be slaves for ever, and it would be flying in the face

of Providence to treat them as any other. Why, I had it from the chaplain himself! Tush, man, put away such idle fancies. You see things like a man who has not long to live! Why, who but thyself thinks of dying just when he has got all that makes life enjoyable?"

"What my own future may be I know not," replied his companion, still in the same melancholy voice. "I have that within me which tells me that life has not much more for me, and that I have little more to do with life. But the future of this country I can see as clearly as if it were already written on the page of history. I can see a long course of wrong-doing, extortion, oppression. I can see reckless waste of the precious gifts of Providence, neglect of high and solemn duties, corruption in rulers, vice and ignorance in the people; I can see generation after generation sinking into lower barbarism, deeper and more hopeless apathy and slothfulness, until the measure shall be full, and this fair land shall cease to own allegiance to our Company and to our nation, and will be given to another people whose laws and language, and customs will displace our own. But come," he continued, after a pause, during which it would seem that he was meditating on the future which he had thus sketched out: "Come, friend Dirk, I may not tarry longer, I have have given thee my opinion as to thy prospect of finding precious metals, and now to return to the Fort with as little delay as may be. The shipmaster told me that by ten of the clock at the latest he did hope to get out of the bay. He likes not the aspect of the weather, and fears being overtaken by a gale on this inhospitable coast. So come, let us to the settlement again, that I may get aboard with all speed."

The two men were heard to rise from their seats, as he finished speaking, one of them whistling and calling for his dog, which had been attracted by the scent of the buck that was hanging within the enclosure of the cave. "Why, what has the old hound found among those stones," they heard him say: "Some wolf's den, I warrant. If we had but time, now, we would harry him out, and shoot the skulking villain. I should like to show thee a little sport. I will mark the spot, and rout out his quarters to-morrow." The sound of their voices died away as they moved off in the direction of the Fort; and then Hans Arends, with a face blanched with terror and agitation, looked for the first time at his comrade.

The expression of his countenance was perfectly horrible. All the wildness of insanity, which had before broken out

only in gloomy flashes, was now the settled expression of his countenance. His eyes glowed like two live coals, deep in their sockets. His face was of a dark livid hue, even to the lips. He looked more like a corpse to which a fiend had given life and animation than a being of flesh and blood. Arends shrunk from him as from some dreadful apparition but the other seemed not to heed him. He was too deeply absorbed, entranced by the violent agitation of his soul to take heed of external objects. He spoke, but though the words were uttered aloud, they were addressed to no one; and he seemed to be totally unconscious of the presence of the other.

"Come at last!" he said, speaking like a man in his sleep, "come at last! I knew he would come. I knew he could not escape me. And we meet thus! That ship! aye, that ship: I knew that the crisis of my destiny hung upon her. How I watched her as she made for the land! My fate seemed to be in some mysterious manner connected with her. I thought of nothing but capturing the Fort. I thought of that ship only as marring our plot. I could not see—poor, blind dullard that I was—what it was that she was bringing to me."

He paused a moment, and then resumed. "He must be aboard by ten of the clock. If he do go aboard, and the ship sail, we carry our plot. But if he go, I lose my revenge. No, I cannot forego what I have thought of, dreamed of, lived for, during these long weary years! The plot may go; my life may go; so I have my revenge!"

Again he paused, as if in deep thought, and then again spoke aloud. "There are two of them; and one of them is armed with a fusil, for I heard him lean it against the wall. If I were to attempt to approach him in the open ground I should be shot down before I could effect my purpose. I must follow, and mark the course they take." In an instant he had sprung with incredible agility over a part of the rocky screen which lay out of sight of the persons whose movements he desired to watch, and Hans Arends was left alone.

CHAPTER VI.

The event which had just occurred, and the strange consequences which had followed from it, almost utterly bewildered the dull brain of poor Hans. The reader will have long since understood what was only now slowly presenting itself to the sluggish intelligence of the boer. It was only after an effort at

thought very unusual with him, that he was able to comprehend that the outlaw Gomez had recognized by his voice one of the two persons who had so nearly discovered their retreat as the man to whom he owed his ruined, blighted life, his wrecked mind and body. He could comprehend from his few broken sentences that Gomez had now gone forth with the intention of taking his revenge upon one of those two persons; and that his object was to overtake them speedily, yet secretly, so as to accomplish his purpose effectually before the object of his design should be able to return to the ship, whose sailing had been looked forward to so eagerly by the conspirators. It occurred dimly to him that he was in possession of more than one important secret which he might make the means of effecting his own compromise with the authorities. If he was able to betray the conspirators he might merely purchase immunity from the consequence of having been in any way mixed up in the plot; but if he could in addition give this person, whoever he might be, intimation of the danger that threatened him, he might secure also a reward commensurate with the value of the service which it was in his power to render. In any case, it would be his wisdom to make himself an observer of what was passing, in order that it might be in his power to adopt promptly whatever course seemed to promise him the greatest advantage. Accordingly he quitted the cave by the same circuitous route by which he had entered it, and was astonished to remark how thoroughly the entrance was concealed even by the daylight. When he looked around him neither of the persons whom he sought was within sight. But after climbing slowly and with much difficulty, and with panting breath to the top of the hill he reached a point from which he could see all three below him, though they were separated by a considerable distance, and the direction in which they were tending was not exactly the same. He first looked for Gomez, and soon was able to make out the gaunt figure dressed in its grey clothing of skins, on the edge of that burnt tract of ground along which he had himself made his way the previous evening to meet the outlaw at the head of the valley. He had traversed the intervening ground with great swiftness, and was still moving with wonderful rapidity in a line nearly across the valley. But the reason which he had for this was obvious. Between himself and the object of his pursuit the ground was so thinly covered as to afford him no shelter by which to approach them unperceived. But along the course of the stream which flowed down the centre of the valley, were thickets, through which he might thread his way unseen

down to the edge of the Government gardens, and then for some distance down the garden itself. His object evidently was to gain that covert, and by it to make his approach to the two persons who were directing their course to that part of the valley.

Hans Arends then turned to look at the two who were now descending the lowest slopes of the Lion Hill, also making their way in a direction across the valley, at some little distance above the settlement, which, as has been already observed, lay along the sea-shore, and in the immediate proximity of the Fort. The first glance explained to him the object which Gomez had in view. One look at the shorter figure of the two revealed a form but too familiar to honest Hans. Even if he had not already known him by his voice, there could be no mistaking the broad shoulders, the weather-stained buff jerkin, the shabby old hat with its bit of cock's feather, the fusil thrown over the shoulder, the rolling swagger of Captain Stuurman. The other he recognized immediately as the officer in command of the detachment which was proceeding to Europe in the vessel then lying in the bay. But as he recognized him, there flashed across his mind, at the same time, that he had heard that this officer was a nobleman of great wealth; and at once there sprung up in Hans' breast a noble and disinterested desire to save him if possible from the fate that was suspended over him. No, he should not be cut off without warning, by the dagger of the assassin, if it were in Hans' power to avert it. He might, even yet, be in time to save his life, and if the person whom he was thus minded to benefit should display his gratitude for such a favour, why, Hans felt that he would have fairly earned a reward.

Impressed with the praiseworthy idea of saving the life of the stranger, Hans lost no time in putting his design into execution. He had no time to lose, as he saw when he measured the space between them and himself, and compared it with the distance that intervened between them and the point at which Gomez would intercept them on their way to Stuurman's house in the gardens. They were already near the foot of the hill, while he himself was just below the ridge. They had traversed about half the distance from the spot at which danger awaited them, and it depended upon his own speed whether he could overtake them in time to warn them of their danger. In another instant he was plunging and floundering among the stunted bush and heather, making his way in a straight line down the steep side of the hill with all the agility of which he was master.

Poor Hans! His easy-going life had not been favourable to the development of bodily activity, nor was he adapted by nature for such a career as that to which he now found himself committed. The point at which he commenced his course was not so encumbered by bush as to offer any obstacle to his attaining a very considerable rate of speed; his ponderous weight giving him a momentum which rapidly became too great for him to direct or control. He was borne down the steep slope in spite of himself; his own weight urging him forward at a rate with which his short thick legs in vain struggled to keep up. With alarm and distress depicted on his broad flat face, with arms outstretched, he was hurried on, his body apparently gaining ground upon his legs, when ere he had completed a third of the descent, his foot tripped in a knot of long wiry grass, and he went flying forward ten good yards before he touched the ground. He alighted happily on a yielding bed of heather, and picking himself up nothing daunted, he was delighted to see that he had by this first effort considerably lessened the distance between himself and the persons whom he was endeavouring to overtake. He started off again, more warily, but still making good way for a runner of his unpromising appearance.

He had now little doubt of approaching near enough to them to be able to make his shouts heard some time before they could reach the fatal spot. The two companions were still walking at a round pace in the direction of Captain Stuurman's cottage, evidently engaged in conversation, and totally unaware of the eager interest with which they were being watched, and with such different objects. But their course over the nearly level ground was not nearly so rapid as his own down the descent, and he felt confident that he should be near enough to make them hear him by the time he had reached the bottom of the steepest slopes. He began to revolve in his mind how he should address them, how he should account for his knowledge of the outlaw and his designs. This difficulty he rapidly decided could only be met by a full and frank confession involving the giving up of the whole of the conspirators. Then he thought of the reward of which he had allowed himself to cherish the expectation; speculated upon its probable amount; wondered whether the stranger were a man of a grateful disposition; glanced at the probability of his adopting him as his son and making him his heir. He had heard of such recompense being awarded to services such as he was about to render, and his heart swelled and his eye moistened with prospective filial affection.

He roused himself to renewed efforts, panted with quicker breath, and looking with too ardent a gaze after the object of his solicitude, saw, when too late to recede, that he had plunged over the edge of a deep, narrow ravine, torn by the winter torrents through the crumbling soil. One frantic effort to save himself; one eager clutch at a small bush which hung over the brink; one wild struggling endeavour to keep himself upon his legs in his rapid descent, and he resigned himself to his fate, falling, rolling, sliding down an almost perpendicular scaur, near a hundred feet in depth; the latter portion of his career being performed upon his back, with his head downwards, accompanied by an avalanche of loosened earth and gravel.

For a few seconds he was unable to extricate himself from his situation, so stunned was he by the fall and so bruised in the mass of soil which he had brought down with him. And when he did raise himself up, with clothes torn and hands and face bleeding, he had the mortification to find that he was at the bottom of a deep and narrow gully, out of which there was no way of escape but by following it to the point at which it opened out into the valley. Poor Hans revived himself with the thought of the prize for which he was struggling, and pressed on manfully down the gully. It widened out sooner than he had hoped, but alas, it had led him in a direction far removed from that to which his former course had tended, and when he emerged into the valley again he had lost much of the ground he had gained by his rapid descent, and the objects of his pursuit were at a much greater distance from him.

Meantime, the two old comrades, unconscious of the twofold pursuit that followed them, were walking across the valley towards the house so often alluded to, in the centre of the gardens. They passed quickly across the rough ground and remnants of bush, now covered with trim gardens and dotted with villas; they kept along the edge of the channel which had been recently dug to carry off the surplus waters of the stream, and entered the enclosure by a wicket at the upper end. But the ground, though enclosed, was not all cleared. A straggling thicket of thorns still held its ground on some part of it, a single ancient specimen of which is, to this day, allowed to keep its place, undisturbed by modern improvements, in the centre of the Botanic Garden; and this thicket was, as Hans Arends had rightly surmised, the point at which danger was to be apprehended. They had approached this spot by a side path, when they perceived a group of persons advancing towards them from

a path in the direction of the Fort. Among them they recognized the Governor and the master of the ship that was about to leave the bay, and Van der Valk turned down to meet them, while Stuurman went on towards his own cottage. They were not many yards apart, when a movement among the bushes caused the latter to look round. A wild skin-clad figure leaped out from the thicket into the path before his friend. "Dost thou know me?" he said, in a low quivering voice, dashing the fur cap from him as he spoke. "Dost thou know me? I am Pedro Gomez—the avenger!" Van der Valk made no attempt at defence. He stood entranced as one upon whom some dreaded stroke of fate has come. He threw his arms upwards as the other sprang upon him, like a panther upon his prey, and sheathed the long glittering knife in his heart. Once, twice, thrice, he struck, with the speed of lightning, even while his victim was already falling a dead man; the last blow drove the long knife up to the haft, and he left it buried in the body. The whole passed with such rapidity that Stuurman and the party who were approaching by the path could only rush to the spot at this moment, too late to prevent the murder which was committed before their eyes, and almost within reach of their hands. The assassin made no effort to escape. He stood still and motionless as rough hands were laid upon him, gazing fixedly at the corpse of the man whom he had slain.

"Who art thou that hast done this deed?" demanded the Governor. He made no answer. He seemed not to heed or to know that there were persons about him as he continued gazing in fixed abstraction upon the body.

And now a sound which had been already heard at intervals, made itself more distinctly audible. It was a feeble bellowing sound, uttered in jerks, and was, in truth, the warning voice of Hans Arends, who was expending the last remnants of his strength in a faint shout and a staggering trot. Enough was soon extracted from him to determine the identity of the murderer and the main facts of the circumstances which had led to the perpetration of this deed of blood. The Governor spoke sternly to him: "Pedro Gomez, thou art an outlaw, a traitor, a murderer; thou hast no mercy to expect." Then turning to one of the attendants who had accompanied him, he said, "I will see justice done upon him before I leave the spot. Hang him upon yonder tree."

A cord which had been used for laying out the new garden was quickly brought and flung across the fork of the young oak tree, and a noose was speedily made fast around the neck of Gomez, who stood still as indifferent, as impassive, as intent in

regarding the dead man as before. At a signal from the officer half a dozen men ran away with the other end of the rope, and jerked the unhappy man off his legs. He made an effort to turn his body so as to enable him once more to fix his eyes upon his victim, and in the effort he so shifted the noose that it slipped under his jaw, leaving him suspended, his whole weight hanging by the head, just below the main fork of the tree. His convulsions were horrible. The young tree swayed and bent with the poor wretch's agonized contortions and struggles.

"For heaven's sake put him out of his misery!" cried the Governor, "Stuurman, thou hast thy fusil, put an end to the poor wretch's sufferings!"

Dirk Stuurman deliberately raised his piece and fired. The ball passed right through the heart. One more convulsive spring, and the limbs hung relaxed and dead, and the body was swaying gently to and fro, and slowly revolving as the cord was twisted by the weight suspended from it.

. . . . . .

There is little more to tell. The conspiracy of which the unhappy Gomez was the author died with the man whose busy and vindictive brain had conceived it, and whose craft and daring had well nigh carried it into execution. The English conspirators, betrayed by Arends, were banished to Batavia, as the records of the times tell us, and the Hottentots soon after breaking out into open war, were forced to purchase peace by the surrender of a large tract of their country. Hans Arends' name does not appear in the chronicles. It may be that he was rewarded by some obscure but comparatively easy post, fitted to his small capacity. Pedro Gomez' cave still exists, and is called to this day the "Schoenmaker's Gat," in memory of its first occupant. It is much altered from what it was when it formed the outlaw's retreat; many of the large stones that fenced it in having been broken up and carried away by direction of Dirk Stuurman, who became a reformed character and retired from the service to a cottage which he built near the spot where he had sat with his ill-fated comrade on that eventful morning. The seam of earth which he expected was to prove such a fortune to him, may still be seen near the spot; but though attempts have been made to extract from it some precious minerals, all such endeavours, as Van der Valk predicted, have ended in disappointment. The memory of Pedro Gomez is not preserved in the annals of the colony; but a mute record of his death survives, scarce known and scarce noticed, to the present day.

About half way up the great avenue of the Government Gardens, on the left hand side, is an ancient oak, conspicuous for a branch which year after year puts forth leaves—not of a full rich green like those of the parent stem, but white and colourless. Each returning spring renews the tale. There the heart's blood of the poor maddened assassin, driven into the tree with the bullet that cut short his life, and mingling with the sap, produces each year a "Blasted Bough." And on that bough, slender though it be, there hangs a Legend of Table Valley.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CAPE.

PART II.

No one can be long at the Cape between the months of October and March without experiencing a south-easter; and well I recollect the horrid sensation and disgust with which I perambulated the streets of Cape Town during my first south-easter. Business alone takes people into the streets on such a day, and I had gone on a boarding-house inspection, it being considered here, in those days, more respectable to live in lodgings than to remain long in a hotel; at any rate, it was more economical.

From the entire absence of any provision having been made to lessen in some degree this nuisance, although the means are at hand, one would suppose the south-east wind to be a thing of recent occurrence; but before the top of Table Mountain showed its now ancient head above the level of the ocean, these winds must have prevailed. He who doubts it, let him ascend and examine. No charge, however, can be laid to it for the dusty nuisance, nor have we any sandy plains to windward of the town to which we can attribue its origin.

The cause must be searched for in the town itself, built as it is on the clay slate formation. In nearly the whole of the valley, under every house, sometimes appearing in the surface of the streets and squares, and along the whole beach, stretching across the bay to Robben Island, stratified clay, slate is to be found in an almost vertical position (lying nearly magnetic north), perhaps nowhere presenting such an opportunity of measuring the enormous thickness of this great formation.

It is from the abrasion of this soft clay rock, on the streets of Cape Town alone, that nine tenths of the nuisance of dust in summer and mud in winter arises; the streets having

been repaired, beyond my recollection, chiefly with the soft *debris* of the Lion's Hill quarries, and a portion of crumbling sand-stone. Let any one go a little way up the hill at the commencement of a south-easter and he will be convinced of the fact.

Large quantities of this upper soft clay-slate has to be removed before reaching the hard blue stone suitable for building purposes; this, in its removal, breaks up into what the authorities here consider fit for the repair of streets and roads, and as it costs little more than the mere cartage, has been most unwisely used, merely because the hard blue rock found so abundantly in these quarries would cost money in its preparation. I fear the Municipality are justly under the accusation of having pursued a very false economy in this important item, and of having frittered away their resources annually on this worst of all material for such a purpose.

No one will object to the wind as it comes from over Table Mountain, if, when it reaches the town it finds good macadam, carefully watered, on which to roll along. Instead of a nuisance, it would then be hailed as a refreshing breeze; especially its smaller donations. It might also, then, with more truth be called the Cape doctor, or, at least be, in many instances, the means of dispensing with his services, for certainly nothing but a powerful continuous wind like it could possibly penetrate into and change the noxious air of some of those lofty, narrow, pent-up dens to be found chiselled out of the great solid-looking square blocks of masonry which compose the mass of Cape Town.

It has often puzzled me why such places were originally constructed in connection with the most respectable houses. I presume they must have been receptacles for slaves in "*de oude tyd*," and now let to the lowest dregs of the coloured population. Strangers seeing these filthy creatures issuing into the streets through the narrow green doors at the sides of such houses naturally suppose them to belong to the establishment, and shrink at the idea of dining with the proprietor.

Who does not recollect that fine old mosquito-breeding ditch which graced the principal street, now called Adderley. Those who battled for the covering over of that abomination deserve the lasting gratitude of the inhabitants. How different was it in times gone by, when boats from vessels anchored in the bay sailed far up this very creek to fill their casks with the pure and unpolluted stream.

The hard blue rock rises to the surface of the street close to Deane and Johnson's store, and but a few years since the

passer-by might have read the initials of some romantic middy, with his vessel's name, and date some hundred years ago, rudely chiseled on the surface of the rock, whiling away his time while his crew were prosecuting the object of their visit.

'Tis a pity, however, that the fine oak trees which at that time graced this street, were not retained, or had the double row of blue gums been planted which were promised in their stead we should now have had a cool and shady promenade, instead of the open, unpicturesque, sunburnt plane, as at present.

I recollect, in spite of the ditch, how cool and refreshing the George Hotel looked under the green spreading boughs, and how sickly Indian gentlemen lounged, middies smoked, and saddle-horses reeked in the shade, even at midday. These were the times when top-booted livery-stablers and gouty saddlers fattened. In these days bridges were not, but several wooden stages crossed at intervals, and one brick arch, for bullock wagons on their rout to Hottentot-square, spanned its muddy banks close to the gospel trumpet.

How well I recollect gazing from off this arch on that rank luxuriant stream, and listening to the fine fat frogs as they croaked in unison with the Batavians of Green-market-square. No need, then, of importing snails forsooth; we were all fine easy-going snails in those days, when mutton was "honly a penny," and fine tall sheep walked quietly about, presenting their respectable tails to be tapped for the replenishment of the good old-fashioned oil lamps.

To a stranger the appearance of the cloud on the mountain during a south-easter is always singular; but there are times when, to every observer of nature, no matter how often he may have seen it, it is truly magnificent. The wind, as it comes charged with vapour from the great expanse of ocean to the south, ascends the summit by the sloping sides of the mountain to windward; when it reaches this height its capacity for vapour is lessened in its then rarefied condition, and the excess becomes visible in the form of a small fleecy cloud, which gradually increases until the whole top of the mountain is covered with one dense white sheet, better known as "the devil's table cloth," the upper surface of which generally assumes a sharp well-defined outline, and appears to remain stationary, while the under surface, condensed by its contact with the cold rock, rolls like a cataract over the precipitous sides of the mountain, until descending into a denser atmosphere, it again becomes invisible, and rushes on through the valley with the violence with which cold air replaces

warm air in immediate contact with an intensely heated land. "On the windward side of the mountain the breeze is moderate; on the lee side the blast is violent; at sea a few miles from shore, there is often a calm."

"Were marks noted upon the sides of Table Mountain, at intervals of ninety yards in perpendicular height from the base, the number of such divisions below the cloud would correspond with the degrees of dryness exhibited by the hygrometer, temperature decreasing with ascent of heights, about 1° of Fahrenheit's scale of every ninety yards of elevation."

"This will be made plain by citing an instance, from some experiments made by the Astronomer-Royal. Thus, on a certain day in Cape Town, temperature 71 hygrometer, thermometer 58, a cloud hanging over Table Mountain, not touching it, but just elevated above the summit. The height of Table Mountain, trigonometrically measured, is 1,194 yards; difference of temperature by theory $13\frac{1}{4}$; degrees of dryness, observed 13."

The Cape being within the influence of the trade winds, for at least six months of the year, is of course the origin of this great south-east current; but there is also what is termed the black south-easter, occurring generally in winter and spring. The valley and mountains having parted with their summer heat, a greater portion of the passing vapour is condensed and rendered visible; the cloud consequently does not now merely rest on the top of the mountain, but falling down covers the whole of it to its base, which gives it a very black and dismal appearance, frequently falling on the town in a drizzling shower, when the heat of the valley is insufficient to disperse it—hence its name.

This latter is not generally of long continuance, however; it is the common south-easter of summer which is most dreaded. The cloud just gives sufficient warning for a little preparation; shopkeepers who have goods hanging at their doors are all bustle and confusion; the sailors in the bay are also making snug, and cargo boats return with all possible speed; in a few minutes no goods are to be seen in the streets, shop doors are closed, and those exposed to the blast are bolted, for double security. For a short time there is an apparent treacherous calm, when suddenly a cloud of dust is seen so dense rolling along the streets and over the houses as completely to obscure them from view; presently, dash against the house it comes, and the dust streams through every crevice and key-hole of the doors. Look through the window now, and you behold nothing but a gigantic wall of travelling sand, quite impene-

trable to the eye at a distance of five yards. No need of a furniture cleaner denying his connection with the Burgher Senate over the way; here the impossibility must be obvious to every one.

The fine pulverized clay dust is naturally the first carried off; in time it begins to clear up, your neighbours become faintly visible, and black bearded men are done unquestionably brown; the wind still increasing, fine sand and gravel begin to rise, and rattle like hail against the windows; bang goes a door wide to the wall, and out spring the panes of glass in the opposite window; Malays' hats roll along the streets like boys' hoops; there goes one amongst the feet of a carriage horse, the animal kicks and rears, the old gentleman lowers the window and pops out his head to learn the cause, away flies his hat with the wind, and the horses run off in an opposite direction, whilst the Malay seizing his bamboo tile, mutters a prayer at the bruised reeds, as they depart piecemeal in the air.

See how the wind catches the roof of that van, lifting the whole machine off the ground, the horse almost stands stock-still; again he moves, they turn a corner, and coming side on to the wind the vehicle is overturned and carried for several yards, his baskets, potatoes and cabbages, scamper along the street. "Hot-ver-dom de wind," says the owner. "You should not swear," says a clerical-looking gentleman; "it was the will of Providence, so patiently endure it." Away flies a parcel this gentleman held in his hand. "Save my papers, they are of value. Run, you blackguard, and I'll give you a sixpence." "Take it patiently," says the green grocer; "it's the will of Providence."

It is nothing uncommon for people to excuse themselves for not having transacted some piece of business because it blew so strongly—on such a day, the sun shines brilliantly, and not a cloud to be seen but the one on the mountain,—always excepting the municipal cloud below. Why that gentleman on horseback should be out on such a day I cannot conceive; see how he struggles to get along,—he is a tall, long-faced, sharp-featured, unhealthy looking "Indian;" his eyes peeping through a massive pair of green goggles, a green veil tied round the rim of his hat and under the chin; rides a miserable old nag, with a single spur. Poor man! he seems terribly annoyed, and so is the horse; it's of no use spurring him, every time he lifts his four miserable legs from the ground, he is blown back six inches at least; for the last three minutes he seems bucking up and down in the same spot. You have seen a procession on the stage where the motion of the limbs is kept up, without the body moving forward?

Just such another as this, only far more ludicrous. One cannot help laughing to see the animal dancing the Cape canter to the tune of "a penny, three-ha'pence, and tu'pence, a penny, three-ha'pence, and tu'pence," and still no progress; the poor creature has no hold of the ground, the whole affair being too light for a south-easter. At length the wind lulls a bit, and they manage to turn a corner. But here comes a burley dame. Gracious! a female in a south-easter. Look out for that squall; saints, how she swells; up goes her gown to her shoulders, and her stocking is down to the heels. Will no one assist her, and prevent us seeing that swollen leg again? Ah, run into that canteen; now you are safe, and adjust your bonnet and shawl, and wash the dust out of your throat. She surely must be a nurse, called out on some special business, if I may judge from the large patched pockets on each side. When you buy a hat at the Cape, and wish to be the owner of it for any considerable period, be sure to buy a yard of tape at the same time to attach it to your body, or you may hear of it sticking in the rigging of some ship in the bay.

Three days are about the average duration of this wind, although it sometimes lasts for a week without intermission. If you have not been out for the last three days on account of the wind, you will now come forth with pleasure, but come early in the morning, while it is cool, and take a walk in the Gardens or on the hill, and you will be delighted with the calmness and serenity of the whole landscape before you; the change is so pleasant we soon forget the boisterous wind. I agree that the greatest evil would be the loss of it, for in walking through the streets after a south-easter, you will find all the dead rats, fish entrails, and cats, which grace most of them, and which were, previous to the south-east wind, lying in a state of putrefaction, now thoroughly dried and preserved, and the streets perfectly free from dust. No patent sweeping machine can equal the devil's whistle at the Cape.

But stop. I went in search of lodgings; true—but it was in a south-easter, which has retarded my progress considerably. I found them, however, and soon got as comfortably located as circumstances would permit. For the same sum paid here for board and lodging, even in those cheap times I write of, we could have lived comfortably in England, and have had a snug little room, carpeted, as a matter of course, curtains to our bed, and the walls neatly painted or papered. Here, when we arrive at the door, the external appearance would indicate a finished interior, but when we enter for the first time I recollect feeling a very foreign sensation stealing over me; no matting in the hall, but naked, slippery

stones, no carpet on the stairs, and they of the most awkward construction. We enter our dormitory and feel as in an empty room; the still naked boards shine with an insulting gloss; the bed looks like a discarded sofa brought again into use, as if to discover the extreme limit of its cohesive attraction; a large old-fashioned looking-glass, with a solitary bandy-legged table, waiting for some friendly deposit to dispel its impoverished appearance; a wash-hand stand with a rascally attempt to deceive us in marble, and a basin and ewer, in the eternal willow pattern, complete the furniture in the generality of these rooms.

Above all things, the ceilings of the rooms here disgust the eyes of a new arrival, even in the most respectable houses. The abominable beams stare one in the face, and completely destroy the comfortable and pleasing sensation which good furniture is intended to produce. The idea of suspending a hundred square feet of plaster horizontally, seems never to have entered the imagination of a Dutchman in times gone by.

My landlady was a nice, quiet, motherly body; I liked her from the commencement; she recollected the rather serious earthquake which happened here, now fifty years ago, and used often to relate to me how they all slept in tents on the Parade and in the Gardens, fearing to sleep under the great wooden beams and heavy roofs of their houses. Exclusive of my landlord and lady, there were three other boarders besides myself at that time, namely,—an English widow, a Scotch doctor, and a young Dutch Africander.

I would gladly pass over an introduction to the former of the above group, were it not for mere courtesy, for really my landlord was one of the most singular specimens of humanity I had ever become acquainted with. On the top of a misshapen trunk and extremities, nature seemed to have placed, for a head, a blighted, unhealthy-looking yellow pumpkin, with an enormous spongy excrescence projecting in front; the altitude of the whole animal had with difficulty attained five English feet, and nature—viewing the product as a whole, seemed in disgust to have dropped a large flat stone on that portion assigned to the moral and intellectual faculties, and which in its progress downwards grazed and turned aside the spongy mass originally intended for a snout which gave it the appearance of a swollen fist. The widow was a little lady, a very neat figure, and considerable bounce; she had then been a widow some half dozen years, and had honoured an equal number of boarding-houses with her presence during that time. She liked to seize upon

a new arrival for the mere gratification of inquiring how the Queen and the new Houses of Parliament were getting on, and to talk about the Thames tunnel, balloons, railways, and fancy balls, for she said it was her delight to hear of anything splendid about home, and with a pardonable vanity she endeavoured to impress my landlady with the belief that England was a Heaven upon earth, and the people all geniuses and angels.

The next in rotation is the doctor. Dr. Haudsiccer was a corpulent gentleman, about the middle stature, and some years gone on the descent of futurity; wore his hat cocked high on his head, sported an eye-glass, and was altogether rather foppishly inclined; seemed well initiated into the mysteries of making old things look new, and of the intrinsic value of ink when applied to the superior circumference and rim of the hat. Wellington boots were, in his estimation, a superfluous waste of vaccine matter; blucher boots, down to low shoes, were the articles of his adoption, with no objection to a patch; had been in the colony about thirty years, and having secured a few thousands by his profession, was then living on the interest at ease, but declared his willingness even then to sell his liberty to any widow, well cashed, not extravagant, and willing to live as *he* would wish her. A rare specimen of a nearly extinct genus was the doctor. I will return again to him directly. The last of the group was the young Dutch Africander. This youth was a clerk, but no common clerk was he—felt himself a man of considerable importance, walked with three fingers inserted in his vest, and looked as if half the weight of the colony rested on his shoulders,—the youth had never permitted Cape Town to sink below his horizon, yet felt as if he comprehended the whole globe.

I recollect well the many heart-burnings caused to the colonial-born when such situations a the one this gentleman had just by some new regulation obtained were filled by appointments from home; it was undoubtedly unjust, for surely education at the Cape was never at so low an ebb as to unfit it for the production of a mere clerk, and this was considered in those days the only situation a respectable youth here could aspire to. It has always been the practice to send those who were intended for any of what were called the three "learned professions" to Europe.

Attorneys, however, have been reared here in swarms, and it is not now considered necessary for churchmen or lawyers to study in Europe; perhaps it never was. But the scientific operator and physician must necessarily proceed there still, and more particularly for the study of civil engineering and

architecture, although the colonial youths now receive an education which enables them to compete in the higher branches with any other country whatsoever; and since the time I write of, a class of surveyors, for instance, has been produced in Cape Town, who will compete with any one of our more recent professional arrivals; and I know that amongst the latter are some who would quail to undergo the same examination by which the Cape students now qualify themselves for their professions.

It is very evident at the present day how much Cape Town has hitherto suffered from the want of educated professional architects; with one or two exceptions, a few plodding stone-masons and carpenters are all the Cape could boast of until lately; and these men have been dignified by the name of builders and architects by innocent people here, who had never yet been taught the meaning of the terms applied.

I recollect one of them who had helped in his turn to disfigure the town, being pointed out to me by the doctor as we strolled on the hill one day; we were sitting in the shade of a large rock admiring the bay and distant mountain scenery, when presently a figure was seen on the roof of one of the churches; the doctor, applying his glass, exclaimed,—"There, I told you so; I saw that man in our kirk on Sunday, and I never knew him to change his minister, and this is the third time, to my knowledge, but what there was either a new building in the wind or extensive alterations and repairs going on immediately afterwards; they call him Pious Pickens. I have read somewhere that religion is a profession that pays well, and certainly he has picked the good folks here to some purpose; the least thing serves him for a quarrel with his minister or congregation when his object for a change is ripe. One of his objections, if I remember, was the minister having a piano in his house, and his daughter having been heard to play a lively tune upon it.

"You wouldn't believe it, but really hypocrisy stalks rampant in this little town; and I must say I have found more of it amongst my own countrymen here than any other."

"Yes," said the doctor, still looking at him with his glass, "that's him, there is no mistaking that plain, ugly mouth, even at this distance; hypocrisy lurks in every wrinkle.

"But I must tell you a story about that man and his father, who was a second 'Holy Willie' in the parish near where I came from. He on the roof there was what they call in my country a pious, promising lad; at the time I allude to, at least, he had cunning enough to be considered so; but from causes which will transpire in my story, he was in bad grace

with the minister of the church in which his sire was an elder, and they say, by trade a weaver.

"This clergyman, who was in the habit of amusing himself on a large violoncello, chanced to be playing one evening when this spotless lad was passing, and knowing the horror with which such an act would be viewed by some of the parishioners, on the part of their minister, seized the opportunity of revenging himself by spreading the news. The first he met was his worthy sire, who was on his way to the village public-house, where he was in the habit of meeting a few others of the elect. On entering, he found his cronies already met, for he had spent some time listening at the window to what he termed 'the profane soonds o' a fiddle.'

"It was an unusual occurrence for him to be past his time, and each in their turn asked, with inquiring looks, the cause of his absence. John made no answer, but quietly seated himself down in the vacant chair, looked grave, turned down the corners of his large mouth, half closed his eyes, and shook his head. It was evident to his three companions that something of great importance was preying upon his mind, and each grew more anxious to learn the cause. Tam tried to rouse him, and filled him a glass of whisky. John stroked down his hair, looked graver still, took up the glass and swallowed the contents. 'Nu, John,' says Tam, 'laat's here the news; I never saw you look sae dowie since that jade Elspy brought the scandal on your son.' 'Whist,' John sharply replied; 'it's nae joke the news I hae to tell you. Wha ever heard the like? Laat's fill the stoup an' than yese hear.' John took another glass, and drawing himself up with intent to give full effect to his speech, related to his gaping hearers the following astounding news:

"'As we promised to be here the night an hoor sooner to drink our auld freend Benjey's health, I sent my auld wife Tib an' her daughter Kate hame, wi' the wab to the doctor, an' for fear I should forgather wi' them comin' hame, I gaed a' the way roond by the minister's manse, an' wha should I meet but my son comin' rinnin' to tell me he heard the soonds o' a fiddle there. I could nae believe my lugs, I stood stark still, an' then creepit warily up to the door and listened. Syne back to the window and through a chink, I seed our ane minister himsel' playin' awa upon a fiddle! Heigh me, my verra hair stood on end to see't, an' how I got this length the Lord whom I serve baith night and day alone can tell.'

"Here John felt that he had unburdened his soul, and applying again to the whisky, asked with a triumphant look, 'What they thought o' their minister nu, him that made my

son stand an open rebuke in the kirk? What do you think o' your minister nu?' again he repeated.

"The three worthies confessed that they never hard o' sic a thing, a minister o' the Scotch kirk to play on a fiddle, an' a seceder to! 'The warl's turnin' upside down, the thing maun be seen to; aye, seen to,' says John; 'it s'al be seen to, and will; I verily believe the Lord sent me roon by the manse this night on purpose to bring to light sic profanation! Saul played upon a harp, but never in a' my bible have I seen a fiddle; and by the morn's sun wee's visit him, an' ca' him to accoont. What say ye?' 'Agreed,' says Tam, 'an' laat's a' meet here, and start precees at ten. Gudewife, bring's in anither gill, and syne we'll hame and think on't.'

"The following day these worthy members met according to promise, and having primed themselves well with whisky, set out on their way to the manse, looking things unutterable.

"On their arrival they were ushered into the very room where stood the great profane instrument. 'See there,' said John, starting with well-feigned horror, 'there nu, will ye believe yer ane een?' And turning to the servant said, 'Tell yer maister, the elder o' the kirk an his freen's is here waitin' on him.' The girl disappeared in amazement, and presently the minister appeared, wondering why he was thus honoured with such an early visit.

"John made it appear to his three followers that they had up to this time been fighting zealously in the cause, as he had no doubt the God whom he served would consider it an insult to listen to the sounds produced by the dead entrails of a cat. Such a feeling as this raised them to the boiling point; it would have been pleasing to see these grovelling reptiles shrink on the entrance of the man whom they had so much abused; they who had but a minute before been boasting what they would do and what they would say to him, had not now a word to utter; even the 'godlike' creature John, scarce dared to speak,—his little soul felt its inferiority in presence of the one he wished so much to accuse; he felt his dignity, however, at stake as an elder, and fear of the others laying the whole of their present dilemma upon him, if he did not say something. At last he ventured to say to the minister that 'he had hard that he played upon a fiddle.' The minister perceiving at once their object, told them that he sometimes amused himself and family with the violoncello, and if they would be seated he would feel much pleasure in playing them a tune, although it was rather an untimely hour.

"The minister perceived with what amazement John and his companions viewed his coolness, but quietly proceeded to withdraw the green baize from off the instrument, and selecting one of Scotland's lively tunes, he soon dispelled the gloomy looks of his audience, and as the spiritual influence of the barley bree they had imbibed began to operate, Tam commenced beating time with his large hob-nailed shoes, and cracking his finger and thumb, confessed it was 'weel worth their while to lose a day's wark to come and hear sic a great muckle fiddle as that played, and thought it nae disgrace that their minister should play when he liked on sic a muckle, wiselike, sonsie looking fiddle.' Even John agreed that since it was na ane like the fiddle blind Geordy played, his conscience was satisfied, and he would gang hame pleased in the Lord that he had been the means o' siften't oot.

"The clergyman, by way of punishment, treated the creatures with civility, and politely passed them out at his door, from which they slunk with feelings not the most enviable back to the public-house, to finish the day like swine which they had commenced so much like asses."

THE ZAMBEZI MISSION.

Charles Frederick Mackenzie, "Bishop of the Mission to the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Lake Nyassa and the River Shire," was born on the 10th of April, 1825, and is now therefore, in the 36th year of his age. He is the seventh surviving son and youngest child of Colin Mackenzie, Esq., of Portmore, in Peebleshire, and of Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo. Bishop Mackenzie was born at Portmore, and remained there till his father's death at the end of the year 1830, when his mother removed to Edinburgh with her family. He was there sent to a day-school "to be grounded in English," and afterwards entered the Edinburgh Academy, where in former years the present Bishops of London and Rupert's Land, Professor Aytoun and other distinguished men received their education. In 1840, when he was 15, he went to an English school near Sunderland, called the Grange, of which Dr. Cavan was the head-master and proprietor. He remained there four years, and persuaded himself in after-life that the somewhat stern discipline of the place was of great use in forming his character and inducing a habit of content and a disregard of personal comfort,—qualities of mind and body

which he will probably have ample opportunities of cultivating yet more in the scene of his present labours. Mr. Mackenzie matriculated at Cambridge in October, 1844, first at St. John's College, "but finding that by the statutes no Scotchman could gain a Fellowship there," he migrated to Caius, and stood first at the examinations of the first and third years, second in the second year, and was second wrangler in 1848, the senior wrangler of that year being Mr. Todhunter, who had taken his M.A. degree at King's College, London, and then came to compete with Under Graduates at Cambridge, the first time such a circumstance occurred—though it has been repeated since. He also ranked equal with Mr. Barry, who was fourth wrangler, as second Smith's prize-man.

Having thus achieved distinction as a scholar, the period arrived when he had to choose his vocation. His great attainments, the popularity which he enjoyed, and the reputation he had won would doubtless have opened to him the highest honours and emoluments of the University if he had chosen to devote himself to teaching, and had aimed at a Professor's chair. But the early bias of his mind was in favour of the Church, and when a very small boy he had always expressed a wish to become a clergyman. His father's friendship and acquaintance with all the Scotch bishops, who maintained the same feeling for the family after his death, contributed to foster the sentiment, and a solemn blessing from the venerable Bishop Jolly—when he was about ten years old—made a great impression on his mind. On the other hand his talents were mathematical, and in that department of knowledge he had gained his laurels. He was also slow of speech, and could not hope for distinction as a preacher. He remained, however, true to his first impulse, and was ordained deacon in Ely Cathedral, and priest in the year following. He still continued to reside at Cambridge, and took pupils, but at the sacrifice of no small part of his income from such a source, he accepted the assistant curacy of Haslingfield, a village about six miles from Cambridge, where he is still revered and spoken of as an excellent and exemplary parish priest. During this period he was appointed Moderator at the University two years running, having been Examiner the year before.

But now came to the Priest and the Scholar that which comes in one shape or other to all men, the turning point of life. Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, arrived in England, and his sermons before the University stirred the depths of many an ardent mind. They were the moving power which

directed the energies of Mackenzie's mind to the missionary labours of the Church of England, and determined him to offer himself for the work. The same influence operated in a like manner on the mind of Sir John Pattison's distinguished son, who is soon going forth as missionary Bishop to the South Sea Islands from the Church in New Zealand. Mr. Mackenzie was induced by his family to refuse the offer made to him by the Bishop of Natal to go out with him as his Archdeacon, but his conscience was not satisfied, and when he ascertained that no one was found to fill the post, he in a few months offered himself and was immediately accepted. When his determination was known, Professor Whewell, a very competent authority, said, "I never grudged but one man to the Colonial Church, and that man is Mackenzie." Indeed, his influence and character were of great value to the University. In that famous school for men there was no better teacher. Strong in body as in intellect, he was the very life of the boat club, the members of which presented him with a piece of plate to mark their sense of his revival amongst them of what has not been inaptly called "Muscular Christianity." One who knows him well has described him to the writer as a man with the keenest appreciation of fun, which makes him the life of every party, while his principles and practice prevent this from ever degenerating into what is wrong or ill-natured. In 1855 he entered on his duties as Archdeacon of Pietermaritzburg, an office involving more of parochial superintendence than missionary work. Perhaps he might have been better appreciated had he been one of those who let their left hands know what their right hands do, for although the fact has not been stated by his family or himself, it is understood to be true that he spent nearly all his small patrimony in Church work in the Diocese of Natal. Amongst those who knew him, he won the honourable name of "our good Archdeacon," and it is pleasant to find by recent accounts from Natal, that on his visit there *en route* to the Zambezi, he was received with an esteem amounting to affection, proving that all misunderstanding had passed away. It was in 1859 that he returned to England on a visit, and on the 2nd November of that year was asked to head the Zambezi Mission. As the facts connected with that movement are very interesting, and may hereafter belong to history, the following narrative of them is now given.

Undoubtedly the moving spirit of missionary labours for Central Africa has been the venerable Robert Moffat. The station at Kuruman has been the fountain and source of the

work now in progress. It was from thence, in 1853, after many previous years of preparation that Dr. Livingstone started on that famous journey of exploration to the West coast, and thence across the continent to the East coast, a journey so pregnant with results of the highest interest, and likely to influence so largely the condition of a Continent and the fortunes of one of the great races of mankind. The account of that four years' journey, during which the Doctor nearly forgot his own language, will be found in the work he has since published. The limits of this paper preclude a more particular account of it now. He arrived in England on the 12th December, 1856. He left again in March, 1858. The interval was well employed. Besides the publication of his famous book he lectured many times in public, was received with the highest distinction at the Universities and by the great learned Societies of London, and availed himself of the awakened interest in favour of missions, to direct some of its energy towards Central Africa. In a lecture delivered in the Senate House at Cambridge on Friday, 4th December, 1857, Dr. Philpotts then Master of St. Catherine's College and Vice Chancellor, the recently appointed Bishop of Worcester, being in the chair, Dr. Livingstone spoke plainly and eloquently thus:

> The sort of men who are wanted for missionaries are such as I see before me; men of education, standing, enterprise, zeal, and piety. It is a mistake to suppose that anyone, as long as he is pious, will do for this office. Pioneers in everything should be the ablest and best qualified men, not those of small ability and education. This remark especially applies to the first teachers of Christian truth in regions which may never have before been blest with the name and Gospel of Jesus Christ. In the early ages the monasteries were the schools of Europe, and the monks were not ashamed to hold the plough. The missionaries now take the place of those noble men, and we should not hesitate to give up the small luxuries of life in order to carry knowledge and truth to them that are in darkness. I hope that many of those whom I now address will embrace that honourable career Education has been given us from above for the purpose of bringing to the benighted the knowledge of a Saviour. If you knew the satisfaction of performing such a duty, as well as the gratitude to God which the missionary must always feel, in being chosen for so noble, so sacred a calling, you would have no hesitation in embracing it.

These words did not fall in vain on ears that had listened to the eloquence of Selwyn, and hearts that were yearning to carry out his suggestions; and still the aged scholars and the sanguine youth of the venerable University remember and repeat the great Traveller's concluding words:

> I beg to direct your attention to Africa. I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be

shut up again! I go back to Africa to try and make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. I LEAVE IT WITH YOU!

It was towards the close of the following year that the Bishop of Cape Town, then in England, visited Cambridge, and found that Dr. Livingstone had made an abiding impression on the mind of the place. His Lordship was just the man to give a practical direction to the generous enthusiasm which sought for it, and although his own visit had been to enlist the sympathies of the University in favour of the work to be done in his own Diocese, he at once offered to forego his claims in favour of a mission to Central Africa. The work of organizing it was now taken up by two other distinguished men. Lord Brougham, reverting to the labours of his youth, eagerly advocated the effort as a means for arresting the slave trade, and with the son of Wilberforce, the present celebrated Bishop of Oxford, undertook to convince the centres of commerce—Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool—that the interests of Commerce and Religion are one. How well they succeeded need not be re-told; the following extract from the Bishop's speech before 4,000 persons at Manchester, indicates the general arguments in which the views of Livingstone are interwoven and clearly told:

I have brought my argument, said the Bishop of Oxford, you see, down to this, that it is our bounden duty, as a religious matter, to undo the evil the slave trade has inflicted, by introducing civilization and lawful commerce; and now I have shown you, from the evidence of Dr. Livingstone, who has gone out there upon this noble embassy, that he believes the sending out of a Christian mission there—the settling there some point of civilization and religion as Sierra Leone, upon the West coast, is *the* condition for restoring a lawful commerce in sugar, and in cotton, to that great eastern part of Africa. I will give you another sentence in another letter of his, because it is even more to the point. The letter was written from Tete, and was dated 15th July: "I am becoming more and more convinced that a small English colony in the high lands of Africa is indispensable to the working out of her civilization, and producing a sensible effect on American slavery, and I lately ventured to tell Lord Malmesbury so. Should my wish ever be realized, I meant and would apply to you for a clergyman. I did not soar so high as a bishop, but I believe in you the length of a clergyman. I would have the Church to be the first building. A colony of Germans is on its way out here, with a lot of Portuguese; were they Englishmen, with their religious institutions along with them, slavery in this region would be an impossibility. I have more confidence in my countrymen and countrywomen than any other people under the sun." Then he adds these most touching words: "I think we are making the way safe for our countrymen. I hope the Lord will accept our service, and bless it, so that we may be a blessing both to Africa and to England. I long very greatly to see the way open for the help of the English poor, as well as that of the native African.'

The result of this remarkable effort was a pecuniary contribution of sufficient amount to inaugurate the enterprise, and, as the Cape colonists will remember, Bishop Mackenzie was consecrated for this work on the first day of the present year, in the Cathedral Church of Cape Town, by the Metropolitan Bishop, assisted by the Bishops of Natal and St. Helena.

The occasion will be long remembered and also the series of meetings to which it gave rise. At the first of these Sir George Grey presided, and gave one of those lucid addresses which are characteristic of him. Bishop, or as he was then still, Archdeacon Mackenzie created a very favourable impression by his simple, earnest, natural eloquence. Two other meetings were subsequently held, at the first of which the Bishops of Cape Town, Natal, and St. Helena gave each an account of the mission work of their respective dioceses; and subsequently, at an evening meeting the Bishop of Graham's Town gave a similar account of the mission work in his diocese, and the Bishop of St. Helena addressed the same meeting on the missionary labours of the Church of England throughout the world. The Admiralty having offered facilities for landing the members of the mission on the coast near the scene of their intended operations, Bishop Mackenzie embarked on board H. M. S. S. *Lyra*, Capt. Oldfield, Commander, on the 9th January, and after a brief visit to Natal, proceeded on his journey. The *Sidon* and *Pioneer* preceded him, and the whole party have probably by this time reached their destination.

It remains only to attempt a brief description of the locality which is to be the scene of their labours. From the Zambezi mouth on the eastern coast of Africa to its junction with the Shire to the north-west, is a distance of 150 miles. Thence the Shire flows in a northerly direction to the west, and not to the east of the Morambala Mountains, as is wrongly shown upon the maps. "The Shire passes through a rich valley a hundred miles long and twenty or thirty broad." It is most fertile and will grow immense quantities of sugar cane, cotton, indigo, corn, fruits, &c. "There are three terraces on the East of the Shire which gradually terminate in the summit of Zomba. The lowest of these terraces is 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is like the valley of the Nile at Cairo. The second terrace is 2000 feet high, being three miles wide. The third terrace is 3000 feet high, from which Zomba towers nearly 8000 feet in altitude from a base 20 miles in extent." Dr. Livingstone's own description of the district is as follows:

Our own experience in the high lands between the Shire and Lake Shirwa during twenty four days, when we were exposed in the morning

hours to the dew from the long grass, continuing the march without interruption throughout the remainder of the day, over rough country, under the tropical sun, and then sleeping in the open air, and yet enjoying perfect health, as did also the natives who were with us, shows clearly that there exists within a short distance of the coast a healthy region well suited for the residence of Europeans.

This region is elevated above the level of the sea from 3000 to 4000 feet, and shut off from the coast lands by the range of high mountains to the east of Lake Shirwa. It is of easy access by the Shire, which flows at the foot of the hills, and is navigable the whole distance. To the north, the southern extremity of a chain of lakes, which extend far into the interior of the continent, reach within thirty miles of the river Shire. This elevated region may be looked on as the entrance, by means of these inland seas, to a great part of Central Africa, cut off hitherto from communication with European nations by the unhealthy lands which bound the coast.

Here in regions said to be "surpassingly fertile, having delicious rills of running water," the Christian missionaries will pitch their tents, and in the land of the Patriarchs begin anew the Patriarchal life. A few words respecting the races of the country and the *personnel* of the mission must complete what can now be said about it.

On the eastern side of Africa, from Natal up to the southern banks of the Zambezi, the Zulus present themselves as the prevailing or conquering race. Moselekatze, chief of the Matebeli, is of Zulu descent. To the west we find the Makololo tribe of Bechuana, once under Sebituana, who receives such honourable mention in Dr. Livingstone's account of his earlier travels, but now under Sekeletu, the chief who provided Livingstone with men and means, first for his western and afterwards more liberally for his explorations to the eastern coast. The prevailing race has conquered the Batoka, the Banyeti, and the Baretze. These circumstances are important because they indicate a coming unity among the African peoples, which in the matter of language also will greatly simplify the missionary work now fairly begun amongst them. The prevailing dialect on the east is that of the Zulus, and the researches and labours of the present Bishop of Natal will probably supply a written language and literature to all these tribes from Natal to the Zambezi. The languages spoken more to the west of the continent are all dialects of the Sechuana tongue, which is the language of the Bechuana people. Mr. Moffat's translations of the Scriptures into Sechuana has already effected for these races what is now being done at Natal for the Zulu tribes. The people and the tongue found about the latitude just described are the Mozambique, or rather of the people which in the Cape Colony are known by that name, a race bearing more than most others traces of the

true Negro type. On the Zambezi, but still on its southern banks, are the Portuguese towns of Senna and Tete, and in the country around them there has naturally been introduced a Portuguese *patois*, bearing a similar relation to the true Portuguese and to the native tongues that Cape Dutch bears to the language of Holland. It is in the comparatively unknown country northward of all these, in the regions beyond the Zambezi and just before described, where lies Bishop Mackenzie's mission field, and here we find traces of a tribe and of a language distinct from the others, and indicating the existence of a different race and people. The Maganji, the Maravi, and other languages appear to be dialects of the Makoa, and the hope seems to be well founded that this language of the Makoas extends up the valley of the Shire to the Lakes upon whose still waters commerce now seeks to find a path, amidst whose silent recesses religion is to raise her voice, and to whose people has now been sent the glad tidings of great joy. It will thus be seen that the missionary enterprises afloat are each proceeding on a settled plan, and that great fields are open, by means of three languages and three races, each tending to a common centre,—the Bechuana, the Zulu, and the Makoa.

The arrangements of the mission have been made with a view to the circumstances thus narrated. A description of the persons engaged in it will show this. The *Sidon* took up Henry Job, a liberated African, a native of Senna, and Apollos Rapore, a native of Tete or Nywunge. In the *Pioneer* went Joseph Antonie, who came originally from Senna, but who speaks the language of the Makoas, and also the broken Portuguese dialect which prevails in those parts. In the *Lyra*, with the Bishop, went up Charles Thomas and William Ruby, both of whom are Makoas and well acquainted with the language. A letter from the former of these last-named two has been received by his wife in Cape Town. It shows him to be a man of great intelligence and very earnest feeling. Indeed, one of the most encouraging features of the undertaking is the interest felt in it by the Africans themselves to whom it has been made known. All the persons named so far are volunteers from Cape Town, selected from a larger number who offered themselves from the English Mission Church Congregation in this city, under the Rev. T. F. Lightfoot's charge. One other liberated African, Lorenzo Thompson, said to be also a remarkable man, has since proceeded to join the party, and will, for the present, complete the native staff. Of Europeans, there is the Bishop, himself a host, the Rever-

ends L. J. Proctor, H. C. Scudamore, and W. Rowley, Horace Waller, Esq., lay superintendent, S. A. Gamble, a carpenter, and J. Adams, a labourer. A doctor and some others are to follow.

To every known people in this world there has come a time when a light has shone upon their darkness. The star of Africa has risen late, but the children of the soil seem themselves to be conscious of its dawning. In that also may be discerned a sign of hope. Impressions go before facts. Amongst the Makololo it is said that when they speak of an Englishman they call him a Makoa. It was some such presentiment that once filled the minds of the ill-fated children of Anahuac. May a happier destiny await the sons of Africa, and the highest blessings of civilization follow in the train of those who are now seeking with the light of truth to dispel the darkness of ages, and to bear to the most neglected and oppressed of the children of Adam the message of Peace!

THE WORCESTER EXHIBITION.

BY R. W. M.

SINCE last month's number was issued the Worcester exhibition has taken place; the committee and the judges have returned to their own homes, and are settled down to the regular routine of business, and the farmers who were present are, many of them, cogitating upon what they saw and heard during the three days the exhibition was open. It is for us now to review the proceedings, with a view to ascertain the exact results of the exhibition, as nearly as possible, in order to see what improvements can be devised for the carrying on of further operations. There are two questions which present themselves. The first is, "Was the exhibition completely successful?" And the other, "Is it probable that the results will compensate us for the expenditure?" To the first I answer "no," and to the latter "yes."

I do not say "no" to the former because the promises made by those who urgently demanded that the exhibition should take place at Worcester were not fulfilled, for I never, from the first moment, expected that the magnificent plans which were unfolded to the Western Committee could or would be acted upon. It is not, therefore, by contrasting the show itself with the show that was promised us that I arrive at the conclusion that it was not nearly so successful as it

might have been, but by contrasting the small amount of produce and stock exhibited with the large amount in the district; by contrasting what was done by the few who did take an interest in the exhibition with what was left undone by the many who exhibited no interest in it whatever.

Take, for instance, fruits to commence with. Those which were exhibited were, by very far, the finest I ever saw in any part of the world. But the exhibitors were nearly all members of the same family, and very few in number; whilst there is scarcely a person in Worcester but has a garden with a superabundance of fruit trees in it. The wines were delicious, as the judges pointed out, but there were not more than five or six exhibitors, although there was a good array of half aums. The cereals called forth unqualified praise from the judges for the quality, but the quantity was very small; and so with everything.

In the poultry tent there were but two pairs of ducks, whilst, swimming about in the streams which run through the town, there were hundreds of fine plump birds. The horses were by no means up to the mark, and those who know the district best assure us that the animals exhibited were far from being the best that could have been produced.

There is not a person acquainted with the district but affirms that there was not one tithe of the produce sent for exhibition that there might have been; and no one who has travelled through the district will deny that if the people of Worcester had united to do their very best during the twelve months they have had to prepare for the exhibition, they could, without difficulty, have grown ten times the quantity of fine vegetables of every variety.

I will not upbraid them with having neglected to provide a crop of wheat for reaping, although they pledged themselves to do so, for I believe that when they told the Western Committee that reaping, ploughing, and threshing could all take place upon the same spot during the months of January and February, they believed that to be the case. And I have the very best reason for not doubting that Mr. de Wet, of Brandt Vley, did his best to enable the Worcester Committee to keep faith with the Western Committee. The fact is that wheat cannot be grown out of season in Worcester any more than it can in any other part of the colony, and I am inclined to think that if farmers residing at a very great distance from Cape Town are to be taught the use of reaping machines it must be done in a very different way from that hitherto attempted. But of that more anon. I think I have shown plainly enough that the exhibition was not

nearly so successful as it might easily have been made if the inhabitants of Worcester had exerted themselves; but whilst I assert this I do stoutly maintain that both the Country and the District will be well repaid for the outlay.

There is no doubt whatever in my mind that the exhibition of dried fruits created a good deal of astonishment in the minds of the exporters who were present, and there were several there who are deeply interested in this branch of trade, and who are already turning what they saw over in their mind, with a view to profit. And of wines the same may be said. The judges of wines reported that the samples exhibited far surpassed the wines grown in any other district in the colony, and they have recommended the Parent Society to assist in making this known. The fruits and wines which obtained the prize will shortly, if it is not already done, be submitted to the merchants who assemble at the Chamber of Commerce in Cape Town. They are far too deeply interested in the increase of these valuable exports to permit the occasion to pass over unimproved. The Cape merchant may exhibit but little interest in agricultural gatherings, especially when they take place a hundred miles away from his residence and place of business; but he is by far too shrewd a man, too much alive to his own interests when he sees an opportunity of adding to the export trade of the colony to neglect it. It may be that rivalry prevents the merchants from acting together as one body, having a common object and a common interest in the general improvement of the colony, and it is quite possible that when the prize wines and the prize fruits are submitted to them at the Chamber of Commerce no definite resolution will be arrived at; but Worcester may rely upon it that many of the merchants who are present will resolve in their own minds, each one for himself, upon a course which they will not be long in following up. The tons and tons of fruit which have hitherto been allowed to drop from the trees and rot where they have fallen will not be permitted to do so much longer. When it is found that the Worcester wines can with ease be made to equal those which are highly prized at home, and can with a very little labour and expense be so improved as to wipe away the reproach which attaches to "Cape," the wine-merchants of Cape Town will soon find their way to Worcester, and offer such inducements as will make the wine-growers of that district improve the culture of their vines and the character of their wines. If this alone results from the exhibition, Worcester will soon get a liberal return for the five hundred pounds expended on the exhibition.

But this is not all. Worcester, Ceres, and the Bokkeveldts could together grow enough of the finest wheat in the world to supply all the Western Province with bread, and to spare. Hitherto, owing to bad roads, scarcity of labour, and such like, little has been attempted by any of the farmers beyond growing enough for their own use. Ignorant of the value of machines, they have been compelled to rely upon a scantily-supplied labour market, and there has been little to induce them to cultivate their wheat lands to any very great extent. Those who know best what the country requires have all along said that they set more value upon that part of the exhibition which pertains to machinery than to all the rest put together. It is unquestionably of vital importance that machinery should be brought into use in all our agricultural districts. I might, if it were necessary to convince the readers of this periodical that agricultural machinery is calculated to enrich the colony beyond any other machinery that can be brought into it, bring forward no end of proof. But this is unnecessary. All whom I am addressing are fully alive to the advantages to be derived from the employment of machinery, and all are desirous of making the farmer feel and understand this as clearly as we do ourselves. The exhibition of machinery at Worcester was certainly most successful, and there could not have been less than three hundred farmers present, all of whom looked on with intense interest whilst the implements and machinery were at work, and all agreed that they could not have believed that machinery could be worked with such astonishing ease and certainty.

The farmers were shown how to plough upon the most economic and best principles; they were taught the use of the harrow, and saw with their own eyes as much threshing done in twenty minutes as they could have performed in half a day by the old process. Drainage pipes capable of taking the water off swampy lands and of conveying water to irrigate dry lands were made before their eyes, and with the work so clearly demonstrated as it was by Mr. Robert Hare, the dullest man amongst them could not fail to understand how essential it is that these great improvements shall be adopted. One threshing machine and a quantity of implements and machinery were purchased upon the spot. Farmers who have not yet commenced to employ machine labour will, seeing their neighbours' improvements, take example by them, and before long we shall see Worcester reaping rich fruits from the little seed which the Western Committee and the Branch Society have sown.

Objections have been taken by those whose business it is to be critical to many parts of the proceedings. It is to be expected that these young attempts at agricultural improvement will stubbornly refuse to spring into perfection all at once. You cannot expect the Western Province Committee's exhibition to excel the exhibitions of the Royal Agricultural Society of England or those of the Highland Society of Scotland, which it might do without being perfect or giving complete satisfaction to every one. With all the skill, helps, and means at the command of these institutions they are still far from perfect. There are many obstacles to be surmounted here which are altogether unknown to the abovementioned societies, and it is therefore not so remarkable that our agricultural societies have done so little within the last few years, but that they have done so much. It is a great thing to set the ball a-rolling, and all who have had a share in the work may, although it has cost a good deal of money and much effort, congratulate themselves that this has at last been done. If others will come in and help there will be no difficulty in keeping it going at a good rate. The help needed is increased means and good, practical suggestions. Men capable of taking a common-sense view of matters, who know the country and its requirements, who have a knowledge of practical farming, who are less given to "crotchets" than to work, are the kind of helpers needed. We want such men, when an exhibition is about to take place, to be upon the spot in their shirt-sleeves, hammering, hoisting, and giving orders. There are already a sufficient number in the field who can write and explain; we want others to carry out the suggestions which have been written down and flung into our faces, and to help us to remove causes of complaint. Those who have taken the most active part in doing what has been done are well aware of shortcomings, and are willing to accept the aid of any person who will help to make them fewer.

In reference to the Worcester exhibition, both committees may assure themselves that they have not laboured in vain.

In reference to future operations, it would be well, I think, if another meeting of delegates from the country were called early in the next session of Parliament; and if Parliament itself, before granting further sums, would appoint a committee to ascertain how its previous grants have been expended, and whether they have stimulated local effort. It would be more satisfactory to all parties if Parliament were to make itself thoroughly acquainted with the proceedings of the societies and their exact position. Parliament

will, I think, be surprised when it learns how extensive the operations of the society have been, although I am not one of the number who suppose that the relationship existing between the branches and the Western Province Committee is exactly what it should be.

IRRIGATION.

When, a year or two ago, I read a couple of lectures on Cape Agriculture, at the Mechanics' Institute, I was so well aware of the plausibility that would attach to any argument against each theory I might propose or advocate—if such argument were backed by the question "Have you put it in practice and succeeded?"—that I took care to quote Shakspeare as a preventive, and knowing that even a practical farmer of near thirty years' standing may be put down as a mere theorist, I made use of the experienced debater's old ruse of perfectly agreeing with the prejudices of my audience at the outset, by quoting the French fable of the "Two Gardeners;" but, as I was told that not a dozen present understood the verses in the original, they were not published at the time—and not being quite certain whether, even amongst the poetical contributors to the *Swellendam Courant*, an apt translator could be found, I may, perhaps, be allowed to quote them again:

"Deux frères jardiniers, avaient par héritage
Un jardin dont chacun cultivait la moitié;
Liés d'une étroite amitié,
Ensemble ils faisaient leur ménage.
L'un d'eux, appelé Jean, bel esprit, beau parleur,
Se croyait un tres grand docteur;
Et Monsieur Jean passait sa vie
A lire l'almanach, à regarder le temps
Et la girouette et les vents.

"Bientôt, donnant l'essor à son rare génie,
Il voulut découvrir comment d'un pois tout seul
Des milliers de pois peuvent sortir se vite;
Pourquoi la graine du tilleul,
Qui produit un grand arbre, est pourtant plus petite
Que la fêve, qui meurt a deux pieds du terrain;
Enfin par quel secret mystère
Cette fêve, qu 'on sème au hasard sur la terre,
Sait se retourner dans son sein,
Place en bas sa racine, et pousse en haut sa tige.

"Tandis quil rève et quil s'afflige
De ne point pénétrer ces importants secrets,
Il n'arrose point son marais;

Les épinards et sa laitue
Sèchent sur pied ; le vent du nord lui tue
Ses figuiers quil ne couvre pas.
Point de fruits au marché, point d'argent dans la bourse
Et le pauvre docteur, avec ses almanachs,
N'a que son frère pour ressource.
Celui-ci, dès le grand matin
Travallait en chantant quelque joyeux refrain,
Bêchait, arrosait tout ; du pêcher à l'oseille,
Sur ce quil ignorait sans vouloir discourir,
Il semait bonnement pour pouvoir recueillir.
Aussi dans son terrain, tout venait a merveille :
Il avail des écus, des fruits et du plaesir.
Ce fut lui qui nourrit son frère ;
Et quand Monsieur Jean tout surpris
S'en vint lui demander comment il savait faire :
Mon ami, lui dit-il, voici tout le mystère :
Je travaille, et tu réfléchis ;
Lequel rapporte d'avantage ?
Tu te tourmentes, je jouis ;
Qui de nous deux est le plus sage ?"

And now, having eased my mind so far, I proceed again to urge upon my fellow-colonists the absolute necessity of turning their utmost attention to the question of *Irrigation.*

I do not claim to be the first who has been impressed with the importance of the subject. Von Buchenröder published a work, in which he speaks of irrigating land, and growing lucerne, &c., as food for live-stock. He came out here as the agent of Baron von Hogendorp, a wealthy and enterprising Hollander, who was about to carry out some schemes on an extensive scale for the colonization of the Cape and the improvement of our agriculture, just previous to the capture of the colony in 1806.

During the ephemeral appearance of the *South African Agricultural News*, in 1849, I published my ideas about it. The late Mr. Bergh, of George, wrote me a long letter at that time, and fearing that his plan might be considered extravagant even by such a dreamer as myself, he added, "You may say, *Bergh, gy raast*, or Bergh, you are stark mad ; but depend upon it, what I say of the capabilities of the Olifant's River is sober truth."

Mr. Laws, the late member for George, tried to urge some measures upon the Parliament, and spoke of a right of passage for aqueducts and laws to regulate the distribution of common streams ; but good, honest man, like most others, he seems soon to have found out the utter hopelessness of isolated individual attempts at legislation of this sort.

Mr. Fairbairn, during the session before last, mooted the question ; being, however, not only unsupported by practical

men of the Assembly, but, I am afraid, met with *dry* sarcasm even by people from Graaff-Reinet and Port Elizabeth, he, nevertheless, persevered, and got something done. Unfortunately, the investigation set on foot included canal navigation, which, in my opinion, may as well be abandoned, seeing that canals are in the most favourable situations everywhere superseded by railroads; but had the practical men of the Assembly, and those possessed of local knowledge, aided Mr. Fairbairn with their advice, they would have found in him the man to lay down great principles to guide them, which, on the other hand, their acquaintance with the soil, climate, position and extent of fruitful soil, as well as position of our *oases*, would have enabled them to turn to the advantage of the country. I dare say the same language might have been used in Mr. Fairbairn's case that I have alluded to at the commencement of this paper, and it might have been asked, "How is it that he has not made his fortune by irrigation, if he is so sure that it will pay!" But now Mr. Molteno (who certainly is no wild schemer) has taken the thing in hand, and I wish him success with all my heart.

Mr. Fletcher's survey of the Olifant's River (west) was so far a failure that it unnecessarily went into minute calculations, which cost an immense deal of time and labour, without adequate immediate practical utility; but that gentleman's report clearly shows that he is the right man for the task—and from what I know of him I am convinced he is; but he tells me he had no option, he was obliged to obey orders and do the work as required of him. Now, if a man like Mr. Fletcher could be permanently employed by the Government; and if he were instructed to proceed to one district after another, consulting with the divisional councils; if he were instructed to take a rough survey of the country—form rough skeleton maps, showing the quantity of land capable of being irrigated, the value of the land now and its probable value when put under water—extent of works required, and so on; his salary would be the lightest burthen the colony would have to bear.

To take an example from my own neighbourhood, and the country adjacent, of which I know more than of other parts of the colony, and which may form a sort of guide or explanation of my meaning—the mountain chain from Tulbagh to George pours out into the Breede River and the sea innumerable tributary streams and rivers, such as the Hex, Hope, Klip, Koornland, Buffeljagts, Duivenhoks, Kafferkuils, and others, with their feeders. Between the sources of

these rivers and their mouths, there is sufficient fall to enable them to be diverted from their present courses, so as to be above the level of all the intervening range of country. Most of the land is exceedingly fruitful, and capable of producing two crops in the year, if well watered. Many of these streams and rivers are permanent; but even those that are not, can be usefully applied to soak the soil in winter and spring (that is from July to September), for grain crops or for summer pasture lands. When I speak of an approximate calculation of the land capable of irrigation, I mean such a survey as is, I believe, sometimes made in India—that is, the surveyor is allowed to be *out* a certain per centage; his diagram would not have to go through Mr. Marquard's hands, and yet, if he were *out* twenty-five acres in every hundred, either one way or the other, there would still be data sufficient to enable the public to judge whether further and more minute calculations should be made. And as to the engineering expenses and the probable outlay on embankments, I see no reason why, after such preliminary surveys, either a company, or where practicable, one or more private proprietors should not advertise and get such work done by contract. In a very short time proper men, and capitalists to back them, would be found, if not in the colony, certainly in Europe. All I want the Government to do is to *initiate*—to give such general information as single individuals cannot be expected to incur the expense to obtain.

The range of country I have mentioned is some three hundred miles in length, and about twenty-five broad, on the average. The greatest portion of it has within these last two or three years suffered so severely from drought that forage, milk, meat, and bread have been at famine prices. From Swellendam to George the whole country is within an average distance of thirty miles from the coast, where there are three good harbours. And from Worcester to Port Beaufort a railroad could be made, or the river made partly navigable. A railroad from Worcester to Wellington, we are told, is already talked of; carriage, therefore, to a harbour would be *no obstacle whatever*. Provided the 10,000 square miles, or thereabouts, or even the one hundredth part of this territory could be irrigated, and produce raised at one fifth the present prices,—that will be the time for extending railway communication and steamers along the coast,—then you may absorb any number of European emigrants permanently, for they would gradually settle down as cultivators of small plots of ground. Let as much money

be spent, after mature planning and deliberate previous investigation, as is to be spent on the breakwater and the Wellington railroad, and I venture to predict that you may leave such undertakings to private speculation in future, without Government guarantee.

I have only spoken of one part of the colony as a sample. I would send the Government surveyor to whatever spot the divisional councils, municipalities, or similar bodies wished the Governor to send him—of course, due care being taken that such demands be not made under frivolous pretences. I would send the Government *Irrigation Surveyor* to the head of the Zonder End River, and try where he would get to with his level, and what portion of the map of Caledon or Swellendam he would embrace. 100,000 square miles are equal to—I dare not say how many acres: let the College boys cipher it out. I never could manage figures, and recollect making a tremendous mess of it when I was going to show that Captain Pilkington's statistics of traffic on the proposed railway line as obtained at the toll-bar were erroneous. I could not prove it by figures at all, although I am certain to this day that I was perfectly right, at any rate, as to the result. I leave it, therefore, to others to calculate how many acres I have been speaking of, whilst without such a survey as above mentioned it would be all guess-work what portion could be made available for irrigation. That throughout the colony thousands upon thousands of acres of most productive soil, favoured (in everything but regular periodical rain-falls) with the most genial climate, would be raised from one to two or three thousand per cent above its present value, any experienced man will at once admit, if the question be honestly, fairly, and plainly put to him. But to give an instance to those who are not acquainted with these things:

The village of Montagu raised a year or two ago about £3,000 worth of produce annually, principally wine. I fear the *oïdium* will for a time make a sad difference in this estimate; but I am not sure that wheat-growing would not pay equally well. Take away the stream which now enables the inhabitants to raise this produce, and what would become of Montagu. Why, to compare small things with great, a second *Nineveh*, where 120,000 did not know their right hand from their left—in fact, a large dorp with a water-erf to every Assyrian inhabitant. But how was Nineveh so fruitful then, and how has it become a desert and only habitable by a few wandering Arab hordes since. The mound or dam across the Tigris, constructed thousands

of years ago, and which, even in its decayed state, nearly prevented Layard from rafting *the Bull* down, is no longer perfect; that is the only reason *irrigation ceased.* And why it ceased let theologians, moral philosophers, and political economists explain; it is not in our province. Well, Montagu is not the only example: there are hundreds. A striking one, for instance, is the private village of "Schoemansdorp," at the confluence of the Dwyka and Ghamka, in the George district.

An acre of the best soil, properly irrigated, will produce 2,000 oatsheaves. Let us call this £10: double it for the value of a second crop of mealies, &c., say £20. Allow £5 for working such an acre, and you have £15, which is the interest of £250, or double the expense of tillage (which anyone who knows what it costs to plough and reap an acre of ground, and even to lead water on it half a dozen times a year, will admit to be enormous), and we have £10, or the interest of £160; so that if an acre of ground, of the description I have mentioned, be calculated as worth only £50, surely it looks as if we were keeping within bounds. Now, is it not worth while to discover, if possible, whether there are not many such acres, perhaps hundreds of thousands of them, which, in their present state, are not worth twenty shillings. I am talking words of *sober reason.* Let those who deny it point out where the error is; and let those who pride themselves in being well acquainted with Cocker, multiply by fifty all the land which the future surveyors, aided by the divisional councils, shall declare capable of being so brought to perfection, and that will show us to what extent we can go in borrowing money or inviting capitalists to invest for the purpose of great works with a view to extensive irrigation.

Anyone who travels from Worcester to George in winter, or more correctly in a wet season, will constantly perceive torrents falling from every kloof along the mountain side; he will have to cross many a river by means of bridges or boats. All this water runs into the sea; and our traveller need not be very intimately acquainted with our agriculture and with the nature of the soil to be convinced that there are on his route many spots and little *oases* where everything grows most luxuriantly. He will next find that generally this is not owing to greater natural fertility in the soil of those localities, but merely because they had the advantage of a more permanent supply of water streams, without any artificial husbandry of that element.

In fact, let such a traveller make inquiries as he goes along, and he will find that a muid of oats in these dry

seasons has given a return of 2,000 sheaves, whilst all around on as good ground no crop at all has been reaped. He may next ask the price of such a village erf, without buildings, and bought solely for cultivation, and that of an equal amount of dry land, *ceteris paribus*, in the immediate neighbourhood, and form his own conclusions.

The most formidable objection I have heard made by sensible and practical men was, that most of these rivers and mountain streams only overflow when it rains, and when, of course, irrigation is less required. Admitted; still there are two considerations well worth weighing. First, that with slight showers in the plains, not sufficient in many cases to keep a crop from parching, the mountains intercept the aqueous clouds which could be led over these plains, but which now escape through deep channels into the ocean

Again, admitting that during the two or three days following a good general rain, such irrigation may not be so urgently required, what an immense deal would be gained by leading this water on to the ground and allowing it to soak well in whenever it will do so. Let the villages begin—Robertson, Swellendam, Heidelberg, Riversdale, &c., are favourably situated, and only require joint efforts. Others will occur to the reader. A commencement should be made and an example set by the most populous portions of a district. The effect of a four days' rain in September or October is seen in January and February; and why should not the effect of a thorough soaking by artificial inundation be equally beneficial, or nearly so? Besides, you have kloofs and excellent positions for tanks everywhere.

If an acre of land can be made to produce 2,000 oat-sheaves, and as much in nourishment from a second crop within the year, it will maintain three cows well. Say you get 300 lbs. of butter from three cows well-fed in this way. Allow the butter-milk and pigs reared on it to pay the dairy management and expense of cultivating this acre of ground, we could afford to sell the butter at 9d. the pound, which would be £12, or the interest of £200; deduct one fourth, or interest of £50 for capital in cows and wear and tear, and you have still the interest of £150; so that here again reducing the sum to one third, as I did just now, we have the acre worth £50; but I contend that by laying down the land as pasture, with plenty of water, and such a climate as ours, more than three cows could be kept.

In the *Magazine* for May, 1857, I published an extract from Baird's work; and though it may look like vanity, I do not refer to it again because I think there was anything very

original in my observations; but I do take credit to myself for having endeavoured to save others interested a great deal of labour and time, by arranging and extracting only such portions as were applicable to this colony and of interest to our agriculturists. What I intended to say, however, was that in those extracts it will be found that one acre of *Marcite* meadow (which must require more manure than any other land) was fully supplied by the manure of *three* pigs. When we come to irrigate extensively, manure will have to be manufactured and husbanded. The excrements in villages and towns with populations varying from 2,000 to 30,000 inhabitants will be found worth economizing.

After all, it will be said, admitting all your theories to be very fine on paper, and allowing that the butter looks tempting, and the whole conception very grand indeed, what are the practical schemes you would recommend in order to make a beginning?

I would repeat what I have already recommended: get the rough or running surveys—or whatever your scientific people call it—made at the expense of the colony. Encourage the rural municipalities to employ engineering skill of the highest order, and to make attempts on a considerable scale. Let the Government advance them money on loan, to be repaid out of municipal grounds, probably to be reclaimed or much increased in value by these improvements.

Enact laws to give enterprising individuals, or companies, a right of way for their aqueducts.

And let the Government, by its general approbation and support, show the capitalists in England that it does not consider such schemes quite visionary; for though you and I will not live to see it, there are vast tracts of barren desert in South Africa, unfitted to maintain anything but a very sparse, and therefore uncivilized population, which may become a perfect garden, capable of producing the fruit and grain of almost every land, and blessed with a climate where malaria and fevers are unknown. There the population would soon increase and multiply, in some places thirty-fold, in some sixty, and in some one hundred-fold.

I am afraid this paper is lengthier than the editors will admit into the *Magazine*. The few words from Mr. Layard, in a previous number, have again set me thinking on the subject. I wish he could have given us more detailed information respecting the Ceylon tanks. Why has it never been attempted to restore these artificial lakes? Any information by an eye-witness must be valuable, either from travellers in Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, or elsewhere.

In my notes on Baird, I recommended the Italian colleges to our Cape youth. I still think engineering of the kind we require a peculiar study. I think the nature of our mountain torrents, of our building materials, of the soil on which foundations of bridges and public buildings are built, should be well studied. The best engineer from England will make mistakes from want of practical local knowledge. In that paper I alluded to the Breede River and Buffeljagt's River bridges, the Agulhas light-house, &c., &c., in proof of my opinion. Since then, I have only to refer to the Swellendam, Riversdale, Worcester and Cape Town gaols in confirmation of what I have said.

What the Government can do is to encourage those who combine with scientific general knowledge of engineering (which enables them to calculate the forces of currents, and the pressure of columns of water, as well as the shape and size of the counteracting dams requisite to obstruct a river's progress), that practical local information, or as the next best thing to it, a somewhat more humble opinion of their own talents, for want of which thousands have been wasted every year, and are continued to be wasted.

F. W. Reitz.

ODE TO MY OLD CLAY PIPE.

Here 's the very best of friends,
Consolation sweet it lends;
There is meat and drink and clothing
In its cheering glow;
And the smoke as up it goes
Carries with it all my woes;
Oh! I love my swarthy cutty
Full of baccy, oh!

When I think of days long past,
Of the days too good to last,
Till my heart grows sad and weary
With the thoughts that come and go;
Then the smoke as up it goes
Carries with it all my woes;
Oh! I love my swarthy cutty
Full of baccy, oh!

THE LADY EDITH'S LOVE.

A TALE OF A LONG PAST CHRISTMAS TIDE.

All heralded by storm and blast,
Glad Christmas-tide is coming fast
Upon the wings of time;
The mirthful hours are bringing near
The latest darling of the year,
So sound the festal chime.

Yes! Joy shall walk through all the land,
With bounteous Plenty hand in hand,
And smile serene on all.
The maiden, in her sacred bower,
Shall see that smile and feel its power,
For, from her heart shall fall

A carking sorrow, that hath long
Restrained the gush of cheerful song
And chilled the note of mirth.
Oh! life is life again, I ween,
And Hope again is thronëd queen
O'er all the climes of earth.

The sad skies wept some bitter tears,
Above the last born of the years
Now passing to the tomb;
These drops cold Winter chanced to meet,
And wove them to a winding sheet,—
The shroud is winter's gloom.

Yet the year, ere he may die,
Richest blessings must heap high
On many a mourning heart;
And some, who late despaired of bliss,
Shall surely taste the nuptial kiss
Before he may depart.

The charmëd chamber of her heart
The Lady Edith keeps apart
For one, and one alone.

None others may the portals pass,
For them the doors are cased in brass—
For him no doors are known.

He entered, almost unperceived;
The maiden saw, yet scarce believed
That he had won his way;
"I know thee not," she said, "begone;"
And yet the words belied the tone,—
The tone that bade him stay.

He heeded not the harsh command,—
He deemed her fairest in the land,
And dared to speak of love.
Ah, me! the damsel was but young,—
The heart is sovereign o'er the tongue,—
Her lips refused to move.

The blushing silence told too well
The surging of the ocean swell
Of passion in her breast;
The traitor eyes, although cast down,
Whispered, "she loves;" her very frown
The secret, too, confessed.

Three weary years have passed away
Since loveliness did love repay
With fond affection's glance;
And where is he who should have been
True to his heart's espousëd queen,
Through good and evil chance?

Her true and trusted knight should ride
Close by the Lady Edith's side,
And hold her palfrey's rein?
Alas! she wanders forth alone,
And never smiles, but oft will moan,
The moan of one in pain.

'Tis just three years this Christmas-tide
Since last by Lady Edith's side
The brave De Glanville stood.
"Thou art mine own, my love, for aye,"
He said, and kissed her,—and away
To the Crusades he rode.

With wrath the Lady Edith's sire
Had heard the tale of his desire;
"Thou art no mate," he said,
"For daughter of a belted earl,—
Thou, half a knight and half a churl,
With noble dame wouldst wed;

"Go, prove thyself of lineage high,
Where men may do, and dare, and die,
In field of fatal strife;
Go, prove thyself a knight indeed,—
Do battle for the Christian creed,—
Then ask me for a wife."

De Glanville heard, and bent his head;
"Three Christmas tides shall not have fled
Before thou hear'st of one
Who, 'half a knight and half a churl,'
Shall yet demand of belted earl
The bride he will have won."

Then bowing with a haughty grace,
The hot blood mantling in his face,
He passed from out the hall.
The proud earl's words had stung his heart,
And so, impatient to depart,
He told not Edith all.

Yet, true unto her plighted word,
The high-born damsel scarcely heard
The suitors in her train;
She kept her love devoted still
To one who yet, in life, might fill
His olden place again.

Well was thy constancy repaid,
Long suffering lady, matchless maid;
In far-off field of fight
De Glanville saw thy image fair,
And, as he breathed a hurried prayer,
Beheld the beacon light

That shone from out thy deep blue eyes,
When love threw off its cold disguise,
And thou wert all his own.
That light had power his heart to warm,—
That light full oft would guide his arm;
He never felt alone!

The feast is spread in lordly hall;
The year is hastening to its fall,—
'Tis merry Christmas-tide.
No word of brave De Glanville yet
Has Edith heard, and sad Regret
Now claims her for a bride.

Ah! there is nought, I ween, on earth,
Unmeaning as the sound of mirth
To the o'erladen mind;
For to a fearful bed of fire
Anxiety oft leads Desire,
And fast its prey doth bind.

The Lady Edith in her bower
Heard the glad revel of the hour,
And wept such bitter tears
As only those *can* weep who feel
The foeman with relentless steel
Has struck the hope of years.

To her, alas! the feast, the game,
The mummers as they went and came,
The follies of the time,
Were hollow shows and out of place,
For laughter in a mourner's face,
Or snow in torrid clime,

Or hope of life in dying men,
Or joy at parting ne'er again
To meet the loved one's glance,
No whit more strange or wild would seem
Than this fantastic waking dream,
This painful mid-day trance.

Care has worn channels in her face,
And the lithe form, so full of grace,
That spoke of life and joy,
Is shrunken now; her head is bent,
And, ah! methinks clear-browed Content
Of that dear maid is coy.

Her eyes, with an uncertain air,
Glanced o'er her vesture rich and fair,
"And, ah!" she thought, "had I
Been daughter of some modest knight,
My fate, perchance, had been more bright;
But high-born dames must die

"Rather than wed a lowly mate;
Grief is the price we pay for state,
Despair must be our dower.
De Glanville, sure thou must have died,
Or dost thou wait to claim thy bride
At the eleventh hour?

"The Christmas-tide that first went by,
I watched glide on with but the sigh,
'It brings him near to me;'
And when the second came, I said,
'The cruel time has nearly fled,
That keeps me, love, from thee.'

"And now the third has come, but brings
Not him to whom my fond heart clings,—
It gives me not my lord.
Glad Christmas-tide was once the first
Of all gay feasts, but now the worst;
Of me, for aye, abhorred."

In the thronged court-yard, far below
The bower where Edith moaned her woe,
A holy Palmer stood.
His Pilgrim's dress was old and torn,
And he from recent toil seemed worn,
And faint for lack of food.

Yet was his bearing proud and high,
And those who marked his haughty eye
And scanned his sturdy frame
Full truly guessed that he had been
In many a murderous battle scene,
In distant fields of fame.

The Lady Edith must, perforce,
Watch the grand banquet run its course,
Must grace the festive night;
She sits in stately splendour there,
None half so sad, none half so fair,
And none so richly dight.

She muses on the vanished years,
She muses till the starting tears
Her truant thoughts betray.
"This must not be," spake maiden pride,
And so, those trembling tears to hide,
She turned her head away.

The holy Palmer met her sight—
She shuddered with a strange delight,
Rejoiced, she knew not why.
"Courage, fond heart," the maiden thought,
"The Pilgrim tidings will have brought
Of him for whom I sigh."

Then, whispering to her haughty sire,
The maid imparted her desire
To hear the Palmer's tale.
"Thou comest from Holy Land, I ween,
By thy worn dress and haggard mien
And by thy visage pale.

"Canst tell us aught of lowly knight
Who left for Holy Cross to fight
These halls some three years sin',
Bertrand de Glanville was his name;
Ere now he should have won the fame
That heroes ever win."

So to the Palmer spoke the Earl,
And toying with his daughter's curl
Awaited the reply.
The Palmer paused, as though in thought,
And then, with subtle instinct sought
The haughty Baron's eye.

"I knew him well of whom you speak,"
He said; emotion flushed his cheek
And shook his sturdy form;
"I saw him in the Holy Land,
With shattered shield, and broken brand,
In battle's bloody storm."

He paused—a sudden shriek was heard—
The Lady Edith's breast was stirred
With passions long up-pent.
In the short shriek of wild alarm
That broke through Custom's cumbrous calm
The first great grief found vent.

The Palmer marked the lady's pain—
His brow, long clouded, cleared again,
And he resumed his tale—

"I saw him fall from off his horse,
Blood-smeared, and stiffened, like a corse,
Speechless, and ghastly pale.

"And now I scarce can tell ye more
For then the battle's loud uproar
Whirled far another way;
But, afterward, by chance, I learned
That the quiet earth had not inurned
That lowly warrior's clay.

"Nay, more, 'tis even said that he
Did much to gain the victory,
And so was made a Peer.
Of one who once the claim defied,
'Tis said he comes to claim his bride—
'Tis said that he is here."

And, as he spoke, the Palmer tore
The holy vestments that he wore
From off a coat of mail.
"I, half a knight and half a churl,
Once dared to say to belted earl,
My suit should yet prevail.

"And now, I ask thee, haughty lord,
Have I redeemed my parting word,
Say, have I won my bride?"
"Ay, by my troth," the noble said,
"Thou'st wooed, and won, and thou shalt wed,
This merry Chistmas-tide."

The lady's eyes to lustre woke,
And, eloquent, her joy outspoke—
The rose suffused her cheek.
She trembled when De Glanville came
And whispered in her ear her name—
Trembled, and could not speak.

It needs that little more be said—
De Glanville did with Edith wed,
And long they kept their state
Within those walls that once did seem
To mock Love's rosy Christmas dream,
And frown upon their fate.

J. S. L.

THE MERCHANTS' PLATE FOR 1861.—CAPE TOWN.

THE MERCHANTS' PLATE FOR 1861.—CAPE TOWN.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ELSDALE.

CHAPTER I.

THE closest examination of the maps of the Eastern Province of this colony will not succeed in discovering the precise situation of the Mersey river and estuary. Even the latest and most meritorious compilation, which professes to embody the result of every survey and the particulars of all topographical information worthy of reliance, gives no hint of its whereabouts. It is as totally omitted from the chart of the coast line as if there were no such place in being. And this most unaccountable omission, it must be premised, has been for a long time the standing grievance of the inhabitants of this thriving locality. Certainly, the omission cannot, with the faintest shadow of truth, be ascribed to any backwardness on their part in giving to their favoured district a worldwide reputation. The entire population of the colony would, if necessary, come forward as one man to acquit the Mersey people of any supineness or diffidence in proclaiming to the world the transcendant advantages of that fortunate part of the country of which they are the happy proprietors. They may boldly appeal to any intelligent colonist who reads the newspapers and is acquainted with the passing history of his country, to say whether they have ever omitted an opportunity of presenting their locality to the colony in its most attractive guise. In public addresses, memorials to Government, and documents of a similar character, they have ever been scrupulously careful to speak of it as "this most important division of the colony;" "this spot so highly favoured by nature;" "this district which is destined shortly to occupy so prominent a position in the history of the progress of the colony," and so forth. While ever and anon there would appear, in some one of the public journals, a letter vaguely and feebly disparaging the place or its inhabitants; followed up in the

next issue by one or more lengthy rejoinders of a most crushing character, in which the many invaluable qualities of the locality and the people were set forth in glowing colours, in a manner calculated to be highly attractive to the inexperienced colonist. No, whatever else may be said in dispraise of the good folks of the Mersey, it would be mere calumny to assert that it was through their own remissness that the place had failed to secure "a local habitation and a name" upon the colonial maps.

The Mersey people account for the remarkable and damaging omission in this way. Some fifty miles distant from the Mersey is the well-known town of Glenelg, whose interests are popularly supposed in the district to be diametrically opposed to those of the Mersey; and between the inhabitants of these two places there has existed, from a remote period, a hostility as bitter and relentless as that between two neighbouring Grecian states. Glenelg was for a long time the metropolis and emporium of this rural region. It has enjoyed for many years the advantages of a Civil Commissioner and attendant officials; it has boasted of the Public Offices and the gaol of the district—both of these buildings being the property of private parties, and hired by the Government at a rent about equal to that of a small town. It has rejoiced in its six police constables, of whom three are already landed proprietors and rapidly becoming men of substance and importance, two are a good deal laid up with rheumatic attacks, and one suffers from occasional seizures of *delirium tremens*. Glenelg justly prides itself also on the possession of the great church of the Dutch Reformed communion; a spacious structure of brick, plastered and whitewashed, but as yet unenclosed by fence or wall, to the great contentment of the errant cattle and the truant boys of the village, to whom the ponds from which the clay was dug, and two Babylonian mounds, the wrecks of brick-kilns untimely visited by the winter's rains, are the centres of intense and unfailing interest. And where the Dutch Reformed church is, there, it is needless to say, will be the centre of the trade of the district. It was with bitter feelings of spite and envy that the Mersey people would read in the local journal that in consequence of the fine weather there had been an "unusually good *nachtmaal* at Glenelg; trade very brisk, and a great deal of business transacted."

With so many advantages on its side it can be no wonder that Glenelg should, for a long time, have been more than a match for the struggling infancy of the Mersey. The Glenelgians, waxing proud with their prosperity, had been wont to

cast disparaging reflections upon the young community and the capabilities of the locality to which they were so devotedly attached, and in the ultimate success of which they maintained so valiant a belief. The opprobrious epithet of "Sleepy Hollow" had by common consent been attached to the Mersey district. It was currently asserted and believed in Glenelg that the Mersey folks were acquainted with no other circulating medium than potatoes; and that in all that tends to the elevation and refinement of society they were a full half century behind the advanced and polished people of Glenelg. Whether this were so or not we may perhaps be able to form a more accurate opinion in the course of the present history. Certain it is that the envied prosperity of the rural capital, and the somewhat ostentatious assumption of superiority on the part of its inhabitants did rankle very keenly in the minds of the good folks of the Mersey. It was galling to the small magnates of the little community, when they had occasion to ride to the town on business, to find in what small estimation their beloved district was held by the haughty Glenelgians. Its pretensions were laughed to scorn, its prospects were drenched with ridicule, and they themselves were openly and ignominiously snubbed, and compelled—for the sake of peace—to adopt a retiring moderation of tone and manner strongly at variance with their usual confident demeanour when at home. It is true they avenged themselves for all these slights and humiliations on their return. The keen retorts, the bold vaunts which a discreet silence had suppressed while they were in the enemy's country, broke out into threefold energy and bitterness when their own loved but slandered home had received them. What talks they would have! As soon as it became known that one of the little society was "in" from a trip to Glenelg, there was a sensible stir and commotion in the village. To say that business came to a stand-still would be incorrect, for the truth is that in those simple days business did little else than stand still. At sunrise the market bell was rung, and if there was any business to be done, it was done then. If a wagon or two had chanced to arrive from the country, their loads were disposed of with as much circumstance as if the *winkelaars* of the Mersey were merchant princes, and their market square a Rialto. The details of the sale were dwelt upon with a lingering gusto that seemed to grudge bringing each transaction to an end. And when the wagons had been finally cleared of their contents, and the thick throaty voice of the auctioneer had ceased to repeat its familiar burden of

rixdollars, skillings, and stivers, the little crowd would reluctantly disperse with a dull, cheerless sense of a blank before them; with the certainty that, for that day at least, their occupation was gone.

But the return of some more adventurous speculator from Glenelg was hailed as a great public event, to be solemnized by an entire departure from the ordinary routine of the day. It was a sort of galvanic shock which roused the Mersey into a brief spasmodic semblance of life and activity. The hero of the day himself was the centre of a changing group, the units of which revolved around him for a time, and then whirled off into space, to become themselves the centres to fresh systems of inferior planets.

Mr. Hadley, of the principal store, who had extensive transactions with the great Cape Town firm of Hookham, Chowser, & Co., had occasion to make frequent journeys to Glenelg, and the day after his return was always a lively day at the Mersey. With a countenance somewhat more sunburnt than usual, and dressed, as if with a view to the reception of company, in smarter style than was common with him, and displaying white and wide shirt sleeves (the Mersey people seldom wore coats in the primitive times of which I am now speaking), he would hold a sort of levee in his general store at the corner formed by the inchoate rudiments of what were intended and expected to be one day two streets, with the additional advantage of a frontage to an embryo market. At any time during the day, Mr. Hadley might have been seen, with folded arms and an air of conscious importance, half leaning, half sitting against his counter, delivering his remarks in a manner becoming the village oracle. A stranger would have thought that the entire population of the little scattered hamlet had been to hear the news before the middle of the day. Yet still fresh arrivals would drop in from time to time. Farmers from the country round, men with brown, weather-beaten faces, riding rough unshod horses, found out, by some wonderful instinct peculiar to them, that there was news stirring in the *dorp*, and during the whole day a ragged horse or two wandered kneehaltered in the open space before the house, and an old saddle or two lay upon the stoep with the padding upwards, drying in the sun. Mr. Smuts, the baker, and Mr. Podder from the canteen, took up their positions *en permanence*. Mr. Sharpe, the agent—of whom nobody knew anything excepting the fact of his having arrived one day at the Mersey on a lean horse, which died shortly afterwards, and carrying his worldly belongings tied round his waist in

a red cotton handkerchief, and who had contrived to make himself in a short time an essential unit in the little community—Mr. Sharpe would pass the greater portion of the day at Mr. Hadley's store. Mr. Parkyns, the worthy old magistrate, who was said to have been an officer in the Guards and a great man about the Court in the days of the Regency, and to have run through nobody knows how much money, would come in and shake hands with Mr. Hadley with punctilious courtesy, which contrasted delightfully with the —yes, it must be confessed—the vulgar, purse-proud swagger of the trader; and after chatting a little in his feeble, gentleman-like, old-world style, would shuffle off with some figment about being "very much engaged this morning." Poor dear old gentleman! As if the whole Mersey district did not know perfectly well that there was nothing on earth for him to do, and that if there had been he could not have done it. So the day would pass on, and still visitors would come in, and still Mr. Hadley would continue to talk, with little variation or interruption, until a late period of the evening; when he would be led off to bed by his faithful spouse, still talking, though thickly, and rather unsteady on his legs, a little overpowered, it may be, by the frequent repetitions of the same narrative, and probably not yet recovered from the fatigue of the journey.

Those who were present will not speedily forget the sensation produced on one of these occasions by its becoming known that Mr. Hadley had dined with Mr. Compton, the Civil Commissioner of Glenelg. He alluded to the circumstance in an incidental manner, as if such events were matters of every-day occurrence to him, merely remarking, with reference to some topic of conversation at the moment, that "Compton said so, as we was a settin' over our wine after dinner."

Mr. Compton, be it observed, was a gentleman of the first consideration in the country, who, having frequently seen Mr. Hadley as a respectable-looking stranger in the town, had, in his usual spirit of frank hospitality, invited him to dinner.

Mr. Hadley did not think it necessary to add that he scarcely knew whether he was most flattered or embarrassed by the invitation. He was far from feeling entire confidence in his "manners," which had not been imparted to him in early youth, together with the advantage of reading, writing, and arithmetic, by the prudent care of his parents and guardians; and during the entertainment in question he had not been entirely at his ease. He had perspired profusely throughout; and had been obviously on uncomfortable terms with his limbs, and much embarrassed by his arms and legs. On his

arrival he had carefully concealed his hat beneath the chair on which he sat in the drawing room, and when he was going away there was a search for it which would have proved utterly unsuccessful but for the fortunate accident of his upsetting that identical chair as he backed out from Mrs. Compton's presence, after bidding her good-night, in despair of recovering his missing property. Right glad had Mr. Hadley been to find himself again in the open air; and still more glad when he could throw aside his tight Sunday coat and his stiff black satin stock, and, with waistcoat unbuttoned and slippered feet stretched out upon the sanded floor, enjoy his glass of gin and water and his cigar, and the congenial conversation of mine host of the Glenelg Hotel.

But whatever may have been his sufferings, the distinction was worth the amount of physical discomfort at which it was purchased. It made him at once a man of mark among the Mersey people. This, of itself, was a great thing. But more than that—though Mr. Hadley would scorn to have acknowledged it, even to himself,—he was in his inmost heart proud and pleased to have been thus recognized and admitted to a certain footing among those very Glenelgians for whom he professed to feel, and did feel, a contempt and aversion which did him honour as a Mersey man.

I should like to know what were the feelings of his various auditors as the simple intimation that Mr. Hadley had dined with the Civil Commissioner of Glenelg was dropped among them. There was a little silence; and Mr. Smuts, who was reclining on a fragrant roll of blue moleskin, and Mr. Podder, who was sitting on a pile of boer tobacco, and Mr. Sharpe, who was inspecting some cotton handkerchiefs—not with a view to a purchase, but because it seemed a law of his being to inspect everything that came before him—pondered on those words, and the pregnant fact which they conveyed. If there were at first any feeling in their minds approaching to indignation at the idea of a Mersey man having partaken of such distinguished hospitality at Glenelg, I believe that it settled down ultimately into a secret and unavowed jealousy of Hadley, who had thus enjoyed an advantage which each man present was conscious of having coveted, but without much prospect of ever securing. We are creatures of strangely inconsistent and contradictory character. In spite of Hadley's thorough-going spirit of partizanship, I am inclined to think, from what occurred subsequently, that he was really gratified at this attention which he had received at Glenelg; and that the people of the Mersey generally, in spite of their loudly expressed dislike to the Glenelgians, were pleased in their

hearts that one of themselves should have been thus admitted to the inmost circle of the exclusive society of the provincial capital. Certain it is, that during the whole day there was more standing about in the streets even than usual. Wherever two or three men came within sight or hailing distance they seemed to have a mutual attraction for each other, like ships in a calm. In front of the house which served as magistrate's office, lock-up, hospital, &c., there was a group composed of varying units, from half-past two till six o'clock; and it was easy to gather, even at a distance, from the gesticulation, the evident energy and vehemence of the speakers, that the theme was, throughout, the unfailing one of the prospects of the Mersey.

Mr. Langeveld, who was the great orator of the village, quite surpassed himself on that occasion; proving to the entire satisfaction of the whole community that in this auspicious event was to be seen a token that the day of the Mersey's prosperity was at length about to dawn. Why else should the Civil Commissioner of Glenelg—the man who, of all others, was known most to detest and oppose the Mersey—why else should he have paid this marked compliment to the district, in the person of its principal storekeeper? Why, his auditors might rely upon it that something had been heard from high quarters, possibly even from the Queen of England. The fame of the Mersey, so long buried beneath the weight of Glenelgian opposition and misrepresentation, had at length struggled to the ears of the Ruling Powers, and something was going to be done for it. Everybody knew—everybody, that is, who was sufficiently unprejudiced to inquire, and examine, and render a true report—that the Mersey wanted nothing but development. If the Government would only make a tunnel of ten miles through the Ironstone Mountains; or the Peninsular and Oriental Company would connect it by a line of first-class steamers with London, or even with Southampton; if only two or three individuals with a hundred thousand pounds each would avail themselves of the fine scenery and salubrious air of the district, and spend their money for the good of the country, the Mersey would be made.

So would Mr. Langeveld harangue, by the hour together. Mr. Langeveld, who never had anything to do, and who was rich only in the possession of an ample store of spare time, which was at the disposal of anybody who cared to employ it, and who was kept in food and clothes by the exertions of his patient little wife, who taught a small school for several hours in the day, and made *hoekies* for sale, in what she called her leisure time.

Well, all that Mr. Langveld predicted, and that the sanguine Mersey people hoped for, has come to pass; though by means widely different from anything which the glowing imaginations of the earlier inhabitants had suggested. The Mersey has at last received its due acknowledgment; though the "making" of it, which was looked forward to with so much eager anticipation, has tended rather to the depreciation of the older settlers, who have found themselves supplanted by a race of newcomers infinitely more shrewd, alert, and energetic than themselves. One or two have, through good fortune or good management, been able to maintain their place on the crest of the advancing tide of prosperity, and among them Mr. Hadley is conspicuous. But most of the old set of Mersey people have slunk away somewhere out of sight, utterly overpowered by a new state of things in which ready-money transactions prevailed, and in which it was become alarmingly evident that if a man did not work he would probably have nothing to eat.

It is hardly necessary to advert at any length to the steps by which the Mersey became a place of colonial importance. Everybody who studies the history of his country, as recorded in the annals of Parliament, will remember the famous debate on the great Keerom Kloof Pass Bill, so ably and successfully conducted by Jabez Styles, Esq., M.L.A. for the Division of Glenelg; who was returned to Parliament by the votes and influence of the residents in the Mersey, in which district that gentleman's property is situated. The admirable tact and ability displayed by the honourable member on that occasion are already matter of history. Every intelligent colonist can remember with what consummate generalship he contrived to make all questions that came before the House—political, financial, or religious—hang upon the Keerom Kloof Pass Bill. With what indignant oratory he denounced a corrupt and feeble Government; with what persuasive eloquence he called, and not in vain, upon his fellow-colonists to shake off the trammels of an effete despotism, and to show themselves men by passing his bill. We can all recollect, to this day, the withering sarcasm with which he crushed the hapless engineer who had ventured to report to the Executive that having passed nearly half way through the line in question he had found himself stopped abruptly by an insurmountable obstacle in the shape of a precipice, from which he conceived it probable that the Kloof had derived its name. Nor have we forgotten the masterly array of statistics by which he succeeded in convincing the Hon. the Colonial Secretary that he must have been in error when

he expressed it as his opinion that a road from a thinly inhabited part of the sea coast, through a wild and lofty mountain range into the centre of the Karroo, would not be a profitable undertaking for the country to enter upon. Mr. Styles invested his bill with all the dignity of a great national question, and it was passed, as we all know, with a degree of unanimity and warmth of feeling not usually accorded to measures of local advantage and importance.

But Mr. Styles did much more than that. When the Parliament had voted the large sum of money required for the undertaking he gave the Executive no rest or peace until they had not only taken steps, but had fairly set about the spending of it. By remonstrances, by memorials, by cutting letters in the Cape newspapers, by threatening the Hon. the Colonial Secretary with the full vengeance of a duped and defrauded country if the works were not well in progress by the next session of Parliament, the indefatigable Mr. Styles really set the Keerom Kloof Pass going. Six hundred convicts, who had hitherto been dispersed over forty different stations, adjoining forty discontented villages, each station being guarded by eight constables and an overseer, were dispatched by land and sea to the Mersey, with their wooden barracks, *batterie de cuisine*, feather beds, chaplain, and other essentials of convict discipline. A large station was erected on land the property of Jabez Styles, Esq., M.L.A., from which the labourers had a cheerful march of seven miles daily to and from their work. The price of provisions rose rapidly, and Jabez Styles, Esq., was fortunate enough to possess a large head of cattle and sheep, which he disposed of to very great advantage. Not that he was the contractor for these provisions to the convict establishment. His speech, in which he rebutted that slander, and laid his heart bare in its integrity before the 'Ouse, will live enshrined in some future collection of the Flowers of Colonial Oratory. But without his being the actual contractor, it did so happen that a very large proportion of the whole expenditure found its way through the hands of Jabez Styles, Esq., M.L.A.

The beneficial effects of this great work were quickly apparent in the improved aspect of things at the Mersey. In the first place, provisions, instead of being at an almost nominal price, rose to a figure which had never been dreamt of by the most sanguine of the Mersey people; and this, of course, was a great blessing to the place. There was, as might be supposed, some inconvenience felt by officials and other persons with fixed incomes, but the Mersey people being, for the most part, producers, were able to endure these

misfortunes of their neighbours with remarkable fortitude. And as money began to circulate more freely, settlers of all kinds flocked into the place. A spacious and handsome gaol was erected for the accommodation of the growing population, houses began to spring up, and by degrees the true proportions of the town of Eastbourne, which had hitherto existed only on paper—began to develop themselves.

Eastbourne, it is scarcely necessary to say, was so named in honour of Lord Francis Lewes, who so long and so successfully administered the Government of this colony. Lord Francis was the fourth son of the Earl of Horsham, whose second title is Viscount Eastbourne, at present borne by the Earl's eldest son. The principal street in Eastbourne, in which we used to see the knee-haltered horses limping about in front of Mr. Hadley's store, is called Goring-street, Goring Park being one of the seats of the great Sussex family of Lewes.

Mr. Hadley has become a very different man from what he was in those early days when he was so embarrassed at dining with the Civil Commissioner of Glenelg. He has dined with a Governor since then, and, more than that, has entertained a Governor at his own table, on that great occasion which crowned the success of the Mersey, when the Keerom Kloof Pass was opened with so much pomp and jubilee. Mr. Hadley had the honour of entertaining a numerous party on the day on which the road was formally declared to be opened, and his Excellency the Governor himself proposed Mr. Hadley's health, offering, as he did so, a few original observations on the success which is usually found to attend upon industry and integrity, and illustrating his remarks by the history of Mr. Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Hadley has, indeed, become one of the great men of the Mersey. On the commencement of the great works at Keerom Kloof, the firm of Hookham, Chowser, and Co., perceiving that the expenditure of so much money was likely to act as a stimulus to the trade of the place, resolved to be foremost in the field; and Mr. Hadley at that crisis played his cards with such judgment as to be admitted a partner in that mercantile business. He is, in fact, one of the Co., as Mark Tapley might say, and is laying by a considerable fortune for the benefit of his heiress, a young lady of whom we shall learn more in the course of this veritable history. Her mamma no longer guides her lord's uncertain steps to the connubial couch; she died when her daughter was at the tender age of ten years.

No other of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" will come before us again, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Sharpe, the agent, who has profited by the general advancement of the place, and is supposed to have always a little money in hand to lend to needy persons, for short periods, on reasonable security, at heavy interest. Mr. Podder, of the canteen, has long since drunk himself off the scene. Messrs. Smuts and Langeveld have evaporated, dispersed, exhaled, gone nobody knows whither. The times have changed, and the village and the people have changed with the times; but the Mersey, unconscious of change or time, flows on as it has flowed since the earth assumed its present form; as it will flow so long as the earth shall continue.

Down from the inmost depths of the Ironstone Mountains, cleaving its way in a channel a thousand feet deep through the sandstone rock, hoarsely raving and thundering in its gloomy bed buried under dense masses of primæval forest and scarce illumined by the midday sun, the Mersey struggles, foaming and chafing, into light, at the point where grey crags and beetling precipices give way to green hills and gently sloping downs. A huge mass of rock on either hand, as if a cliff had been reft asunder, with strata gnarled and distorted by subterranean fires, and bases worn into smooth rounded hollows by the floods of ages, form a fitting portal by which the dark red-brown torrent, vexed and wearied with endless striving against obstructing boulders, bearing along great fallen trees, tearing over rough shallows of white quartz gravel, issues from its mountain prison. Within, all is gloom, unrest, harsh discord; without, all is peace, quiet, and sunshine. A broad deep channel, with green banks bright and sparkling with ferns and wild flowers, woos the chafed river to repose. And the torrent learns to stay its rapid course, and its hoarse roar sinks to a hollow murmur, and then to a soft soothed whisper, and the foam flecks disappear from its surface, till the great patriarchal yellowwood trees that fringe its banks stoop down to see their long grey lichen locks reflected on its unruffled mirror. The banks slope off in wide belts and terraces of greensward, ascending into softly rounded downs, which stretch away in many a grassy ridge with wooded dells between, for half a dozen miles, to the line at which the great Ironstone Mountains rise from this high table land in steep ascents, clothed with dark virgin forest, above which the grey crags and peaks soar upwards in stern and solemn grandeur. The green hills on either side the river recede, and leave

between them a wide valley or basin; and the river, as if loth to be left by them, overflows its banks, and spreads out into a broad blue lake. For some eight miles this lake extends from north to south in that slightly sinuous form which Hogarth called the line of beauty; and then, terminating its career as it had begun it, passes into the boundless ocean by a passage rent through cliffs of red granite five hundred feet in height.

On the rocks at the base of these bluff headlands the long heavy swell of the Southern Ocean breaks in thunder, flinging white clouds of spray high against the dark red walls of granite. But the channel between is wide and deep enough for ships to ride in safety. Vessels of four or five hundred tons can run up to Eastbourne in the southern curve of the estuary, and discharge their cargoes into wagons which, at low water, can draw up beside them as they lie heeled over on the grassy sloping shore. A coasting steamer calls in at stated intervals; and the Mersey people, discarding the intervention of the now fallen Glenelg, transact an extensive business direct with Cape Town, and the more ambitious of the traders already speak of a trade direct with England.

Such is the Mersey; as fair and hopeful a spot as is to be found within the limits of this wide colony. And to this locality, and among some of the persons therein residing, and in some eventful incidents in their lives, I ask the courteous reader for a while to bear me company.

CHAPTER II.

The town of Eastbourne consists of one long, broad principal thoroughfare, parallel to the shore of the lake though at some distance from it, and some few smaller streets crossing it at right angles. On the side toward the lake the ground slopes steeply down from the sort of natural terrace on which the town is built to the low alluvial flat which lies between it and the water side. On the edge of this terrace, standing back a little way from the main street, is a long low thatched house with a wide stoep covered by a continuation of the black thatch of the roof, and supported by stout wooden posts covered with climbing plants straggling in wild and untended luxuriance. The longest side of the house is at right angles to the front, and consists of a number of small rooms, each with its own door and window, neatly

fitted with green jalousies, and commanding a very pretty view over a little garden laid out on the slope of the natural terrace already described, and across the southern end of the lake to the Mersey Heads with the patch of blue sea between them.

In the old times at which we have glanced this house was the official residence of old Mr. Parkyns, the magistrate. When Mr. Parkyns, after that slashing and merciless exposure of his unfitness for his post which many of us will remember in the *Cerberus* newspaper, was permitted to retire on full pension, the old official residence, in front of which Mr. Langeveld used to deliver his orations, was condemned at the same time as unserviceable. Smith, the burglar, who was incarcerated there, scornfully boasted that he could at any time make his escape from the Eastbourne *tronk* with the help of a pewter spoon; and notwithstanding the consideration of the gaoler, who was scrupulously careful in making his stay at Eastbourne as comfortable as possible, the ungrateful robber actually did put his boast into execution one dark night, and left the neighbourhood on the magistrate's best horse, furnished with a new saddle of Mr. Hadley's.

Mr. Keane, who succeeded Mr. Parkyns, was a gentleman from the Colonial Office, who was found to be inconveniently and obtrusively energetic for that establishment, and was promoted to service in the country. It was by dint of his energy that many of the improvements were effected at the Mersey, and among them that the old *tronk* was disposed of and the present safe and imposing structure erected. The purchaser of the old buildings was a Mrs. Tokers, a buxom widow, fat and forty, though certainly not fair, the relict of a non-commissioned officer considerably older than herself, who had married her on his retiring from the service, and, after sharing in the growth and prosperity of the Mersey, had left her in full possession of herself and a little fortune of twelve hundred pounds. Mrs. Tokers had so far profited by the precept and example of her late husband as to hold in contempt and abhorrence a life of inactivity; and casting about for a means of investing her money in such a manner as to afford her a good interest, and at the same time an occupation in which she could engage with satisfaction to herself, it occurred to her that to open a Hotel and Boarding-house in the old public offices might be a good speculation. Mr. Sharpe, her attorney, who was said not to be altogether disinterested in his prudent regard to the manner in which the jolly widow disposed of her comely

self and her snug property, highly approved of her design; and Mr. Keane, who seized with characteristic eagerness upon any scheme calculated to advance the position and prospects of the Mersey, afforded her every facility in making the purchase. And after a few alterations and repairs, and a good deal of painting, papering, and white-washing, the old *tronk* became both an ornamental and a valuable addition to the attractions of the place, under the new name of "Tokers'." Some of Mrs. Tokers' friends, of more fastidious taste, had suggested to her that she should adopt some more sounding or euphonious appellation for her new establishment, but she put them off with a shrug of her plump shoulders and one of her jolly infectious laughs. "No, no," she would say, "I wants no Belle-voos, nor Marina Willas. Tokers is my name, and I aint ashamed of it; and them that don't like to come to Tokers' may just go to the Crown and Anchor, or stop away altogether."

And so Mrs. Tokers opened her establishment and prospered, as she deserved to do. Never was hostess more bustling, and cheerful, and obliging, and moderate in her charges than she. No part of her really large establishment was without her direct and constant supervision. With a pleasant word and smile for everybody she had a quick observant eye, and had acquired during her married life a valuable stock of shrewdness and good sense, together with a degree of firmness and decision that did not allow her good nature to be imposed upon. When she married her staid disciplinarian husband she was a lithe, slender, laughing slip of a girl of nineteen. Twenty years of married life and strict though kind guidance, had served rather to mature than to lessen her natural attractions, and had added to them some advantages of cultivation. All her husband's patient endeavours had failed to make her anything of a scholar. Her reading was confined almost entirely to her Bible and Prayer Book. Even the newspapers were beyond her mark, and she was accustomed to gather the news of what was going on "at Cape" from such travellers and masters of ships as lodged at her house and would indulge her with a chat. And there were few who would refuse her the entertainment she loved so well; for Mrs. Tokers was really a very attractive person. Her active habits had secured her from attaining to anything at all beyond a very becoming *embonpoint.* She carried herself as upright as a dart, thanks to her own natural figure and her husband's ideas of military precision, and had a neat waist and a trim foot and ankle. Her face was the very mirror

of openness and good humour. With her black hair neatly braided round her head and a bright colour glowing through her clear brown skin, and a pair of eyes quick, sparkling, yet soft withal, and full scarlet lips, parted as they almost always were in a laugh or a smile, and disclosing a set of small regular teeth like rows of pearls—there were people of greater pretensions who had far less claims to beauty than Mrs. Tokers.

Many a skipper whose bark lay alongside the little wooden jetty while the cargo was being discharged would fain have induced Mrs. Tokers to link her fate with his, but the buxom widow remained proof against their blandishments. "No, no, Cap'n," she said, in answer to one pressing suitor, "I don't think as I shall marry again. And if I did, it wouldn't be you. You likes to have your way, you know, and I likes to have mine; and so I am afraid we shouldn't agree." And concluding this thoroughly candid yet not unkind refusal with one of her genial laughs, which rendered it quite impossible for any unpleasant feelings of vexation on the one side and dislike on the other to grow up between them, she continued on as kindly terms of intercourse with her rejected wooers as with any other of her many friends.

Not that Mrs. Tokers was naturally of a temperament not susceptible of tender feelings. She had a heart of singular warmth, but at the same time of as remarkable capacity. It was large enough to embrace so many objects that it never closed fairly upon one. It is my belief that she fell more than half in love with almost every young fellow who made her house his head-quarters; but her love was of so comprehensive a character, including within it all shades and varieties of feminine affection, that it was quite as much maternal as anything else, and was therefore misunderstood or not appreciated. She always contrived to have one special pet in her house, to whom she devoted the overflowing tenderness of her nature. She would look after his clothes, keep his money for him, take care that something nice should be kept hot for him if he did not come in to dinner; and many a time, if—as was not unfrequently the case—the man was poor, she would refuse to send in his bill, telling him that some day when he was well off he would come back and settle with her. She would shed tears abundantly, and without any attempt at concealment, when one of her favourites was leaving; and if, as sometimes happened, her departing guest should put his arm round her waist and bestow a manly, honest kiss upon the ripe lips

which naught but kindness and sincerity ever passed, she would return it with a genuine frankness and candour that would have disarmed the most sour precisian, and dry her eyes with her tidy white apron, and smiling a farewell through her tears would look after the retreating horseman until he passed out of sight with the turn of the road, and then return to the house to attend to her duties with her usual cheerful alacrity, and to instal some one else, as soon as might be, into the never long vacant post of first favourite.

Such is Mrs. Tokers, who now comes bustling out on to the stoep in front of the house with the exclamation, "Why, my goodness, Mr. Ormerod! Not gone yet! Well, I never did see anybody like that Mr. Monro for not being in time. Why, whatever can make him so long dressing. I'll go and tell him you are waiting!"

"Aye do, that's a good soul. If he doesn't look sharp we shall be off without him."

And while Mrs. Tokers is very audibly knocking at Mr. Monro's door and remonstrating with him in a tone of voice which carries her remarks to the ears of the whole neighbourhood, we must introduce the gentleman whose patience has been put to so severe a test.

Mr. Ormerod—or, as he is called by his numerous acquaintances Bob Ormerod—is an ensign in Her Majesty's Regiment of Cape Mounted Riflemen. He is making the most of his first leave of absence since he first left school and joined his regiment, two years ago; and with a couple of useful nags, and a very knowing servant, is making a tour of inspection of the colony. He has been an inmate of Mrs. Tokers' house for only three days, but has contrived in that time, to establish himself firmly in the good graces of the warm-hearted landlady, who, for want of some other object on whom to bestow her affection, was almost driven to expend it upon her other guest, Mr. Monro.

Mr. Monro,—but here he comes to answer for himself, preceded by his loquacious and laughing landlady, —and Bob Ormerod ceases from his occupation of investigating for the twentieth time, every fact in connection with the two horses which were being led up and down before the door, in which he has been assisted by a white bull-terrier, evidently a character in his way, and prepares to mount.

A single glance at Mr. Monro reveals that he is what we call at the Cape, an "Indian"—one of the very few who now come to the old Sanitarium at the Cape to recruit their exhausted energies; and Mr. Monro certainly

looks as if it was time that he had a change of some sort. He is tall, and very thin, and very yellow, and there is a languor and uncertainty about all his movements, which may be the result of years passed in a tropical climate, but may also arise in some degree from a supreme regard for himself, and an equally lofty indifference to others. He is a Madras Civilian; and having heard from former sojourners at the Mersey glowing accounts of the beauty of the scenery and the salubrity of the air, has been for two months residing at Mrs. Tokers', and apparently intends to prolong his stay. With a rather supercilious, but, at the same time, a perfectly well-bred air of nonchalance, he hears without heeding the voluble Mrs. Tokers, glances at Ormerod, who is already in the saddle, and draws on his gloves with much deliberation and accuracy. He is just descending the steps of the stoep, when he stops, and calls in a drawling tone, "Boy!"

"Yes, sar!" replies a prompt voice, and a "native" servant appears from behind the corner of the house, clad in a very tight and short jacket and trowsers, very large shoes, and a red turban.

"Boy, my pocket handkerchief!"

The obedient "boy" disappears towards the long verandah on which the lodging-rooms open, and returns with the handkerchief on a small salver, and presents it with a crouching sort of salaam to his master. Mr. Monro again essays to descend the steps, and again pauses in mid career.

"Boy!"

"Yes, sar!"

"A book that is lying on my table."

"Boy" again dives round the corner, and returns with a volume.

"Not that book, boy! A book of poetry—Mrs. Hemans' 'Songs of the Affections,' boy."

"Hadn't you better go and get it yourself. The poor beggar can't read, can he?" broke on Ormerod the impatient. Mr. Monro merely glanced at him and vouchsafed no reply. In another minute the "boy" returned, this time with the right book, and without further delays his master got to horse, and the party set off.

I say "the party" advisedly, although, as yet, special reference has been made only to two persons. And though a single individual may be a "party," and three or more would undoubtedly be a party, yet it may be questioned whether the term can be used in the dual number. But it must be borne in mind that wherever, in the course of this veracious narrative, the white

bull-terrier Flint appears, he is to be regarded as essentially one of the company; and as he and his master are inseparable, Bob Ormerod must be regarded as invested with a sort of twofold character and individuality. Indeed, that gentleman was at one time accustomed, as is the case also with Royal and editorial personages, to speak of himself in the plural. Strangers were at first a little puzzled by this peculiarity, but all who enjoyed his intimacy knew the construction that was to be put upon the expression. When he was on horseback the "we" meant his horse and himself, he being for the time

"Incorpsed and demi-natured in the brave beast."

On those occasions when he was not on horseback, it was Flint that became his *alter ego*. But Flint is of sufficient importance to demand a paragraph to himself.

He is the single survivor of a matchless pair which had been ushered into the world, and received a careful education under the fostering care of Mr. James Burn, formerly of the P.R., now finding solace for his declining years in the breeding and training of bull-dogs somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bayswater. Flint and Steel, as he named these choice specimens of his taste and skill, had been purchased by Ormerod with the first ten guineas he ever called his own, and even at that price it was admitted on all hands that they had been positively given away. But the keenness of the boy had won upon the heart of the venerable pugilist. "He is such a varmint little cove, I 'adn't the 'eart to keep 'em from him," he said apologetically to a brother professor. Steel had perished untimely. He had been terribly gored by a savage cow, which, in his hot and inexperienced youth, he was endeavouring to pin by the head. And though Bob had summoned the family apothecary to attend the sufferer, and himself and the groom in the paternal establishment had sat up with him all night, and done all that the tenderest solicitude could suggest, poor Steel never rallied. His remains were interred with much honour; Bob insisting upon his two little sisters attending the funeral, and coming to an open rupture with the governess on the question. And in a secluded part of the pleasure grounds attached to the house, a neat marble slab, surrounded by a square of turf, marks the spot in which the mangled remains were deposited. It is doubtful whether his loss was very keenly felt by other members of the Ormerod family, especially by the seniors; but with Bob the blow had the effect of causing him to concentrate his affections on the survivor, and to watch over him with something of that jealous care which one sees

bestowed upon an only child. He curbed his pet's natural and acquired pugnacity of disposition, he screened him from dangers, and restrained him from encounters, and made him his companion by night and day, and Flint soon became as gentlemanlike and presentable a dog as you could desire. As he stands now with his head slightly on one side, as if trying to understand the cause of the delay, a lover of the animal would pronounce him really beautiful. No cruel scissors ever cropped his small delicate silken ears, no abbreviating teeth ever dismembered that slender tapering tail. As in the human race, the fineness of his extremities argues the purity of his breed, and constitutes the perfection of "fancy." His bold round head, with full black eye, and jaws so large and powerful that they are only just saved from total disproportion by the general symmetry of the whole figure, rises on a muscular neck from broad well sloped shoulders, supported on shapely sinewy legs with just the least possible outward curve. The body and hind legs are those of a dwarf greyhound, light, strong, agile-looking. And as he darts forward with the horses, "dispersing," as a policeman would say, a little group of brown, ragged, shoeless urchins, who stand watching the proceedings with all the power of their glittering black eyes, his movements are the very embodiment of grace and vigour.

It was a glorious afternoon, drawing towards sunset, and the road which the party followed was such as few would willingly hurry over. Slowly they rode through the wide street of the town, Ormerod, it must be confessed, artfully making occasion for a little display of horsemanship, but Mr. Monro attracting to himself the main share of observation by his nankeen trowsers, resplendent waistcoat, and Mambrinolike pith helmet. They passed beneath a shady avenue of young oaks, leaving on their right hand the gentle eminence crowned by Mr. Keane's new house, and with a turn of the road came out upon the lake shore. A wood that fringed the base of the hill overhung the road on one side, the water almost touched it on the other. There was hardly a breath of air, and the tiny wavelets curled, and broke, and retired, and curled again, with a pleasant silvery laughing sound, as if they were baby rollers playing at being the sea. A merry group of sandpipers were running along the water's edge on their long legs, on the look-out for "jetsom and flotsom," in which a couple of overbearing curlews were trying to forestall them, and a single white sea-mew was winging its way slowly out to sea, just skimming over the surface of the blue water.

For a mile or so they rode along the margin of the lake. Then the road cut across a low wooded point, and rounding the base of a hill they came out upon the banks of a little river that flowed at that point into the Mersey. A neat stone bridge crossed the stream, and over the bridge, and again along the shore of the lake, was the main road to the Keerom Kloof. Their way lay along the side of the little river which was then filled some distance up by the high tide; and ascending a little eminence which lay before them, they looked down upon a scene so lovely that both involuntarily drew bridle to gaze upon it, and even Ormerod, not usually much impressed by beauty of scenery, exclaimed, "By Jove, that's stunning!"

A little valley lay spread out before them, embosomed in rounded green hills clothed with belts and patches of woodland. At the upper end, about two miles distant, the vale spread out into two branches, each contributing its little streamlet fed by many a spring from wooded dell and green hillside. Sweeping round either side of the long tongue of land fringed and dotted with wood which divided the two smaller valleys, the streamlets mingled their waters at its foot, and then flowing down the main valley became the little river beside which the road lay. At the foot of the rising ground, just where the valley began to widen out into a broad basin, there was a neat cottage and gateway giving an entrance through the strong enclosures that fenced the whole of the level ground from the open hill-sides. The soil of this level was a rich black alluvial, through which the river wound its way from side to side, and the entire space was a perfect garden of careful cultivation and luxuriant growth. Every soft shade of colour, from tenderest yellow to richest darkest green, blended by harmony or contrast under the rays of the declining sun. On the further side, the cultivated land was fenced by a belt of plantations, the fresh spring green of the young oaks contrasting pleasantly with the more sombre shades of the woods of native growth. And everywhere along the hill-sides might be discerned similar traces of a liberal and judicious hand. Little clumps of artificial plantation were so disposed as to add beauty to the scene while they fulfilled their purpose of utility. Crowning the highest ridges and most distant bounds of the valley, they served as landmarks, boundaries, and enclosures; as shelter from the sweeping winds of winter and the noon-tide heat of summer. As if screened and nourished by this protection the grass below wore a darker, richer green; and the sheep cropped

the sweet pasture without caring to wander farther afield. Within the sheltering curves of some of the larger plantations were seen kraals and shepherds' huts.

But it was the centre of this picture to which the eye was first attracted, and to which the fair prospect was only like a rich setting or framework. On that precise spot in the whole valley, which seemed to need such a finish, on the swelling rounded promontory formed by the junction of the two little streams, stood a large house of simple though picturesque design, whose white walls and dark-brown thatch broken by many gables were glowing in the western sun. The steep summit of the mound had been cut down to a level space on which the house was built, rising from three terraces, which, even at that distance, sparkled with the bright hues of flowers. From the base of the lowest terrace the ground sloped away on three sides to the little streams which had been artificially enlarged, and were dammed at intervals with weirs of rock-work. The large meadow or park thus enclosed was studded with clumps of young trees. The entrance to the house appeared to be on the side towards which the road approached. On the opposite side were out-buildings and stables, and below them, at the foot of the slope, a large farm-yard. A long stretch of grass-land, bounded by a magnificent mass of native forest, closed in the valley to the rear.

For a minute or two they gazed upon the beauty of the scene, and then Ormerod, always eminently practical, exclaiming that they should be late for dinner, spurred his horse down the little descent, and through the gateway, and along a well-kept road that wound along at the foot of the hill just at the point at which it rose from the alluvial flat. A close quince-hedge crowned the bank on the right hand with young growing trees at close intervals; on the left the road was open to the cultivated ground. Here and there in some pretty nook in the hill stood labourers' cottages, built in pairs under one roof, with an eye both to appearance and to comfort. Each had its little garden attached, and each seemed equally well provided with its group of fat brown children rolling about on the door-step. The road passed beyond the house to a point at which the high banks admitted of the stream being spanned by a light wooden bridge at a considerable elevation: and then turning back again to the left, another hundred yards brought them to the entrance of the house, much to the relief of Mr. Monro, who took no delight in rapid movements.

Within a wide porch open at the sides, apparently waiting for them, Ormerod caught a glimpse of a pleasant fresh-looking young man, who pulled a large deep-toned bell as they galloped rapidly up to the door. A frank, hearty voice called out as they dismounted, "Late as usual, Monro! Our time's sharp six you know, and now it's five minutes past! Here, Cobus, take the horses round. Come in Mr. Ormerod. Very glad to see you. Welcome to Elsdale!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

A SHORT time only has elapsed since the publication of Mr. Macaulay's History of England. All considerations which this work excited have been merged in a general feeling of surprise that, from sources of information so meagre and scattered, the historian has been able, by sheer industry of research, to construct so splendid a fragment. The reflection will naturally occur to those who are accustomed to compare the present with a past age, that there are elements in modern society which especially distinguish it from the days of our fathers, and which, while they conduce to the refinement of civilization in our every-day life, will be almost exclusively referred to by a judicious posterity. The future historian of "England in the reign of Victoria," who may desire to chronicle the progress we have made in our forty-five years of peace, will find choice of materials unequalled in the annals of the world. His may be the task carefully to educe from the perversions of party-writers the true narrative of our backslidings in our foreign and domestic relations. He may be compelled, in some instances, to notice fallacious theories on the part of the Government, and equally dangerous errors in the practical working of many of our schemes. But we feel assured that, after unravelling the web of diplomacy which shrouds the more imposing events of this century, he will turn with increased interest to contemplate those less pretending, but, in reality, greater triumphs which have successively influenced the whole English race. It would be a delightful employment to those who could prosecute the inquiry in a right spirit, and spare neither energy nor time in the pursuit, to give a comparative view of the numerous educational advantages which we enjoy. In the olden time, ere the Reformers had awakened Europe to a sense of its intellectual and spiritual independence, education was entirely under the control of ecclesiastics. Acting upon the theory that a certain kind of ignorance was the mother of devotion, the Church, in her WISDOM, disregarded the studies of schoolmen, or only encouraged their subtleties when they bore upon theological points. To study

science was dangerous, and philosophy was, in the common acceptation of the term, almost synonymous with heresy. But when the darkness of the middle ages began to break, that mighty engine which has since convulsed the whole intellectual world was brought to bear upon the regeneration of Christendom. Printing was invented. The wise and good at once perceived that the reign of darkness and superstition was nearly over. Knowledge was no longer a luxury to the rich, impossible to the poor. The masses no longer depended upon the priesthood for ideas. The great want which painters, sculptors, and musicians had vainly attempted to satisfy was at last supplied. Thought was free, and its expression was universal. When printing became a medium between man and man, the Church of Rome, though shaken and convulsed in every direction, was still paramount in Britain and on the Continent, and, with that sensitiveness to danger which has ever distinguished her polity, she at once assumed the censorship of the press. In England that power was by Henry VIII transferred to the King and the Bishops. Letters patent were established. Licences and monopolies were granted; and it was even accounted illegal to use a printing-press which was not sanctioned by royal authority. The old jealousy of liberty had not died out, and the Star Chamber was called into play to stop the tendency to free discussion. But the Revolution, which destroyed Charles I, virtually released the press from those shackles which had cramped its usefulness. All parties were convinced of the great moral power which lay cramped and dormant; Royalists and Puritans alike appealed to the country through its medium, and after much persecution and many sacrifices, in some cases, alas, even of life, the assertors of political and religious freedom triumphed. The liberty of the press was established, and a power made rapid strides to that universal dominion which has gained for it the dignity and importance as well as the name of "the fourth estate."

Omitting to notice (as foreign to our subject) the various polemical and controversial works which were the results of the first introduction of the press, we shall claim attention to a slight sketch of the rise and progress of that great moral power, the daily newspaper; and after indicating the universal uses which it has served since the first establishment of periodical writing, and reviewing the general aims and objects for which this mighty lever is wielded in our own day, it will not be uninstructive to define a certain class of literature which cannot be traced farther back than the commencement of this century, and which, as it is peculiarly adapted to the wants, is also equally illustrative, of the characteristics of the present reading generation.

The appetite for news is universal. In all ages and in all countries human nature is inquisitive. Dilettanti have pointed to passages in Tacitus and Pliny which allude to *Diurna*, *Acta Diurna*, *Tabulæ*, and *Acta Publica*, and triumphantly assert that the Romans were no strangers to

the luxury of newspapers. But it is obvious to those who reflect upon the delay and expense attendant upon the circulation of these documents, that they were never intended for private perusal. In fact, they partook more of the nature of registers, or proclamations of public events, than of our modern journals. It is by no means improbable that the Romans and other nations were accustomed to use means for the dissemination of intelligence. We know that there are documents preserved in the Venetian archives which it was the custom at a later period to read to audiences who paid a small sum, called a "*Gazetta*" (this is, in fact, the origin of our word Gazette), for the privilege of attending these official recognitions of important occurrences. With all deference, however, to those who refer to the classical or mediæval period for the antetypes of all social refinement, we contend that it is in the nature of things that newspapers, as we understand the word, could only be a creation of modern date. Literary antiquaries for a long time believed, in the language of divers encyclopædias, "that we owed to the wisdom of Burleigh and the policy of Elizabeth the first English newspaper;" and a certain impudent forgery, called the "*English Mercurie*, imprinted at London by her Highness's printer, 1588," was generally held up for our admiration. Recent investigation has, however, determined that the earliest example of a newspaper was published by one Nathaniel Butten, in 1622, just ten years before the *Gazette de France* was started. This *Weekly Newes* was, as its name implies, published at intervals of a week, and to those who are familiar with Ben Johnson and Fletcher, many allusions to the "news-writer" and his speculation must suggest themselves. In the early part of last century we find several papers which appeared two and three times a week, and three days after the accession of Queen Anne was published the first number of the *Daily Courant*. This paper differed in many essential points from the provincial *Mercuries* and *Postboys*, as well as from the *Intelligencers* which were so eagerly sought after in the coffee-houses of Covent-garden. It did not aspire to direct public opinion or to give expression to popular feeling, It professed to furnish news, but abstained from editorial comment.

Cotemporaneous with the *Courant* was the brilliant galaxy of journalists whose essays in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and other papers of this class have won universal admiration. This era of periodical literature is so well known that we need not linger even over the beloved names of Swift and Addison, Steele and Bolingbroke. They were men who set their mark upon the age in which they lived, and whose talents would probably have been little exercised had they not been diverted into this channel, which, trickling through numberless rills, refreshed and invigorated their country. And now the annals of periodical literature are particularly barren. Though Smollett and Fielding occasionally contributed to the daily press, the impression

produced was comparatively slight until the advent of Junius. To his bold and uncompromising championship of freedom and national morality, joined to consummate talent and extensive information, we owe that independence and determination which have ever since been the watchwords of political writers. Ever since his day the progress of the press has been marked and steady; and, although during the reign of George III, the Government was at war with the leading journals, the measure introduced by Charles Fox to alter and amend the law of libel completed the emancipation of the press, which has never since been fettered but by considerations of patriotism and decency. But this moral elevation has not been attained without numerous and severe struggles. Fines and imprisonment, stripes and indignity, were inflicted wholesale upon the daring defenders of liberty of speech. Prosecutions for libel against members of the Government are in the recollection of many living in the present time. We may instance Leigh Hunt, who, with his brother, was fined and imprisoned for too free a discussion of the Prince Regent's personal attractions, in the *Examiner;* and quite recently the editors of both the *Times* and *Daily News* have been arraigned before the Court of Queen's Bench, and have nobly and fearlessly defended their rights. The conditions which now regulate the daily press may be traced back to the establishment of the *Times* in 1788. In its first number, and in the terms set forth by Mr. Walter in his prospectus, may be recognized the germ of that wise policy which, advocating measures, not men, freed itself from the trammels of fluctuating patronage, and gave a stability and independence to the new journal which it has since preserved. The favour which the enterprising editors found in the eyes of the public soon tempted others, desirous of fame or influence, to establish new papers which should break the dangerous monopoly.

The *Public Advertiser*, the *Public Ledger*, *Chronicle and Post*, *Herald*, *Constitutional*, *Daily News*, are names familiar to us all. Some of these papers were started by party men, for party purposes; they have accordingly changed hands repeatedly, and, as the objects for which they were conducted were national or local, so has their circulation increased or diminished. The immense popularity enjoyed by the *Times*, for instance, may allow fairly of its being taken as a general reflection of the national mind, and, as such, its importance can hardly be over-estimated. The great mass of readers depend entirely upon newspapers for their intelligence. Even as early as 1620, Burton complains, in his famous Anatomy of Melancholy, "That if any read now-a-day it is a pamphlet of news." This complaint might be re-echoed in our own time, for wherever we go we find that a newspaper is a necessary of modern life. By the materials which these periodical publications afford for discourse and speculation they contribute very much to the emolument of society; their cheapness brings them into

universal use; their variety adapts them to every taste. A number of the *Times*—with its pages closely filled with commercial wants and supplies; with the arrangements of private convenience; the solicitations of distress; the acts of private charities; the declarations and resolutions of public meetings; the marriages and deaths; the accidents and offences; the current satire of the day, and the fashionable chronicle of our court; the arrival of our fleets; the reforms in our army; the debates of our Houses of Parliament; the announcement of numerous literary works; and ample intelligence from the four quarters of the globe—is perhaps the finest thing we have to show as a proof of our national greatness, and the most trustworthy means of making it durable. What an immense mass of interests and connecting communications is here apparently knitting the structure of our society together, and, by its publication, diffusing throughout the whole a spirit of general sympathy, as an animating mind to the well-compacted union of a commonwealth of rights and possessions.

It would be easy to moralize on the text of De Tocqueville, that the newspaper is a great mental camera, which throws a picture of the whole world upon a single sheet of paper; the intellectual familiar which drops the same thought into ten thousand minds at the same moment. It might also afford amusement to the uninitiated were we to take them behind the scenes of a modern editor's room, and divulge the secrets of the printing-office.

The copyright of the *Times* alone has been estimated at £130,000. Of course, it is difficult to fix with accuracy the value of an establishment where so little information can be obtained that is reliable. It is, however, well known that the shareholders have sometimes divided a profit on the capital of £24,000 a year. The expenses of a paper are enormous. Editors, printers, publishers, clerks, reporters, and correspondents are all well paid, and the many miscellaneous charges incident to the successful conduct of a first-class London paper not unfrequently swell the weekly outlay to £600 per week.

To look too closely into the details of editorial and managerial economy would occupy too much of our space, and we therefore prefer indulging in such reflections as may enable us fully to apprehend the moral power and practical use of newspaper writing, and to appreciate the awful responsibility of the journalist who has a dignified sense of his position and its duties. The great cry of these times has been "Education!" "Educate the masses!" Politicians have proved by formidable statistics how gross and prevailing is ignorance. The clergy have preached and honourable M.P.s have lectured upon the terrible want of schools and collegiate institutions. But while the governing classes have been talking the working classes have been acting. Life is now-a-days so terribly real, and we work at such high pressure, that it is difficult to all, impossible to many, to devise a new system for

the dissemination of instruction. The newspaper and the cheap magazines were the only means within the reach of the great majority of our population. They gradually became alive to their practical value, and those who catered for the public taste quickly elevated the standard of periodical literature, until it has become recognized as one of the most useful, as it is the most common, of our means of education. The people have cried for knowledge in the streets, and wisdom has opened her mouth and taught. We are convinced that, had the English people been deprived of the privileges of a free discussion and a free press the feelings of discontent which domestic events have frequently inspired, finding no vent, would have resulted in those terrible consequences which have convulsed European nations under similar circumstances. In England people are well acquainted with all the movements of the Government, and, while able to judge by experience of the soundness of their policy, are able to convey to Ministers their convictions on the subject. Without the press the representative government would be most imperfect. The non-electors are a more numerous body than the electors of members of the House of Commons. Even supposing the contrary, the member would with great difficulty arrive at a correct estimate of his country's wants did he depend upon deputations for his information. The daily press is the voice of his constituents and of his country; the local and national interests are equally protected, and his conduct and ability are fairly canvassed and criticized. The liberty of the press is the most efficacious remedy against calumny and misrepresentation, for while it permits the attack it furnishes weapons to parry every blow. In other countries plausible sophistry or well-directed declamation may turn the heads of a weak auditory, but in England the finest periods, the most brilliant perorations, cannot cheat an unlettered plebeian out of the exercise of his own judgment, or lull him into a state of supineness at any moment of critical importance. Hence the astonishment of foreigners at witnessing the correctness and perspicuity with which individuals of the lowest class judge of the relative situation of things, and point out the strong and weak sides of their political leaders. The press is universally allowed to be the chief support of English liberty. It secures the people from the attempts of inordinate ambition, and protects the statesman from the insidious attack of an ambushed enemy. Every cause in which a politician engages becomes the cause of the public; from the first moment that he appears on the theatre of the world they watch his every step, make notes of all his actions—public or private—delineate with accuracy the various features of his character; with these documents they become unprejudiced and uncorrupted judges, and this is the greatest prerogative a statesman can enjoy. And not only is it necessary that the people should be amply informed of the facts which may occur; not only is it

a principle that the daily press should supply a narrative of current news—this would fall short of a great aim and a powerful influence. It must furnish opinions, it must offer suggestions, it must point out errors, in a word it must think for those who cannot think for themselves, it must bring to bear upon the discussion of public affairs resources which are not available for the great majority of readers. It has been aptly remarked that journalists discharge somewhat the same functions as correspond to the pleadings of the advocate and the summary of the judge in our courts of law. They arrange, collate, condense, and expound for the benefit of the listening jury, calling attention to what might have been overlooked, pointing out what is important, and what irrelevant, clearing up what is obscure, explaining what is technical, and placing before the audience the matter for consideration in a prepared form, and in the clearest and most instructive light. Two things, therefore, are necessary for the successful establishment of a newspaper: that the managers should be men in a position to develop all the advantages possible for the one object—the acquisition of intelligence, and that the editors should be men of admitted talent and of undoubted reputation and integrity. The writers who, at home, sustain this high character may be classed thus. Young statesmen who are qualifying themselves for the political arena, and who now write leading articles, where fifty years ago they would have compiled pamphlets. Professional men of education and ability who are waiting for practice, and to whom the employment recommends itself as a lucrative one; and a still more honourable class who have chosen literature as a profession, but being more anxious to influence the popular mind than to become famous, shroud themselves under the incognito of a contributor, that they may enjoy the greater licence for expression of their peculiar opinions. The style of newspaper writing is now almost perfect. It may be slight, occasionally flippant, but there is always good reason for these exceptions to the general rule. We have often compared with the masterly style of Gibbon some of the more carefully prepared articles in the *Times*, and can affirm that the diction is equally pure and the construction as elegant. Papers like the *Examiner*, the *Spectator*, the *Leeds Mercury*, *Scotsman*, and *Saturday Review* are all conducted by thoroughly first-rate men, and bear the impress of talent in every page. The English press is abused as the organ of aristocracy by ultra democrats, and abhorred by despots as an advocate of revolution. This is of itself a tolerable proof of the medium it preserves. Any foreigner who understood the language, but had never visited England, might obtain from the press alone a very tolerable idea of the moral, social, political, and intellectual state of that country. With respect to the French press this is not the case, as although greater talent and equal learning, have been occasionally employed upon it, the restrictions which are unfortunately binding upon

them do not apply to us. Both in France and America the newspapers are identified with the editors, the writers are known, and their individual opinions are notorious. Our only knowledge of the editor ought to be a negative one. He is not the proprietor. He does not write all the articles. He does not manufacture the intelligence. His personality is not disagreeably prominent. Were it so, we venture to say that his influence would be proportionably less considerable. The publicity of the business would keep quiet and sensitive men out of it. The same analogy can be used regarding casual contributors and correspondents. In theory the anonymous system prevails to its fullest extent with respect to these, but in practice, when it is an object for an interested party to obtain the name of the writer he seldom succeeds in preserving his secret. This is the reason why, with all its political liberty, the American press is less free than our own for the discussion of minor social evils. The French press is virtually gagged. The Spanish and Italian journals are the creatures of the Government, and the surveillance that is habitually exercised over the German newspapers is oppressive and absurd. A free press must be free to all. The right of philosophers to communicate their wisdom involves a licence for fools, within certain limits, to publish their folly, and liberty for ordinary mediocrity to indulge in its commonplaces. According to the judgment of Englishmen the responsibility of journalism ought to rest with the writer and publisher, and not with the Government. It is not found by experience in other countries that restricted publicity tends to elevate the moral and intellectual tone of public writers.

It is a difficult thing to determine whether the periodical journals are the children or the parents of public opinion. They, certainly, by collecting facts and speculating upon their consequences, have frequently guided the national mind, but this has been done generally in a temperate and judicious manner; and when we reflect upon the present sound views which the leading members of the press take of public affairs, we are disposed to admire rather than cavil at them for their assumption of responsibility. It has been said that the avidity with which men read newspapers and reviews will eventually lead to a superficial habit of treating important subjects, and a general style of INDEX knowledge which will degenerate into conceited flippancy and ignorant presumption. Certain it is that as newspapers furnish the daily reading of millions, so there are thousands who never open a book for the purposes of study. The great majority of young men who are destined for commercial pursuits, and many older persons, whose cares and anxieties prevent the necessary abstraction of thought, are not students, but readers. Their appetite for knowledge is not very great, and if the newspaper and the magazine did not supply information to this class, the probability is that it would be altogether dispensed with. The fact that newspaper readers will read nothing else is rather an

argument in favour of the periodical press. It reaches a set of persons whose minds, otherwise uninfluenced, would be crude and prejudiced. Superficial knowledge is decidedly an evil, but ignorance is a greater one. Again, it has been objected to the press that it has given currency to opinions and disclosed practices which offended the good taste and injured the social morality of the community. It is to be hoped that this absurd prejudice will soon die out. Social enormities are now so patent to the world that we must no longer wink at the evils which surround us. We cannot afford to slumber on to the tune of

> "All will go right, will go right, will go right,
> All will go right, though sinners are strong."

We *must* meet the social evil and grapple with it. The press has done this. It has long and manfully fought the battle, undaunted by the accumulations of ages and the Herculean labour imposed ; it has cleansed the Augean stables ; it has attacked spiritual wickedness in high places ; it has questioned the virtues of peers of the realm, and intimated doubts of the straightforwardness of still higher personages ; it has not disdained to reprove the police magistrate who wantonly insulted a miserable convict, and not unfrequently has it ventured to dictate to each of the learned professions a course which would give satisfaction to the public expectation. When we reflect upon the state of England —her Colonies ; her relations with Europe and America ; the internal arrangements of Church and State ; her universities, her factories, her schools, and her villages—when we compare courts of justice, prisons, mines, or even public-houses, as we know them, with the same institutions fifty years ago, it is impossible not to estimate highly the widespread and thorough reformation which has been effected, and while we are gratified with the pleasing contrast we must not forget that, under Providence, it is to the press, the free press, and to that alone, that England is indebted for the high place she still holds among the nations.

It is impossible, in a paper of the present pretensions, to offer even a brief summary of the characteristics of the existing press : illustrated papers, religious papers, infidel magazines, Catholic reviews. These must be familiar to all. High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, have their favourite organs ; the Vegetarians have their Botanico-medico journal ; Photography has its note book published every month ; Holyoake edits the Reasoner for the Materialists. The Mormons, the Princeites, and the Latter Day Saints vie with the older fanatics in their missionary records. All classes, all professions, find in periodical literature a representative. No one is forgotten ; the interests of all are cared for,—Household Words, Chambers' Journal, and the Leisure Hour, offer substantial inducements to relinquish the study of that vicious school of French romance which lately made so much way among our working men and women. The taste for good and cheap publications is now almost universal. Each month brings us the

numbers of some new magazine, or the prospectus of some enterprising publisher, who reprints, in a cheaper form, articles which have already appeared in an older periodical, and which possess a permanent value. And now, though this wide field is only opened up, we feel that it is impossible at present to pursue our inquiries farther. Although we are not prepared to exclaim with Lamartine: "Before this century shall have run out journalism will be the whole press, the whole human thought. Since that prodigious multiplication art has given to speech to be multiplied a thousandfold, mankind will write their book day by day, hour by hour, page by page. Thought will spread abroad in the world with the rapidity of light, instantly conceived, instantly written, instantly understood at the extremities of the earth; it will speed from pole to pole. Sudden, instant, burning with the fervour of soul which made it burst forth, it will be the reign of the human word in all its plenitude; it will not have time to ripen, to accumulate in the form of a book. The book will arrive too late. The only book possible from to-day is a newspaper,"—we may yet say:

> To you all readers turn, and they can look
> Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book.
> Those who ne'er deigned a Bible to peruse,
> Would think it hard to be denied their news.
> Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,
> Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek.
> This, like a public inn, provides a treat,
> Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat,
> And such this mental food as he may call,
> Something to all men, and to some men all.

AFTER A STORM.

Morning hath clomb upon us,—from the day,
  Have roll'd each darkling cloud, the orient view
  Unveils with gorgeous sun, and deep clear blue.
But ocean riots still;—in ponderous play
Thousands of heavy surges plunge away,
  Dazzling with snow-white foam, or swiftly woo
  Iris to paint all brightly tinted hues.
Strangely fair magic, mid their shivered spray,
Around us many a little whale-bird skims,
Dipping its tiny bosom in the deep,
Then instantly uprising blithe and high,
Even as the heart unthrall'd by earthly things
Will walk this troublous earth yet ever keep
Its dearest home up in the azure sky.

E.S.W.

THE MERCHANTS' PLATE, AND THE CAPE TURF.

> "The sport which Grafton loves,
> Which Spencer, Portland, Albermarle approves;
> Which Kings have fostered, and a nations pride,
> Protest who may, will never cast aside."—
> *Country Scenes—(Poem)*—Davis.

The candelabrum, in electro-plate, which forms the illustration of our present number is the gift of the merchants of Cape Town to the races of April, 1861, and bears undoubted testimony to the good taste of Henry Christian, Esq., who selected it during his late visit to England. It is a work of truly poetic conception carried out with real artistic feeling. The stately palm-tree, and its light feathery foliage are very effective, and the group below is exquisitely designed and beautifully finished. We believe it is intended to represent the taming of the first horse, or rather the first taming of the horse; so we have before us, so to speak, the first rider in all creation! And what a noble figure he is! How dignified his features; how graceful his attitude; how symmetrical his figure; and with what ease and firmness he sits upon the chafing but subdued Arab, whom he is leaning forwards to caress and pacify! We can fancy him saying: "Well, old fellow, we have had our fight and you have lost it. For the future you must acknowledge me as your master, and I intend to be so; but I wish to live on good terms with you, so let us be friends."

Referring to the earliest records of the South African Turf Club, which extend to A.D. 1818, we find that in the September meeting of that year a Merchants' Plate, value 500 rixdollars, was a prominent object in the race-list. After that time it appears to have fallen into abeyance, but was again established as a challenge cup, with a sum in specie added every year, but not always the same, and varying according to circumstances. Those circumstances may be defined as the sporting tone of the day, and the interest taken in the collection of the subscriptions by some of the merchants themselves. They have never been backward on such occasions, and an appeal of this nature, when made through some acceptable channel, has always met with a very liberal response. The original Merchants' Cup, after changing hands continually for some twenty-five years, began to assume a somewhat dilapidated appearance, and the donors agreed last year that its erratic course should be

brought to a close, and that whoever won it in April, 1860, should keep it. The race was then established on a different footing, and the present candelabrum is to be the property of the winner, together with the surplus subscriptions and the entrances, which will amount it is supposed to the handsome aggregate of £100. But whether it falls short of this or not, the fortunate owner of the winning horse will have, at all events, a very elegant and substantial piece of plate for himself and his heirs for ever; and we hope to see a contest for it, such as will repay our ledger-ridden merchants themselves for the exertion of taking their families to Green Point on that eventful day.

Apropos of the Merchant's Plate we shall now attempt to discuss various matters connected with the Cape Turf—past, present, and to come. Turning therefore to the annals of the South African Turf Club, we find, singularly enough, in the very first entry, Lord Charles Somerset, the Governor of the colony, engaged in four private matches of 1,000 dollars each, every one of which (by special dispensation, of course) he had the misfortune to lose. Thus the record goes:

MATCHES.—MAY, 1818.

Lord Charles Somerset's ch. c. *Clinker*, 2 years, against Mr. Tolfrey's b. f. *Maid of Swellendam*, 2 years, four matches, 1,000 dollars each, P.P. Distances, ½ mile, ¾, 1 mile, and 1½ mile.

In the first match *Clinker* bolted, and the filly won the rest very easily. But immediately afterwards the luck changes, and his Lordship (by special dispensation also, we presume) wins three matches of 1,000 dollars each, in succession. Mr. Tolfrey, we believe, was an Indian visitor, and if so, was fair game for King or Kaiser; but when we read that his Excellency was concerned in many such matches with adventurous, not to say aspiring, colonists, we cannot but regret the indiscretion. Perhaps even in those halcyon days of political ignorance and social simplicity there may have been a contemptible flunkeyism intriguing desperately for knighthood, or something more substantial, and sufficiently vulgar to believe that court favour could be purchased by a few hundred pounds judiciously expended in sporting pursuits. That stories in disparagement of Lord Charles' character were circulated by disappointed schemers and other persons is a notorious fact, and also how they fell to the ground. Such calumnies were a matter of course, for his Lordship was a high-bred gentleman, and never lowered

himself by unseemly dodging after a low-class popularity. And after all, though court patronage may have been occasionally ill bestowed in those days, be it remembered that we have seen some odd things since in the same line, and perpetrated, sad to say, under the auspices of Governors not addicted to racing or any public amusements. It would have been better certainly had Lord Charles left certain things undone, for in his position they were liable to misconstruction; but whatever may have been his shortcomings, the agriculturists of the colony must assuredly owe a heavy debt of gratitude to his memory for the encouragement he gave to horse-breeding, and the sporting spirit he created. The English sires which he imported were of a stamp and quality such as the colony has scarcely seen since, and thus was sown broad-cast the seed which in future years produced such a glorious harvest, and enabled us to supply the Indian Government with nearly 6,000 well-bred horses in the hour of need. The first decided improvement in the Cape horse may be dated from the reign of Lord Charles Somerset, and we are under the conviction that the colonists generally would be quite prepared to undergo the ordeal of another racing Governor (this remark, "without prejudice," as the lawyers say), and no questions asked. The Indian visitors, till Cape leave became extinguished, were always to the front in times of public diversion. They not only gave handsome purses at our race meetings, but some of them never failed to set up racing stables during their colonial pilgrimage, and generally to some purpose. For more reasons than one their absence is much to be deplored; but upon this topic we need not dwell.

The Cape Turf, like other institutions, has had its ups and downs; but, perhaps, it never flourished more vigorously than when *Farmer John, Johnny Raw, Jester, Don Juan, Legislator, Scud, Red Rover*, &c., &c., were knocking each other about from 1832 to 1835. The "timing" of those days has never been equalled since, which may be attributed to so many first-class horses coming out together and making the pace terrific from end to end. We by no means assert that racers of equal capacity have not since been bred at the Cape. On the contrary, many might be named that have shown extraordinary merits; but, as they never met with antagonists of corresponding calibre, their speed and endurance could never be satisfactorily ascertained. In racing phraseology, they never went fairly through the mill and were never called upon to finish. *Don Juan* and *Farmer John*, in April, 1853, ran three heats of a mile and a half in 2m. 54½s.,

2m. 54s., and 2 m. 55 s.; *Don Juan* ran the second heat of a two-mile race in 3 m. 56 s.; and in 1840 *Young Duke* and *Farmer John* ran two heats of a two-mile race in 3 m. 55 s. and 3 m. 58 s; their weights being 10 st. 2 lbs. and 10 st. 4 lbs.

From that time the two miles have never been accomplished on the Green Point course under four minutes, merely because first-class horses (all fit to go) have not come together for such a distance. We shall expect, nevertheless, to see it done in the race for the first Queen's Plate, on the 24th of this month, if the "cracks" of 1860 come out in good form to meet the dark English mare. *Tumbler*, still quoted in India as the best Cape horse ever seen there, was quite a little wonder. He was low at the withers (barely 14-3), but very lengthy, and when fairly settled to his work nothing but an English horse could lie alongside of him for any distance. He used to go tearing along with his head down, stretching himself out like a hare in danger, and his measured stride was something enormous. In India, whilst in his prime, he gave heavy weights to the best Arabs and beat them all in a canter; and we learn, by reference to an Eastern racing calendar, that *Tumbler*, in a match for half a mile, and carrying 11 st., beat *Francisca*, the fastest racer on the Calcutta course, carrying 10 st., with great ease, in 52 seconds. This was an astonishing performance, considering the weight on the little horse. *Don Juan*, *Farmer John*, *Sir Benjamin*, *Battledore*, *Voltaire*, and other horses bred at the Cape have also distinguished themselves greatly in India; and only last year *Maydew*, a mare by *Evenus*, and taken to Bengal by the late Major Holmes, beat everything in Calcutta in unprecedented time. But the running of *Farmer John* is perhaps the most remarkable of any, as he was ten years old when shipped for India, and had been doing duty in Mr. Jacob van Reenen's stud for three or four years. Notwithstanding his waning powers and stiffening joints and the 14 lbs. extra weight he had to carry, his stout heart never quailed when he came out to meet some of the best Arabs Calcutta ever saw, in a race of two miles and a quarter, and ran the winner to a head in the astonishing time of 4 m. 24 s. But, with the exception of the few horses heretofore mentioned, the Capes have done nothing in India for many years past, and the *Walers* have nearly ousted them from that market. In New South Wales, Western Australia, and Tasmania great efforts have been made to improve the breed of horses. Joint-stock companies have been formed and private enterprise has rivalled them in the purchase of English thoroughbred horses and mares for breeding pur-

poses. Only last year *Fisherman*, the stoutest runner in England, and a horse of pre-eminent soundness both in legs and constitution, was bought by an Australian commissioner for 3,000 guineas; and he was accompanied in his voyage to the antipodes by three brood mares, picked up a bargain at the sale of Lord Londesborough's stud, at the edifying prices of £1,200, £850, and £630 respectively. Our Cape breeders must sing small after these quotations, and they must face the home market with something like the same resolution if they expect to hold their own on the Indian race-courses against the *Walers* looming in the distance.

It might be invidious if we attempted to discuss the relative merits of the various Cape studs now existing, and we therefore fall back on former times, ere the breeders had been infected with that suicidal mania for the Holstein and cart-horse cross which has destroyed so many first-rate establishments. There were giants in those days. The late Mr. Melck, the late Mr. Piet van der Byl, Jacob van Reenen, of Ganze Kraal, John Kotzé, of Berg River, P. L. Cloete, of Zandvliet and the Hope, Mr. P. Myburgh, the van Bredas and Reitz's, of Rhenoster Fontein, and others, were then all hard at it, all going in for the best blood, and all resolute to win. Those were the times when a good imported horse readily obtained a suitable price, when the breeders themselves took an interest in the races, and seldom failed to meet each other sociably and comfortably at the Turf Club dinners. We should like to see such gatherings again, but some who could have been the least spared are, unhappily, no longer amongst us. We miss the grave, earnest countenance and massive form of the late Mr. Melck, and the genial *bonhommie* of Mr. Rogerson, and the striking aristocratic features and mild gentlemanly address of the late Mr. Piet van der Byl. That indeed was a real gentleman, not only in appearance, but in thought, and word, and deed. An honourable opponent, of too high principle himself to harbour vulgar suspicions, scorning base weapons and secret warfare; never insolent in victory, nor sulky in defeat; independent but courteous; resolute but fair dealing; a truly unselfish and amiable man in all the relations of life, he left behind him an example which some who had the best opportunities of observing might have followed with advantage.

Our brief outline of the Turf celebrities passed from us would indeed be wanting if it did not include one who, for many years, was the father of the Cape Turf,—the late Mr. Rogerson. Born and bred a Yorkshireman, he had all the

Yorkshireman's knowledge and appreciation of the "noble animal." We fancy we can see him returning victorious from the race-course, with a troop of Malay boys and other coloured *gamins* of the town giving him an ovation along the road, or creeping from the Camp Ground to the Wynberg course at early dawn, in his antediluvian buggy, behind his string of racers. Taking up his position at the crest of the hill, there he used to sit watching with anxious eye the improving action of his own untried and juvenile performers, or scrutinizing the pretensions of rival stables. Not that one could always obtain his unreserved opinion about things to be, as he was a great disciple of hope, and always stoutly maintained, for the encouragement of training novices, that any horse might be taught to gallop, though he seldom added how fast. Certainly he had good reasons himself for clinging to the skirts of such a doctrine, as he gathered many turf laurels and carried off innumerable plates with horses that would have broken the hearts of less persevering trainers. He made the horse his study, he thoroughly understood the training art, and nothing came amiss to him, from the weedy and fractious filly of two years old, to the lazy and lurching six-year-old, fresh from a country span. If, as it often happened, he was encumbered with some provincial animal, almost as slow as a man, he never failed to "get a length into him," or, in other words, he contrived to wind him up artistically to run at the top of his speed over a distance of ground. Mr. Rogerson's name is the first inscribed in the racing annals of the colony, for in April, 1818, he ran second with *Saxe Coburg* to Mr. Cloete's bay filly *Georgiana*, for the Cradock Cup. From that time, up to 1848, when his health gave way, he was always a steady supporter of the Cape Turf, and during that long period no ruffle ever disturbed his universal popularity. A more thorough sportsman, or a more benevolent and kind-hearted man never trod the shores of Southern Africa, and it will be long ere he be forgotten.

Turning from men to things, from reminiscences of the past to present realities, we need make no apology for invoking more decided extended patronage from the powers that be, and more liberality on the part of the general community towards the Turf of the Western Province. With the exception of the Merchants' Plate, and a small purse once a year from the tradesmen, the Green Point races have no reliable support from the public. The South African Turf Club musters only twenty-five strong, and with the exception of the Queen's Plate and the Merchants' gift, the breeders and the racing men supply every purse worth running for.

Even the race stand, which on all English courses is a fruitful source of revenue, is here useless in that respect, as it is seldom half filled, and the proceeds are barely sufficient to cover the annual interest of the debt upon it. Instead of dragging on a precarious existence, the races ought to be considered in an English colony dependent upon its agricultural prosperity, as a national sport, worthy of more consideration than it enjoys at present. Her Majesty has graciously recognized this claim, and after that Royal example the Colonial Parliament may not be disinclined to follow suit. The interests of the Turf are inseparable from the interests of the public, a fact capable of demonstration, logically and conclusively. We take it in this way. Without races for good stakes there can be no inducement to train horses, and the breeders cannot expect to obtain fair prices for their best blood stock. Failing in this, they cannot afford to give large sums for English horses of blood and bone. Now, unless English sires of good quality are constantly imported to recruit our colonial breed, it will assuredly degenerate, and become, in a few years, unfit for home use or the foreign market. These are axioms not to be disputed, and they are stamped by bitter experience on the memories of our Cape breeders. The same rule applies to fine-woolled sheep and other stock of exotic origin bred and reared under conditions of climate, food, and treatment not available in South Africa.

At the agricultural show in Cape Town, 1859, Mr. Michael van Breda realized upwards of £70 a-piece, on the average, for colts bred by himself and barely two years old. Last year he obtained upwards of £80 each, on the average, for ten unbroken colts of the same age. They were sold by public auction, and produced keen competition between the Eastern and Western Province bidders. What was the reason of such excellent prices? Simply the fact that the colts were well bred and had both size and substance, so that if too slow for racing purposes they were sure to make good hunters or chargers, or, at any rate, superior carriage horses. With the view of encouraging the breeding of such animals the Turf Club has established a scale of weights infinitely higher than what obtains in England. Lightning speed and flying coursers are desirable no doubt, and the pleasure of a race is wonderfully enhanced by the quality of the horses engaged in it and the electric rapidity of their movements over a bowling-green course. But the Turf weights at the Cape imply a desire to promote the breeding of strong and muscular horses in unison with good blood, even though

they should run, in time, comparatively slow; and though the racing interest may suffer to some extent, the public gains immensely. The Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society in like manner has abjured the former absurd system of giving prizes to thoroughbred weeds, merely because they were thoroughbred, or said to be so. It was argued that however much good blood was to be appreciated, it was not to be patronized at the expense of other essential points in the horse of all work. Therefore the prizes are now given for a combination of blood, size, and power, and it is for the judges to decide in what animals these qualities are most usefully and harmoniously combined. Some of the old breeders still bewail the ancient order of things, but the public does not sympathize with them. The public will not look at their weedy thoroughbreds, and they must bring out a better style of animal and feed their stock more liberally, if they wish to have any future hold on the public market. This advice Colonel Apperley many times earnestly pressed upon them, and it ought to have due weight. The term "thoroughbred" is arbitrary and almost out of date in this colony as relating to colonial horses. In England it is a precise definition, and means horses that can be traced in the general Stud Book, which abhors all vulgar associations, and ignores the existence of any horse with the slightest plebeian stain, however distant or dubious. We have no such book of reference, and as the number of imported mares has been very limited, it is hardly possible, to strike the trail of a colonial pedigree satisfactorily up to its European or Eastern origin on both sides. On the other hand, from the time of Lord Charles Somerset, and before it, the best studs of the colony have been continuously supplied with English thoroughbred sires, and as every succeeding generation filters out largely the impurities of blood, we have now a breed of horses as nearly thoroughbred as possible from the constant intermixture of the more aristocratic element. The first cross between a thoroughbred horse and a cart mare* produces a $\frac{1}{2}$ breed; the second a $\frac{3}{4}$ breed; the third $\frac{7}{8}$; the fourth $\frac{15}{16}$: the fifth $\frac{31}{32}$; the sixth $\frac{63}{64}$; and so on in arithmetical progression, until in the 7th cross the pure blood stands to the cart blood as $\frac{127}{128}$. Now in fifty years seven generations of horses are propagated in the common course of things,

* The first brood mares of the colony were anything but the cart breed. They are said to have come from South America, and were probably, to some extent, descendants of the Barbs and Arabs left in Spain by the Moors and taken to South America by the Spaniards.

and many colonial studs have flourished for such a time, or the mares bred upon them, if transferred elsewhere, can be traced without mistake. So that little difference exists actually on the point between the colonial thoroughbred claiming English or Arab descent on both sides up to a remote period, and the stock traceable for six or seven generations, which usually finds its way to our race-courses. In England, horses branded in the Racing Calendar with the ominous *h. b.* in brackets (half-bred), very often win the greatest races of the day against fields of the best horses on the turf; and the *Flying Dutchman* himself, of world-wide celebrity, was run to a head in the "Derby" race by a horse called *Hotspur*, marked with the *h. b.*, of whom the Stud Book contains no mention. Many similar instances are on record, and, indeed, are so well known to "horsey" people that they need not be here repeated. Thus the notion of our maintaining at the Cape, or at all events in the Western Province, an arbitrary distinction of this kind, a mere dissolving view, is preposterous in the extreme.

Colonel Apperley took some pains to warn the horse-breeders of the Cape from resorting to the cross with Dutch or English cart-horses, if the produce is intended for hard work in a warm climate such as India, and he was equally against the Arabs. And here I will venture to quote an English sporting writer of high repute. Describing the Russian cavalry, he says: "All their chargers are bred from English horses, and when some of the Russian officers learnt from the English importers that our horses on the Balaclava day were perhaps the lighter boned of the twain, it may have flashed on them that the English would not have "*rode us down like sheep*" (to use their own words) if a serf's arm had guided the rein. In the southern parts of Russia the studs for cavalry horses comprise from 1,000 to 1,500 mares each. *The great object is to get the horses as thoroughbred as possible, as the half-breds cannot stand six or seven hours of manœuvring on parade.*"

If horses of inferior breeding will not stand six or seven hours of manœuvring on parade in Russia, how can the produce of Dutch or English cart-horses be expected to endure campaigning in India? The same writer observes: "Arabs are now very little used in the French *haras* (studs), and they are still more out of favour in Sardinia. At one time the King was as fond of them as his bay coach horses, and would ride nothing else; but one of them jumped so short with him in a bog, whilst his Aide-de-Camp, Count Cigala,

on his half-bred English mare got cleverly over, that he has pinned his faith on our hunters ever since, and right well he rides them."

Colonel Apperley's objection to the Arab was the want of size and bone in the produce, and as he was for many years superintendent of the Government studs in Bengal, and had every description of mare and horse under his eye (that eye not being very cloudy, either), his experience in such matters cannot be disputed. Nevertheless, a real high caste and symmetrical Arab, like old *Dreadnought*, a big horse on a small scale, would still be a fine cross for coarse, large mares, such as are found in the Roggeveld and Hantam, where there is plenty of grass, and the stock requires fining down. But where is such a horse to be found? Many Arabs have been brought to this colony, and with the exception of *Dreadnought* and a small chesnut formerly in the possession of the Messieurs La Grange, any decent stock from them has not been visible. But we have seen plenty of weeds and diminutive, capering impostors, good for no purpose whatever. The "desert blood" is all very well, but we cannot sigh for it if the almost invariable accompaniment is a deficiency of size; neither do we want ungainly, three-cornered brutes, all head and no middle piece, extravagant action but no go, such as come occasionally from England, but more frequently from Holland. Let us have the right combination of "blood and size and power," in the shape of the English racer, judiciously selected, and our colonial breed will yet answer every requirement and be ready for all contingencies. Colonel Apperley is now in England. He has been appointed by the Government of India to the responsible duty of selecting sires for the studs in all the presidencies. He will have the *entrée* of all the stables in England, and we are quite sure he will be delighted to execute any commission of the kind for the horse-breeders of the Cape.

TRISTAN DA CUNHA.

This group of South Atlantic islands is situated nearly midway between Rio de Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, and comprises a cluster of three: namely, Tristan da Cunha, Inaccessible, and Nightingale. Tristan is inhabited, the others only afford a resting-place for amphibia and sea birds. Each island is high, rocky, and precipitous.

NIGHTINGALE,*

The smallest, has two peaks, is about fifteen hundred feet high, and six miles in circumference: it has two islets off the north-east end, where a landing may be effected; the vegetation is scanty, and there is no fresh water, but vast numbers of penguins, sea birds, seals, and sea elephants completely cover the rocks in the breeding season.

INACCESSIBLE

Is much larger, shaped like a wedge, the western end being the highest,—about four thousand feet; it is nearly twelve miles in circumference, and has an islet off the south-west extreme. A landing may be effected in fine weather, but the island is very precipitous, and there is always a difficulty, from the heavy swell which constantly prevails; it is well-wooded with short stunted trees, has abundance of fresh water, and some acres of land well adapted for cultivation. Birds, seals, &c., frequent its shores in great numbers.

TRISTAN DA CUNHA,

The largest of the group, rises in the shape of a cone to the height of eight thousand three hundred feet. It is twenty-two miles in circumference, and is nearly circular in form; a few small rocky islets fringe the coast on the north-west side. The island itself is rocky, and for the most part rises precipitously from the sea. There are two or three landing-places, but the best one is upon the north side, called Falmouth Bay, where the settlement is located. A large portion of the island is covered with trees of the same stunted growth as those at Inaccessible, which extend about two thirds up the mountain, the remaining third being entirely cinders. The average of these trees, coniferæ, is ten feet in height by nine inches diameter; the branches are thick and droop quite to the ground. There are some thousands of acres of excellent land, capable of raising any produce, and there are several

* Captain Gamaliel Nightingale, formerly of Ikneesworth Hall, Cambridgeshire, and great grandfather of the present Port Captain of Simon's Bay, re-discovered the island commonly known as "Nightingale Island," and which was named after him about the year 1759. The same Captain G. Nightingale, when in command of H. M.'s ship *Vengeance*, captured the French frigate *L'Entreprenant*, of greatly superior force, in the Bay of Biscay, on the 13th of March, 1761, after a close action of three hours and twenty minutes, during which period the *Vengeance* was three times on fire and boarders from the French frigate were repulsed three several times. Captain Nightingale made £10,000, *L'Entreprenant* having on board a large quantity of merchandize from St. Domingo.

runs of pure water. In the winter the cone or summit is covered with snow.

Each island is surrounded with patches of sea-weed (*fucus giganteus*) growing from the bottom, and, therefore, from fifty to one hundred feet in length. This belt of sea-weed has an average breadth of three cables (six hundred yards), and acts as a breakwater, without which it would be hazardous to land, owing to the swell which beats incessantly on shore even in fine weather. On the north side of each island there is anchorage in about thirty fathoms coral or fine gravel, mixed with sand, but no dependence can be placed on such holding ground, for even in a calm the long swell would soon bring the anchor home, as was the case with H.M.S. *Julia*, in 1818, which ship went on shore from her anchor in fine weather, and nearly all hands perished. The position of Tristan da Cunha has been finally determined by H.M.'s surveying ship *Herald* in 1852. Herald point, the north-west extreme, is situated in 37° 2′ 46″ S., long. 12° 18′ 30″ W. High water, F and C about xii, rise, four to six feet. The prevailing current sets to the north-east, but there is an inshore eddy to the south-west, about half a knot per hour.

The merit of the discovery of these islands is due to the Portuguese some time in the sixteenth century, but the exact period has been forgotten in the chaos of Lusitanian acquisition during that stirring epoch, the more especially as, neither from position nor fertility could any hope be entertained of deriving immediate benefit for the nation to the discoverers. The Dutch in 1643, and the French in 1767, explored and described the group, but it was not till some years later that any practical use was made of them. In 1790 attention was drawn to the vast number of seals, sea elephants, &c., which frequented the shores, and Captain Patten, of the ship *Industry*, from Philadelphia, landed with part of his crew, and remained from August, 1790 until April, 1791. The speculation appears to have been very successful, as no less than five thousand six hundred seal skins were obtained, and any amount of oil could have been procured had that been the object. After Captain Patten's departure the island seems to have been abandoned until 1811, when three Americans squatted there to obtain skins and oil for the market; one of these men, Jonathan Lambert, issued an edict, declaring himself sovereign proprietor of the islands; he cleared and planted several acres of land with coffee and sugar cane supplied by the American minister at Rio de Janeiro, and soon there was every prospect

of a goodly settlement, but Mr. Lambert and his companions disappeared without leaving even a copy of the edict. The next event in the history of Tristan da Cunha was an official notice dated 30th March, 1817, announcing the occupation of the islands by a force from the Cape of Good Hope; this proceeding on the part of the British Government was doubtless brought about by the proximity of the Great Emperor at St. Helena, distant one thousand three hundred and twenty miles; for after his death Tristan was again deserted, but this time for a short period only, three or four families having voluntarily formed a settlement there, in 1821, some of whom are still alive, surrounded by a numerous progeny.

The original settlers were William M. Glass, Royal Artillery, Richard Riley, A.B., John Taylor, A.B., and Alexander Cotton, A.B.

These men took to themselves wives from the natives of St. Helena or the Cape of Good Hope, and consequently their offspring are mulattoes; from time to time English and American seamen have remained behind from their vessels, and intermarried, so that the present generation may be called brunette, and are remarkably healthy and strong. By degrees the population increased to eighty-five men, women, and children. In 1849 the sum of £1,000 was paid into the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel by an unknown philanthropist to provide a resident clergyman for five years. In 1852 the Rev. Mr. Taylor was living on the island, and to him the people are indebted for any knowledge they may possess. In February, 1857, Mr. Taylor left Tristan in H.M.S. *Geyser*, with forty-two men, women, and children, who had decided to settle at the Cape,—no reason on the part of the people has been assigned for this step except that they were discontented with their lot. The greater part are now established around Mr. Taylor at Riversdale, near Mossel Bay. Amongst the emigrants were two of the original settlers, Riley and Taylor,—Glass died in 1853, so that Alexander Cotton is now the father of the settlement, which, in February, 1861, numbered thirty-three souls, namely:

Alex. Cotton (Eng.),	aged	79,	wife	(Negress),	sons	3,	daughter	1	... 6
Peter Green (Dutch),	„	55,	„	(St. Hel.),	„	4,	„	1	... 7
Wm. Green,	(Creole),	„	27,	„	(Creole),	„	2,	„	0 ... 3
Thos. Swain (Eng.),	„	81,	„	(Negress),	„	2,	„	4	... 8
And. Higgins (Am.),	„	46,	„	(Creole),	„	5,	„	1	... 8
Joshua Rogers (Creole),		23,	..	...	.	...	...		... 1
									—
							Total	...	... 33

Of the above the younger portion will take the earliest opportunity of departing to the Cape; they all seem discontented, and are by no means the united happy family a casual observer would suppose them to be.

During the time of Glass, who was universally acknowledged as governor, he contrived to infuse the true Anglo-Saxon energy into the affairs of the little colony, which even possessed a small schooner for trading purposes, but since his death, in 1853, things have sadly altered, and at present it would be difficult to find a more apathetic community. I shall not attempt to theorize upon this melancholy state of affairs; whether it arises from the inherent negroism or from whatever cause, certain it is that the number of ships calling at the island for refreshments is decreasing year by year, and will soon cease altogether, for, when in addition to the physical difficulties of communicating is added much unnecessary loss of time, trouble, and a great trial of patience before fresh stock can be obtained, it is much better, except in extreme cases, where stock is absolutely necessary, to prosecute the voyage without closing the islands nearer than sufficient to correct the chronometer.

The vast number of sea elephants and seals which formerly thronged the shores of the islands dwindled away rapidly from constant persecution, but not having been molested of late years their numbers have now again increased. They again frequent Tristan, and are even seen close to the settlement, but Nightingale and Inaccessible are preferred, from the greater seclusion. The islanders only kill sufficient to supply their lamps with oil. From two to three thousand seals, and as many sea elephants, visit the islands annually. The best season is the month of February, and again in August. The seal skins are good and the oil abundant, but the ivory is small, and not of any great value. On the land, with the exception of a few small birds seen in the bushes, a species of gallinale is the only living thing indigenous to the islands, and it is only found at Tristan. It is provided with rudimentary wings, but its power of locomotion depends upon running, which it does with considerable speed, its legs are long, and of a light green, body black, beak long and yellow, with a vermillion crest; it is easily tamed, and is of good flavour.

The soil is excellent, and almost any produce flourishes, at present but little is under cultivation, and that only on the north-west side exposed to the prevailing winds which often blow with hurricane force in the winter season. There are thousands of acres in different parts of the island eminently fit for cultivation, some on the east side, which, being shel-

tered, seems especially adapted for the culture of the more delicate products. Even with the rough husbandry practised at present, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, beet, carrots, pumpkins, radishes, and cucumbers are grown to any amount. Apples and peaches ripen well, but no attention is paid to their culture. Wheat flourishes, and cattle thrive most satisfactorily. Fowls are said to be difficult to raise in consequence of the boisterous weather, but the probability is that some care and attention is required in looking after them which does not suit the apathetic nature of the settlers, and consequently fowls are scarce. There is abundance of milk, and, with very little trouble, excellent butter and cheese might be made in sufficient quantity for exportation. The rough work of the farm is done by bullocks, for although there are a few donkeys, the former answer better.

No account is kept of the stock, but by a rough estimate in February, 1861, it amounted to

Cattle	2 to 300.
Sheep	3 to 400.
Pigs	1 to 200.
Donkeys	2 or 3.

Plenty of geese and ducks, a few fowls.

Large flocks of wild goats roam over the hills and afford excellent sport.

The following is a list of charges:

Sheep } By an average of twelve, the weight of meat on each sheep was 45 lbs. ..	20s.
Beef	4d. per lb.
Pigs	4d. do.
Fowls	3s. per pair.
Ducks	4s. do.
Geese	5s. each.
Potatoes	12s. per 112 lbs.
Vegetables	4s. or 5s. per sack.
Butter (indifferent)	1s. per lb.
Eggs	1s. 6d. per doz.

In no part of the world is the stock of better quality; the mutton is excellent, and the beef almost as fine as can be procured in England. As regards the vegetables, it would be hard to find their superior; the potatoes are especially good.

The islanders prefer payment in kind; and tea, sugar, chocolate, a little spirits, wine, and flour, are in most request. They complain that they have no luxuries! nevertheless, no people of their station in life live so well in any other part of the world. Fish in any quantity are caught easily by the hook and line; two are often pulled up together. The climate is excellent. No sickness of any sort has ever

visited this favoured community. The island, however, is subject to frequent gales and rain, especially in the winter season, from April to October; these storms spring up within an hour, and blow with great violence, commencing about north veering to north-west, shifting without a moment's warning in a heavy squall to south-west, when the wind moderates and hauls round by east to north, ready to begin again. The mean temperature of summer is about 65°, of winter 50°; this, however, is very roughly estimated, and it is much to be regretted that regular observations have not been made during a year or two; the results, no doubt, would be of lasting benefit to the mariners (and their name is legion) frequenting these seas.

The following sailing directions are epitomized from all that is known of the islands, and with the chart made by Captain Denham, R.N., will render it difficult to run into danger, unless from sheer carelessness and inattention:

Nothing should induce the captain of a sailing ship to anchor at Tristan da Cunha, the long swell, the baffling winds, and the bad holding ground, are all against doing so, but with steam-power there can be no danger, although it would be safer and better in every respect to stand off and on. In the summer season, from October to April, there is no risk in holding communication by boats, but during the winter months there is no certainty of the weather from hour to hour; for instance, I landed from H. M.'s gunboat *Banterer* during beautiful weather in August, 1857, but had the greatest difficulty in getting afloat again, and barely reached the ship before it blew a whole gale from the north, with a heavy sea; in this case the islanders did not come off, although the gunboat was hove-to close to the land, within three quarters of a mile, and even when we landed my men had to catch the stock which I wanted. In a sailing ship the island should not be approached within a mile and a quarter, there is an excellent mark to denote this distance, namely, the detached rock off the western extreme, called Hardy Rock (in the excellent little plan, by Captain Denham, R. N.), on with the north-west point of the bay, bearing south-west three-quarters west. The best bearing to run in with is the low black cliffy point at the eastern extreme of the black pebbly beach bearing south, and directly the cross marks come on, heave-to head off shore; at this distance the current sets to the north-east, about half a knot an hour, but closer in there is an eddy running to the south-west. Directly the ship is hove-to throw overboard the fishing lines and an abundant supply of wholesome fish will reward the trouble. No

dependence can be placed on the islanders for coming off, although they have an excellent whale-boat. If, therefore, it is decided to call at Tristan, the ship's boat should be in readiness to shove off without a moment's loss of time, and plenty of bread bags, rope yarns, &c., should be sent to secure the stock and thus save time. The following is the account of my last visit, which will give some idea of the time occupied: 7 p.m, arrived within two miles of the settlement, fired a gun and burnt two rockets—observed the lights in the cottages—beautiful night, full moon, wind south south-east, sea calm and still; at daylight, 5·30, close in about one mile and a half—fired two guns—after some delay observed the islanders coming off, but when they arrived their boat was empty. Landed at 6, and brought off by 12—sheep 21, geese 20, fowls 12, potatoes 8 bags, for which we paid in tea, sugar, rum, flannel, wine, and money. We did not finally start until 2, waiting for some of the islanders who had begged a passage to the Cape (1 man, 6 women, and 3 children).

The islands of Tristan da Cunha have been shown to possess a fertile soil, abundance of water, and large quantities of wood, also, that the climate is singularly healthy; nevertheless, there is an insuperable obstacle to the formation of a flourishing settlement in the uncertainty of the weather. The frequent tempests—which blow with great violence in the winter season, render communication with the shore at best precarious, sometimes dangerous, and often impossible, in the entire absence of anything like a roadstead or even a safe anchorage. There seems, however, one purpose for which Tristan is eminently adapted, and that is for the establishment of a penal settlement for the worst sort of criminals, those for instance whom it is important to cut off entirely from society at large, for such a purpose these islands would suit admirably, situated in mid ocean, 1,800 miles from the nearest land of America, 1,500 miles to the coast of Africa, and 1,320 from St. Helena, the nearest land of all, and a mere speck on the Atlantic, the chances of escape seem nearly hopeless, while at the sametime the internal resources are amply sufficient to make the establishment entirely self-supporting. Stone for building the prison abounds, and is easily quarried. The Government are at present at a loss for a penal settlement, and here is the very place formed as it were by nature for their purpose, and at a most trifling cost. It would be necessary in the first place to make a thorough exploration of the islands, but this could be easily accomplished in one summer by a man-of-war dispatched from the Cape of Good Hope.

SPIRIDION.

Cyprus! once renowned and strong
Then each fawn-eyed Ionian throng
To cithern's tuneful chord,
Swept with light foot the mazy dance,
Or panting in voluptuous trance
Dream'd on the flowery sward.
While all was glorious blue on high,
Proud temples limn'd against the sky,
With blushing vines blent thro' the trees,
And rose and jassimine on the breeze,
Till each sense lull'd with sound and sight
Own'd all the subtly sweet delight.

What boots the lavish gifts of Heaven
To slaves and craven-hearted given
Who shrink from patriot stand!
Or what avails earth's choicest store
When the Eternal's wrath shall pour
Shame on a sluggard land!
The Moslem crescent bickers now,
O'er perfumed vale and mountain brow,
Swords wrested from the nervous hands
Of brave Venetia's vanquish'd bands,
The brutal Turks unchallenged wave
Above the Cypriot, thrice a slave.

Once there in green sequester'd dell,
As old patristic legends tell
To softly whispering fame,
An ancient Bishop used to keep
His small well-tended flock of sheep,
Spiridion by name.
When lo! at stealthy break of day
Robbers came, sweeping all away;
Aghast! the quiet saintly man
Cried as they wrought their violent plan,
Ah brothers! is it such a task
To give,—if you would only ask?

We race of restless-visaged men,
Toiling so hard by head, or pen,
Or hand, or skill, or guile.
May o'er (if leisure time we find)
Such idiosyncracy of mind
Shape our own proud hard smile.
Yet what if there should come a day
When pride and scorn are swept away,
And suffering patience, humbled love,
Find thrones prepared for them above;
Then mid the wreck of sea and land
Who would not near Spiridion stand?

E.S.W.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"ROUND THE KLOOF."

LYING as Cape Town does between the horns of a mighty crescent, the points of which approach very near to the sea while the remainder is formed of high mountains, of course there are but two ways of getting out of it—round the point of one or the other of these horns. And in the early part of the day, before the sun has reached his full height of power, there is no more enjoyable ride or walk about Cape Town than that which turns the western point of the crescent. It is among the most agreeable of my own "first impressions."

A glow of renewed health and energy pervades one's frame, unbraced by the close relaxing night of Cape Town, as the cool air from the water refreshes it. One steps lightly and vigorously over the ground, and willingly leaves the dusty road to cross over to the water's edge where the new Breakwater works are in operation. And gazing over the blue expanse, fancy may paint the long curved line of the future mole stretching out into the bay, on the inner side of which the storm-tossed bark may ride in safety, let the winds and waves rage as they may against the seaward wall. Imagination will excavate a vast space for docks, alongside of which the same plastic power may rear long lines of commodious warehouses, and cover the surrounding land with the streets and squares and terraces of a new town, through which a line of railway will run connecting the harbour with the city, and so with the main lines of rail that traverse the country. Or, if imagination fail to picture all this, the eye may at least dwell with pleasure on the sight of rude nature subdued by skill and energy, on bare cliffs made to minister to the comfort and security of man, and erring members of society disciplined to newness of life by the wholesome medicine of compulsory yet intelligent labour for the benefit of the public whom they have wronged. And as the convict labour system is a hospital for moral disease, the new Hospital for the cure or alleviation of physical ills will seem to stand in appropriate proximity to the works which, for the next ten years perhaps, will be the chief scene of such treatment within the colony.

From the Hospital the sea-side walk may be said to commence. The road follows the course of the shore; passing

the lighthouse on Mouille Point, and the more lofty one on Green Point, leaving to the left the race-course, with its grand stand: passing trim villas, the appearance of whose occupants is an abundant guarantee for the healthiness of the sea breezes: passing Three-anchor Bay *(unde derivatur nomen?)*: passing more villas, with small enclosures attached, where the inhabitants struggle to create gardens, and where the great American aloe in the spring sends up its huge flower-stalk like a gigantic head of asparagus: passing the yet unfinished walls of a very neat church of rubble masonry with dressings of dark pink sandstone from Table Mountain: passing Sea Point House, which reminds one of an indifferent card-board model; until the road terminates at a rocky promontory formed of vast masses of rugged grey granite. And here the lover of what is beautiful and grand in nature will pause awhile to revel in as wild a sea view as can often be had in such close proximity to good roads and comfortable dwellings.

The great ocean current which sweeps round the southern extremity of Africa rolls in at this point a magnificent volume of water; and being met by the recoil from a small rocky bay on the left hand, swells into a sea that tosses, and foams, and dashes itself against the granite barrier, throwing up dazzling clouds of snow-white spray. But within the headland, under shelter of the tumbled granite boulders, is many a clear still cove, on the seaward side of which a floating breakwater of heaving brown *fucus* protects the little pools within; and there, in ocean grottoes, are beds of brilliant sea-anemones of every varied hue, though but few fronds of seaweed cling to the polished grey surface of the granite. The home of the seaweeds is further back, along that shore of black jagged rock—slate-stone turned up upon its edge—that fringes the coast at Green Point. There the tide-pools are clothed with little groves and thickets of green, and red, and brown; and stooping over them, or, better still, lying prone upon your chest with head stretched over the water, and hands on each side excluding the light upon the surface, you may gaze your fill upon wondrous tiny ocean scenery, and imagine what kind of a life the sea-sprites must have of it in that strange, beautiful watery world.

But that fine tumbling sea off the granite promontory at Sea Point is one of the grandest things one can see within a day's journey of Cape Town. There are but few places on the English coast where a magnificent sea can be seen except under the disagreeable accompaniment of a heavy gale. On some parts of the Welsh and the Cornish coast the Atlantic

rolls in in all its pride and grandeur. But in the Channels either on the east or on the south of the "tight little island," though it can blow great guns at times, and knock up a most destructive sea, as many a sad wreck can testify, yet at such times the sea has more of what is painful and repulsive than of what is beautiful about it. Its colour is marred by sand or mud and floating weed until it is much like pea-soup, and when the wind falls the sea subsides to a tame and uninteresting degree of calm. At Sea Point you have a magnificent ocean view, seen under the most enjoyable circumstances. The sky will be without a cloud, the air without a breeze. It may be a thoroughly Italian morning. And yet as you sit on the great granite boulders enjoying the bright sunshine tempered by the cool breath from the water, you have beneath your feet a spectacle which is almost awful from the vastness and beauty of its features. The long majestic ridges of waves come rolling in, not in haste or anger, but with a calm, steady, even march which would be terrible were it not for the serene purity of the clear green water, and the twinkling light that laughs and plays upon the surface. On they come, heaving and swelling in all the pride of conscious strength and beauty. Higher and higher they toss their heads as they draw nearer to the rocky bulwark that stops their progress; and then, with a mighty roar and a crash that seems to shake the earthfast crags, they dash themselves upon the barrier. For an instant the water seems to have gained the mastery. Over and around the great rocks it rushes, foaming as if swallowing them in the surge. High up in the air, as if invading the dominion of another element, dashes a tall column of snow-white sparkling spray. Ah! if one could by some potent spell arrest it in mid descent! No crystal fountain that man's fancy could conceive, or hand execute, might vie with it in airy, feathery lightness, in dazzling purity of hue.

Or stand on some point where you can watch the billows from behind as they roll in shore. What a magnificent body of water is each heaving mass that surges past! The light sea birds dare not await the force of that mighty towering crest. They dive flashing into the base of the moving green hill, and passing through the still water below the surface, reappear calmly swimming about the broad vale that it leaves behind. What are they like, those long lofty seas? Like a line of horsemen, a nation's chivalry—like the Light Brigade at Balaclava—charging upon the foe. Steadily they go—unswerving, unwavering. No noise, no excitement; horses well in hand, men calm and firm, line even. Nearer

they draw and nearer; and, ever as they near, their speed increases. The long measured canter becomes a gallop, and the gallop becomes a rush. A hoarse deep shout rolls along the line. There is a flashing of sword-blades in the sun; and —beneath a wild tossing confusion of fluttering banners, and waving plumes, and glittering helmets, they go hurling into the press!

There is something about that heaving, sparkling water that causes a kind of thirsting of the pores, a longing for a "header" and a swim among the bright cool waves. But the coast just here is hardly adapted for bathing. The sea chafes and boils among those tumbled fragments of rock in a way that forbids both ingress and egress. It is a good half-hour's walk to a fair bathing-place.

Up the hill again! A sharp pull up from the sea-shore, along a footpath that winds round the little angry inlet that—from some cause unknown, perhaps from its being regarded as a remote place of banishment, has earned the name of Botany Bay. The Lion's Head rises far above the grassy sides of the hill itself, piercing the clear sky with its steep grey peak. The scarped side of the road exhibits a curious mixture of rolled sandstone and coarse loose granite; as if in the terrific convulsions that heaved the summit to its present height from the bottom of the sea where it was formed, the igneous and the aqueous rocks had become disintegrated and confused, and had slid age after age down the hill together, crushing, rolling, grinding each other; until some of the mass was gradually arrested to form a sort of coarse gravelly soil not promising to the gardener or farmer, and some huge blocks went tumbling down to the sea, where they lie littered along the shore, and some were stopped in mid descent, propped up in every fantastic form and attitude. One huge round mass would seem to have been flung by a Titanic hand to the place where it now lies, for the impression of four enormous fingers is to be plainly seen dinted deep into the stone by the prodigious force that griped and hurled it.

The view changes at every turn of the road. Straight under foot, at the base of something like a sheer descent, on which a few hardy shrubs cling with a doubtful hold, swayed to and fro by every passing breeze, the dark sea raves and plunges with a deep sullen roar among caves formed among the granite boulders. A few yards further, and an inviting little nook displays itself where the fury of the waves is hushed, where the water smiles of a bright emerald green, where there is a belt of sand so smooth, so

yellow, so secluded, that Ariel's band might have danced their rounds upon it.

Then the shore line is hidden for awhile by a rounded slope of grass and shrubs; where great clusters of wild geranium clothe the bare feet of the scattered grey stones, where the mesembryanthemum of every size and form glows like gems of carbuncle and topaz amid a bright setting of light green fleshy leaves. Then the shore view opens out again into a broad bay bordered with sand and dotted with boulders, at the extremity of which a long grey promontory stretches out seaward, blackened with shags that preen their feathers and spread their dark wings to dry,

"And clanged about by mews."

A quarter of an hour's chat with a Malay fisherman who is plying his craft from the rocks with the aid of a long bamboo whipstick and such tackle as would scare less unsophisticated fish from the spot; a fragrant cigar enjoyed the while; with the fresh breath from the sea removing the effects of a brisk walk, and

"The unnumbered twinkling smiles of Ocean,"

displayed in all its dimpled beauty, and then for a plunge.

Ten feet high of rocky ledge, and at its foot ten feet deep of the most pellucid water with a bottom of fine white sand, is a bath for an emperor. Oh! the luxury of stripping for a bath under such skies as these! Rarely can the process of undressing be regarded as a pleasant one in England. It is not always, even in summer, that one can honestly take delight in the mere returning, for a time, to a state of nature; so far as dispensing with artificial covering can be regarded as such a return. One enjoys the bathe itself; one takes delight in the bold header, the deep dive, the long steady swim; but all that is widely different from undressing. There will be shrewd winds even in summer time, that make one feel that there are valid objections to be urged against the wearing of a kilt, besides its inconvenience as a dress for horseback. There is too often a dry, chill, "goosefleshy" breath in the air that leads to a careful economy in the matter of parting with one's garments. As much as possible is retained as long as possible; and when there is no more excuse for shivering delay, the last remnant of warm covering is flung off with a precipitation which is almost desperate, and one rushes into the water as into a more congenial element, and a friendly shelter.

There is nothing of this in preparing for a bath at the Cape. It is positive luxury to bare one's limbs to the genial

sunshine and the balmy air. One lingers over the delights of undressing. And when the brief operation is concluded, and one stands up in all the untrammelled freedom of nature, it is with an agreeable consciousness that your appearance can shock the delicate sensibilities of no too-observant loiterer by the sea-side; that you are exposed to no flanking fire of telescopes. You look out to sea, and there is not a speck upon the wide horizon. You look to land, and there is not a human being near save the old Malay fisherman, whose pagoda hat stands up above a round grey back of granite. For a minute or two you enjoy the delicious cool breath of air bracing every nerve and muscle; and then plunge, with that delicious abandonment of one's fragile limbs to a buoyant element which we wingless creatures can only enjoy in deep water. Down you go! Straight for that round white shell which you had marked from above lying on the smooth sand some twenty feet from your leaping point. Down you go! The water hums and murmurs in your ears as if you had become suddenly deaf; the green mist that intervenes between you and the white object on which you keep your eye seems rapidly to disperse; another instant and you are conscious of the shell close under your hand; and eagerly seizing it, you spurn the sand with your feet, and soar upwards into light, and air, and sound—into your own world again. But how strangely cold the water is! Your limbs ache with cold after being but a little time exposed to it; and even after a plunge and a swim, you come out with a scarlet tint widely different from the fair hue which you had flattered yourself showed to some advantage against the dark rock.

The warm sunshine soon brings back a genial glow, and you mount the hill again with renewed vigour and elasticity. Another turn in the road, and you turn your back upon the sea, and enter upon a new style of scenery. The long verandah'd house of Camp's Bay basks in the sunshine on the shore of its pretty bay. A little hamlet is growing up around it. And from thence the valley closes in until it becomes a wooded ravine; and nestled within its hollow lies a snug hostelry where can be procured a glass of pale ale, not unwelcome after the walk and the bath. A queer place is the Round-house, perched in a lovely situation, and offering other attractions than those of scenery to the pedestrian. A more attentive hostess and better fare can hardly be met with in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. Antiquarians could tell whether the house was ever used as a fortalice; but it looks marvellously like the venerable parent

of all those little guard-houses and sentry-boxes that are scattered along the mountain side and the sea-shore.

Still upwards along a road cut out from the steep side of the hill, with the Lion's Head soaring upwards on the left, and the magnificent cliffs of the sharp western end of Table Mountain on the right; until the ridge is gained that serves as a connecting bridge between the two. Then close your eyes for one moment, as you walk between two walls of decaying granite, and open them again on a prospect as opposite as can well be conceived to that which for the last two hours or more has engrossed your attention. The basin of Table Valley with its firwoods and gardens lies spread out before you: the town in regular, square, white blocks, is almost under your feet. You just catch the blue edge of the bay with its rim of white sand, and then the eye ranges far away across the wide Flats with straight lines of roads and billows of drift sand to the hills of Blueberg and the mountains of Drakenstein.

And now there is only the descent of the hill wanting to complete the circuit of the couchant Lion that guards Cape Town. You wind down past pretty wooded dingles through which you get peeps of white villas in the valley below, past past rows of stiff solemn-looking fir-trees, past rounded turns which open up new views of the town and gardens, past old fashioned houses retired deep in shrubberies, past pert modern buildings obtruding themselves as much as possible upon the highway; until you are again in the clatter and dust and evil smells of Cape Town.

If we owe it to Sir Harry Smith that we have that road for an outlet from Cape Town it will be a more imperishable monument to his memory than even the equestrian statue of which the tradition yet survives; and many a man who feels his brain cleared, his nerves braced, and his muscles strung by healthy exercise has cause to honour the memory of Sir Harry Smith who enabled him to take his weekly ramble "Round the Kloof."

LITERARY REVIEW.

By the mail which has just arrived, we are, to some extent, sharers in the bountiful supply of gift books, which, in compliance with the extra demand consequent upon the generous customs of Christmas and the new year, have lately been issued by the English publishers. As may be expected from the wonderful popularity of illustrated books, several

very beautiful works of this kind are amongst those which possess the greatest charm. To such of our readers who may wish to see what can be produced by the combined efforts of artists and typographers, we recommend the purchase of "Lalla Rookh," illustrated by Mr. John Tenniel, with title-pages from the hand of the younger Mr. Sulman The edition is one which would have satisfied the critical and fastidious taste of the author of this—perhaps the most beautiful—poem of oriental life. We are gratified to find that the difficult task of realizing with the pencil the delicate imaginings of the poet, was intrusted to *one* artist instead of sacrificing unity by employing, as is generally the case, the talents of several. The effect of the various conceptions of the situations throughout the story as translated for us by Mr. Tenniel is consequently a harmonious rendering of the whole; and the artistic sense of the dreaming gazer is fully gratified. Each episode of the poem has its characteristic set of drawings, but all are made subordinate, as it were, to the dominant idea of love and beauty, which is the undercurrent of this fascinating collection of eastern idyls. The minuteness and elaborate excellence which Mr. Tenniel has displayed, not only in the portrayal of the figures, but also in the landscapes, and the minor effects of bright and shade, denote that he has staked his reputation upon the result of his labours, and we are happy to observe that they place him immeasurably above all his compeers (not excepting Mr. Birket Foster),* in the art which so many practise, but in which so few excel.

Among the gems of the book we would especially direct attention to the lovely drawing of the young Indian maiden placing her lamp on the edge of the sacred stream; her attitude is graceful and impressive, and the observer recalls to memory Mrs. Browning's beautiful legend, as he almost unconsciously sympathizes with the poetical superstition of the impassionate lover, and shares the fervour of her faith and hope. The surrounding scenery is here very beautiful, but even this is surpassed by the view of the vale of Cashmere, bathed in all the splendour of a Persian moon. Zelica, watching for the first time the young hero to whom she gives her affections, is a beautiful type of eastern loveliness; and Azim himself, to judge by his portrait, is as the impersonation of courage, nobility, and the highest physical attractions, well calculated to captivate a maiden's fancy. He is indeed the Lancelot of the tropics.

In the illustrations to "The Light of the Harem," the artist has done full justice to the denizens of that abode of traditionary beauty—the "languid light of their proud eyes" will not soon fade from the recollection of those who are alive to their charms.

To make that strange transition from gay to grave which the exigencies of a reviewer's duties necessitate, we will now revert to Mr. Offor's edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by Mr. J. C. Watson. The artist has thrown into his work somewhat of the same spirit which

*Of whose sudden and untimely death this mail has brought the sad intelligence.

must have inspired its illustrious author. A Puritan garb and quaint sternness of grouping are characteristics of Christian and Great-heart, and the appearance of the minor actors in that wondrous life-drama carries one back to the age when Mr. Worldly Wiseman and the infamous Lord Hate-good and Giant Despair had their prototypes in England. The notes to the book, are, if not remarkable for novelty, at least judicious and carefully collated with valuable authorities,—and the manner in which the volume is printed and bound merits the highest praise.

The edition is one which will become deservedly admired, but contrasting the drawings with those in outline by Mr. John R. Clayton, in the edition published a few years ago by Messrs. Ingram and Cooke, we miss the depth of thought, and the simple majesty which characterized the latter artist's conceptions.

The host of minor publications which claim attention almost precludes criticism; we must, however, warn those whose specialty is for the romance of history, not to expect from the specious advertisements (which occupy a page in most of the magazines), of the "Wits and Beaux of Society," "Traits of Character," and the "Queens of Society," the pleasant and *authentic* gossip about great personages in which Mr Thackeray and Lord Macaulay have occasionally indulged us.

These books are without exception utterly worthless,—they are in their tendency vulgar, if not immoral, in style flippant, snobbish, and savouring of the servants' hall, their matter trivial, for the most part false, and always scandalous.

The book which really contains "instruction combined with amusement"—that inducement so often held out, but so seldom fulfilled—is one called "Curiosities of Civilization," a series of papers upon a variety of topics, originally written for the "Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews," by a clever and observant medical man, who has the art of conveying valuable information in a very pleasant manner, and who will have, we doubt not, a large circle of disciples.

Whatever Dr. Wynter touches upon he presents in a new and amusing light. Without allowing his style to degenerate into *forced* brilliancy, he is ever racy and original. He is witty without coarseness, and learned without being dull.

Some time back this gentleman published "Odds and Ends from an Old Drawer," and "Pictures of Life" anonymously, but they did not receive the attention they deserved, and we hope now that he will be encouraged to give the stamp of his name to all future contributions to our lighter literature. It is an "Imprimatur" that will command respect.

We extract a few lines from an able and well-written article upon the London Commissariat, which will, at any rate, prove that the English beef-eater is not yet an extinct animal:

Twenty years ago, eighty miles was the farthest distance from which carcases ever travelled; now the Great Northern and Great Western

Railways, during the winter months, bring hundreds of tons from as far north as Aberdeen, whilst some are fetched from Hamburgh and Ostend. Country slaughtering will in time, we have little doubt, deliver the capital from the nuisances which grow out of this horrible trade. Aberdeen is in fact becoming little else than a London *abattoir*. The style in which the butchers of that place dress and pack the carcases leaves nothing to be desired, and in the course of the year mountains of beef, mutton, pork, and veal, arrive after the night it is slaughtered, in perfect condition. According to returns obligingly forwarded to us by the different railway companies, we find that the following was the weight of country-killed meat by the undermentioned lines:

	Tons.
Eastern Counties	10,398
North Western	4,602
Great Western	5,200
Great Northern	13,152
South Eastern	1,035
South Western	2,000
Brighton and South Coast...	100
	36,487

Thus no less than 36,487 tons of meat are annually "pitched" at Newgate and Leadenhall markets. As the Scotch boats convey about 700 tons more, we have at least 37,187 tons of country-killed meat brought into London by steam, and these immense contributions are totally independent of the amount slaughtered at Smithfield, which is estimated to average weekly 1,000 oxen, 3,000 sheep and lambs, and 400 calves and pigs. We have given the average supply, but on some occasions the quantity is enormously increased. The Eastern Counties line during one Christmas week deposited at Newgate about 1,000 tons of meat; and the weight sent by other companies on the same day would be proportionately large. No less than forty wagons were waiting on one occasion to discharge their beef and mutton into the market.

Another estimate will perhaps astonish our readers still more:

Mr. Giblett, the noted butcher, late of Bond-street, calculated that the amount of meat brought by the railways into Newgate is three times that supplied by the London carcase butchers, who annually send 52,000 oxen, 156,000 sheep, 10,400 calves, and 10,400 pigs. Taking this estimate, and applying it also to the Leadenhall market, we shall have at

	Beasts.	Sheep.	Calves.	Pigs.
Newgate, Meat	156,000	468,000	31,200	31,200
Leadenhall, do.	5,200	41,600		
	161,200	509,600	31,200	31,200
Live Stock brought to London	322,188	1,630,793	101,776	127,852
Total supply of Live Stock and Meat to London	483,388	2,140,393	132,976	159,052

This, we are convinced, is still below the truth, for we have not included the country-killed meat at Farringdon and Whitechapel markets. The total value of this enormous supply of flesh cannot be much less than fourteen millions annually.

As a specimen of the playful way in which Dr. Wynter strings facts together, we are tempted, despite its length, to extract, *in extenso*, his vision of the supplies of the London market advancing to their destination, which is very humorous, and likely at the same time to place their enormous amount more strikingly before our readers:

The inability of figures to convey an adequate impression to the mind of the series of units of which the sums are composed, renders it impossible to give more than a faint idea of the enormous supplies of food required to victual the capital for a single year. But the conception may be somewhat assisted by varying the process. Country papers now and then astonish their readers by calculations to show how many times the steel pens manufactured in England would form a necklace round their own little town, or how many thousand miles the matches of their local factory would extend if laid in a straight line from the centre of their market-place. Let us try our hand on the same sort of picture, and endeavour to fill the eye with a prospect that would satisfy the appetite of the far-famed Dragon of Wantley himself.

If we fix upon Hyde Park as our exhibition-ground, and pile together all the barrels of beer consumed in London, they would form a thousand columns not far short of a mile in perpendicular height.

Let us imagine ourselves on the top of this tower, and we shall have a look-out worthy of the feast we are about to summon to our feet. Herefrom we might discover the Great Northern road stretching far away into the length and breadth of the land. Lo! as we look, a mighty herd of oxen, with loud bellowing, are beheld approaching from the north. For miles and miles the mass of horns is conspicuous winding along the road, ten abreast, and even thus the last animal of the herd would be seventy-two miles away, and the drover goading his shrinking flank considerably beyond Peterborough. On the other side of the park, as the clouds of dust clear away, we see the Great Western road, as far as the eye can reach, thronged with a bleating mass of wool, and the shepherd at the end of the flock (ten abreast), and the dog that is worrying the last sheep, are just leaving the environs of Bristol, one hundred and twenty-one miles from our beer-built pillar. Along Piccadilly, Regent-street, the Strand, Fleet-street, Cheapside, and the Eastward Mile-end-road line, for seven and a half miles, street and causeway are thronged with calves, still ten abreast; and in the great parallel thoroughfares of Bayswater-road, Oxford-street, and Holborn, we see nothing for nine long miles but a slowly-pacing, deeply-grunting herd of swine. As we watch this moving mass approaching from all points of the horizon, the air suddenly becomes dark,—a black pall seems drawn over the sky,—it is the great flock of birds—game, poultry, and wild fowl, that, like Mrs. Bond's ducks, are come up to be killed: as they fly wing to wing and tail to beak, they form a square whose superficies is not much less than the whole enclosed portion of St. James' Park, or fifty-one acres. No sooner does this huge flight clear away, than we behold the park at our feet inundated with hares and rabbits.

Feeding two thousand abreast, they extend from the marble arch to the round pond in Kensington Gardens—at least a mile. Let us now pile all the half-quartern loaves consumed in the metropolis in the year,

and we shall find they form a pyramid which measures two hundred square feet at its base, and extends into the air a height of one thousand two hundred and ninety-three feet, or nearly three times that of St. Paul's. Turning now towards the sound of rushing waters, we find that the seven companies are filling the mains for the day. If they were allowed to flow into the area of the adjacent St. James' Park, they would, in the course of the twenty-four hours, flood its entire space with a depth of thirty inches of water, and the whole annual supply would be quite sufficient to submerge the city (one mile square) ninety feet. Of the fish we are able to say nothing: when numbers amount to billions, the calculations become too trying for our patience. We have little doubt, however, that they would be quite sufficient to make the Serpentine one solid mass. Of ham and bacon, again, preserved meats, and all the countless comestibles, we have taken no account, and, in truth, they are little more to the great mass, than the ducks and geese were to Sancho Panza's celebrated mess—"the skimmings of the pot."

Let it not be supposed that this picture is merely imaginative as regards quantity. We can assure the incredulous that the calculations are nicely made, and still more to demonstrate the Doctor's careful investigation, ere he commits himself to assertions we may avail ourselves of, his researches into the origin of fires, which will not only show how much attention and patience he has bestowed upon the subject, but may serve to guard against the species of accident to which we are most liable, and from which often it happens we are invariably losers to a terrible extent.

The origin of fires is now so narrowly inquired into by the officers of the brigade, and by means of inquests, that we have been made acquainted with a vast number of curious causes, which would never have been suspected. From an analysis of fires which have occurred since the establishment of the brigade, we have constructed the following tables:

Curtains	2,511	Spark from fire	243
Candle	1,178	Spark from railway ...	4
Flues	1,555	Smoking tobacco	166
Stoves	494	Smoking ants	1
Gas	932	Smoking in bed	2
Light dropped down area	13	Reading in ditto	22
Lighted tobacco falling down		Sewing in ditto	4
ditto	7	Sewing by candle	1
Dust falling on horizontal		Lime overheating	44
flue	1	Waste ditto	43
Doubtful	76	Cargo of lime ditto ...	2
Incendiarism	89	Rain slacking ditto ...	5
Carelessness	100	High tide	1
Intoxication	80	Spontaneous combustion ...	43
Dog	6	Heat from sun	8
Cat	19	Lightning	8
Hunting bugs	15	Carboy of acid bursting ...	2
Clothes-horse upset by mon-		Drying linen	1
key	1	Shirts falling into fire ...	6
Lucifers	80	Lighting and upsetting	
Children playing with ditto	45	naptha lamp	58

Rat gnawing lucifers	1	Fire from iron kettle ...	1
Jackdaw playing with ditto	1	Sealing letter	1
Rat gnawing gaspipe ...	1	Charcoal fire of a suicide ...	1
Boys letting off fireworks...	14	Insanity	5
Fireworks going off ...	63	Bleaching nuts	7
Children playing with fire	45	Unknown	1,323

Among the more common causes of fire (such as gas, candle, curtains taking fire, children playing with stoves, &c.,) it is remarkable how uniformly the same number occur under each head from year to year. General laws obtain as much in small as in great events. We are informed by the post-office authorities that about eight persons daily drop their letters into the post without directing them; we know that there is an unvarying percentage of broken heads and limbs received into the hospitals; and here we see that a regular number of houses take fire, year by year, from the leaping out of a spark, or the dropping of a smouldering pipe of tobacco. It may indeed be a long time before another conflagration may arise from "a monkey upsetting a clothes-horse," but we have no doubt that such an accident will recur in its appointed cycle.

The magazines this month are rather barren of attractions. Mr. Thackeray certainly breaks ground in the *Cornhill* with his new novel, but the first chapters are merely a prelude to the view of life to which he intends to introduce us. Blackwood has an article upon the "Revision of the Liturgy," which being an interesting topic, is according to the traditions of that periodical treated with becoming stupidity. Fraser is the only magazine which is at all brilliant, for even the Christmas story in *All the Year Round*, "A Message from the Sea," is not so hearty as the occasion should have warranted.

Punch's Almanac gives us the deer-stalking of that indefatigable athlete, our old friend Mr. Briggs, and seasons his other pleasant hits at prevailing fashions and follies with genial satire and good-humoured jollity.

The Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers have no doubt charmed all classes, young and old; to particularize would be invidious, so we can only say that a debt of gratitude is due to the enterprising conductors of those papers for the liberality which every succeeding year prompts them to enhance the value of their supplements, and congratulate ourselves that by the aid of life-like descriptions and sketches of home scenes, we can, though far away, realize the fun and frolic as well as the more thoughtful and solemn phases of an English Christmas-tide.

We have, however, lingered too long over the precious freight which the ever-punctual steamer has brought from the old country. It is now our pleasing duty to notice a work issued by our own press, the fruit of the well-earned and well-spent leisure of our late Civil Commissioner.

The Autobiographical Memoirs of P. B. Borcherds, Esquire, is a book which we can confidently recommend for perusal to all our readers. The spirit in which this venerable and respected colonist has narrated the occurrences of his eventful life is worthy of the highest commenda-

tion. In tracing his career, he carries us back to the good old times when society in this country had all the charms of a large family circle, and it is alike instructive and interesting to listen as he narrates the story of each successive development of social and political growth which has gradually changed the whole order of things. Free from party feeling, he recognizes the efforts of those leading men, who, during the present century, have been foremost in the march of improvement, and although the reader may occasionally smile at an old-fashioned predilection, he must be keenly alive to the value of opinions formed by personal observation and the result of no common experience.

There are few, we imagine, who will quarrel with the author for mingling his personal memoirs with the account he gives of the great events which have befallen his country, during the period of which he gives us such a chatty and amusing sketch. Letters between friends, says Lord Jeffrey, would ever be egotistic, and the details of Mr. Borcherds' chequered career, the episodes of his private life, its joys and sorrows, afford a guarantee of his good faith and sincerity, and stamp with the weight of his reputation a chronicle which might from other hands be thought trivial and discursive.

His notices of the old Cape families will be read with avidity by many, and his account of the various local institutions which have flourished and decayed within his recollection will be as valuable to the future historian of the Cape, as the narrative of his early tour to the interior will be interesting to all who have studied the character and condition of the native races.

We are particularly struck by the grateful and affectionate tone in which he speaks of those companions of his youth, whose names perhaps are strange in the ears of the living generation, and by the kindly recognition of influential men now alive, from whom at his advanced age he can seek no benefit.

To attempt any extract from the book itself would only afford an unfair idea of its great interest. To eulogize the author were unnecessary. But we cannot omit to transcribe the concluding passage of the Honourable the Attorney-General's testimony to his worth, which Mr. Borcherds prints with a justifiable pride in his good name, which will be shared, we trust, by all who have the honour to call him friend:

> Mr. Borcherds is now, I think, the oldest civil servant in the colony I am not conscious of exaggerating his claims when I say that not one of his juniors in the service could well desire a better fortune than to enjoy at the end of as long a career as fair a reputation.

There are few of us, indeed, who in a ripe old age can look back upon so spotless a life, and repose upon such an untarnished reputation. He, although having retired from the public service, still lends his assistance to some of the most valuable of our Cape institutions. Past active service he is, but his day of usefulness is, we hope, far from spent.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

THE members of the Government Commission in Cape Town have held a second meeting and they had hoped to have learnt from His Excellency the Governor what are to be the duties of the Commission and what the amount of funds to be administered. They were disappointed in this. His Excellency is communicating with the Eastern Province Commission, for there is, as we think there ought to be, one there also. The Governor wishes to ascertain whether it is in accordance with the feelings of the Eastern Province Commission that the East and West shall work together in this matter, or whether they shall each work independently of each other. We say independently of each other, as a matter of course. The rivalry thus promoted will contribute to success. Suppose the East should beat the West, as it will endeavour to do; the local rivalry will not be heard of in the Palace; the bales of wool will be larger, but they will make no sign of Separation. Manufacturers will not care a single straw whether the seat of government is removed, or if the Eastern and Western Provinces are made separate and distinct colonies: one governed by a Prince of the Royal Blood with despotic powers, and the other by a Party. They will only look at the quality and length of staple, or if East and West are permitted to remain under the shadow of a Table Mountain Government as now. When Kaffraria and the Knysna exhibit blocks of their splendid wood, it may be a source of wonderment that the Cape sent to Riga for timber for its first railway, but the timber merchants of England will regard "vulgar fibre and particle" without one single thought of the keeping back of "letters patent" from the former or the mismanagement of the forests of the latter. Rivalry will do no mischief, but will be productive of a power of good.

As to the funds, there is no doubt that the people should themselves provide a large portion; but seeing how little time there is to do the work, it is doubtful whether funds can be raised in this way sufficiently soon to enable the Commissioners to represent the Cape as it should be. By next December all the work must be completed on this side, or we shall be too late; and this is a matter in which better late than never will not apply. It is better not to attempt anything than to fail.

Parliament will have to provide the money in the first place; and the Government ought to take upon itself to tell the Commissions to go to work at once and do their very best.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ELSDALE.

CHAPTER III.

It is now many years since, in the palmy days of Cape Town —when salaries were liberal and the cost of living was moderate —before the picturesque old town had become afflicted with a plethora of population, or the serene quiet of its well-to-do inhabitants had been disturbed by harassing questions of colonial or municipal politics—that among the host of Indian civilians and officers who were making their pleasant sojourn beneath the shadow of Table Mountain, was a Colonel Thornton of the Bengal army. He had gained a name and position in the first Burmese war, then recently concluded; but his constitution had been shaken by the sufferings which the small British forces had endured during the fatal march through Aracan, and he was now endeavouring to recruit his health by an absence of two or three years from India. Colonel Thornton's life had been hitherto of so active a character that he was soon tired of the round of gaiety by which the visitors at the Cape got rid of their time, and gladly availed himself of an offer to join the party of Lord Francis Lewes, who was then setting off to inspect in person some of the more distant portions of the colony. Among other places, they visited the Mersey district; and it was then that the town of Eastbourne started into existence, on paper. On the representation of the few scattered dwellers in that fair wilderness, the site for a future town was selected and surveyed. And Colonel Thornton was so charmed with the beauty of the country that he became the purchaser of some *erven* in the paulo-post-future township, and of a block of land, of some six thousand acres in extent, adjoining it.

Time rolled on; and Colonel Thornton gradually recovered his health, and from the Cape proceeded to England, where he married a lady considerably his junior, and returned again to India to assume the rank and command of a Brigadier.

The Afghan war found him a General; and his distinguished services in the retribution exacted for the disaster of Cabool procured him the honour of knighthood. At the close of that campaign he was still a comparatively young man, and was looking forward to ending his days in domestic happiness in his native land, when the current of his whole life and hopes was changed by a terrible calamity. His wife, whom he loved with the most devoted affection, died of cholera, only three hours after she had been entertaining their friends at dinner, in the height of health and animation.

General Thornton was totally prostrated by the awful suddenness and terrible severity of this blow. The plans he had formed for the future all faded from his mind. The idea of returning to England, of entering alone into the scenes which he thought to have shared with her who was gone, became insupportable; any further residence in India was hateful to him as renewing perpetually the recollection of his irreparable loss. He was in this mood of despondency when the idea suddenly occurred to him of visiting his property in South Africa, the very recollection of which had almost passed from his memory; in order to try whether under a new sky, and in entirely new scenes, he could find relief from the sort of stupor of the mind which had settled upon him.

A very few months found him once more at the Cape, and at the Mersey; and the prosecution of an object entirely new to him began by degrees to create a healthy interest in his mind. He found the country little altered from what he had left it fifteen years before. His own estate, without boundary marks or ostensible agent for the proprietor, had become, like much of the surrounding country, a sort of common property to the thriftless, idle squatters of Eastbourne. Spars and fuel were cut in the woods, and cattle grazed along the hill sides as a matter of right. An "improving" settler in the village had, some time before, established himself upon his town property; and in a spirit of laudable enterprise had dug a large hole and made a quantity of bricks, out of a portion of which he had erected a crazy edifice in which he carried on an illicit trade in Cape brandy. Poor old Mr. Parkyns would have allowed the matter to go on without interference had not Mr. Podder of the legitimate canteen been moved to virtuous indignation by proceedings which were at once in defiance of ordinary decency and in breach of his own legalized rights. His conscience, his sense of public morality, his intelligent appreciation of the virtue of law and order were all shocked by the encouragement to intemperate habits among the coloured

people which was afforded by a man without a licence. He besieged the magistrate's office. He allowed that worthy but incompetent functionary no rest or peace. And more than that, he had friends and supporters, which "Slim Jack," the smuggler, had not; indeed, the credit of that worthy was at a low ebb among those of the little community with whom he had had dealings. The result was, that the powers of the law were to be put in force against "Slim Jack," when he decamped; taking with him, it was supposed, a round sum in ready money, and a young lady of Hottentot extraction with whom he had formed a connection not altogether Platonic. The house fell into ruins, and the *erven* became a nuisance and an eyesore in the middle of the village.

The General had rough work of it at the outset. When it become known to the Mersey people that a man with money was likely to settle among them, he became, as it were, a sheep for the shearers. Or more strictly, he fared as a well-kept Glenelg horse might have done, if turned out on those rough pastures. Precisely as the poor animal became the victim of innumerable bush-ticks, which crawled up him, mean, bloodless, attenuated creatures, and finding a soft place, straightway drove their heads in and there held on, immovable, not to be brushed away, hardly to be wrenched off with bleeding and discomfort on both sides, becoming strangely and hideously distended the while,—so did General Thornton find himself becoming, with his fine generous nature, the prey of the creeping things that had their dwelling in the Mersey. He was so guileless, so confiding, that it was some time before he made the discovery that he was being preyed upon on all sides; but when he did find it out, the sense of being surrounded by enemies was like a trumpet-call to the combative energies of the old soldier. He resolved that he would beat those fellows on their own ground, and he entered into the novel contest with zest, almost with keenness. He had plenty of money, and a good portion of shrewdness and power of observation; and these were the weapons with which he had to wage war upon the old established state of things at the Mersey.

His first step was to procure a decent lodging, which he found at old Mr. Parkyns', adding thereby something to the poor gentleman's means of subsistence. Then he built upon a portion of his own ground a long, plain, wooden house, at a cost which would almost have sufficed for a similar edifice in marble. The Mersey people chuckled as he paid his ready money, with few or no questions asked; and all worked away diligently at the new mine that was opened for them. But

the old soldier saw his way before him, and when the house was finished he went down to the Cape. Nothing was heard of him for several weeks; when a tight brigantine was seen one morning making for the Mersey Heads with a fair wind, and having passed them in safety, and run up the deep channel to Eastbourne, she dropped her anchor. Soon a boat came ashore, and in it General Thornton, accompanied by a smart-looking young man, who went with him to look at the wooden house, and took up his abode for that night at Mr. Parkyns'. The next day the truth came out. The wooden house was to be a store, the young man was to be the storeman, and the ship was freighted with a cargo of merchandise suited to the trade of the place. Here was matter for the ceaseless gossip of the village! Mr. Hadley and his brother *winkelaars* exclaimed loudly against the competition likely to be introduced; the consumers generally rubbed their hands at the thought of easy terms and long credit at the General's store. Neither were quite right, or quite wrong. The old soldier had no intention of seriously competing with the regular traders, nor had he any idea of allowing long scores to be run up in his books by men of straw. What he intended to do was to spend a considerable sum of money in the country, and to take care that he received his money's worth. His store was to be the fulcrum of the lever by which he hoped to overthrow the abounding evils of the place.

The ordinary coin of the realm had hitherto circulated but feebly and languidly in the Mersey district. Nobody had any money, and trade was carried on by a system of barter. The working people of the country, woodcutters and the like, were in a chronic state of debt to the *winkelaars*; the *winkelaars* were similarly situated with regard to certain Cape Town mercantile firms. All that could be done was to send produce of various kinds to the Cape to as large an extent as possible, in order to pay off scores for the merchandize which was sent to the Mersey. No money changed hands in these transactions; and the district became poorer, more stripped of its resources, more hopelessly bankrupt every year. This system of gradual exhaustion was the first evil against which General Thornton had to contend, and it was to make war upon this that he had opened his store. He quickly made it known that none but ready money business would be done in the new establishment. In vain did the old stagers attempt to open a credit. In vain did Mr. Smuts pledge his honour to pay for a piece of *voerchitz* the day after to-morrow at the very furthest. In vain did Mr. van der Hoff ride over from the slovenly

desert which he called his farm, at Doorn Vley, for six pounds of coffee on credit, bringing with him his own pillow-case in which to carry back the fragrant berry. The smart young man was adamant to entreaties, derisive of threats of withdrawal of custom. He had been given clearly to understand that his salary did not depend upon the amount of the business which he did, and that if he gave credit at all he did so at his own personal risk; and behind that assurance he lay entrenched as in an impregnable fortress.

At first there were few or no buyers. But simultaneously with the opening of the store, the General began to employ as many hands as he could procure in labour of various kinds. Besides the smart young man who conducted the business, he had brought with him at the same time, an active and intelligent person, well acquainted with the colony, as steward or manager of his landed property. And it soon became known that there was work of one kind or another for all who chose to apply for it; and not work alone, but wages, paid in ready money. Every Friday evening, the full amount of wages due for the week's work, was paid at the General's store in the village; and though for a long time some were unable to withstand the fascinations of Mr. Podder's canteen,—the exterior of which was graced with a lively representation of a female Hottentot, dancing in scanty clothing, with a bottle in her hand, while the squeak of a fiddle might always be heard within on the evening of pay-day,—yet, by degrees, the better among them learned that it was more conducive to their comfort and advantage to lay out their money at the General's store, in really good articles, at about two-thirds of the price charged by Mr. Hadley than to squander their wages in drink for the benefit of nobody but Mr. Podder's creditors. And thus the astute General accomplished the two great ends of attaching to himself and to his service the better portion of the poor coloured population, and of establishing himself in a commanding position in the Mersey community. It is not to be supposed that all this was effected without resistance and struggle on the part of those interested in the maintenance of the old system. But by degrees, the plain and tangible advantage of an industrious, instead of an idle population, and the circulation of money instead of the old mode of barter, became so manifest, that the grumblers were silenced by a marked and incontestible improvement in things at the Mersey.

It took three years to effect this amendment, and during that time, General Thornton had been engaged in his new employment, with an energy which he thought he had lost

for ever. He had ample funds at command from a moderate fortune of his own and from his liberal retiring allowance. He profited by the general poverty of the district to enlarge his property on terms favourable to himself, and the original estate of six thousand acres soon increased to four times that extent, a very large portion of which was covered with virgin forest. The whole of this he had surveyed and mapped with the greatest care, at considerable cost of time and money; but it was a maxim with him that a man never could know what he was doing with his land until he could study it spread out in miniature on the table before him. And so the large maps that represented the various blocks of the entire estate were in constant requisition; and every thing that was done upon the land, every new belt of plantation, every piece of draining or clearing, every cottage that was built, every fresh tract that was enclosed were all carefully marked down in their proper position by the hand of the General himself, whose knowledge of surveying and engineering now stood him in good stead. And now that he had effected his purpose, and established himself as he had resolved to do, he found that the active interest which his new life had afforded him had so gained upon him, and his energies of body and mind had so revived under the stimulus to exertion, that he felt in a manner bound up with the work which he had taken in hand, and unable as unwilling to separate himself from it.

With this idea he applied himself, with characteristic energy and forethought, to the erection of a house such as might serve as a suitable home for his own declining years, and for the reception of his young family, who were being educated in England, and whom he purposed to send for to join him in the colony. For near two years he was engaged, at much expense, in the collection and preparation of materials. He brought mechanics from Cape Town, under whose direction stone was quarried, and timber felled and shaped; and at the end of the sixth year from his return to the colony, a broken, disappointed man, he entered upon the possession of his new house with a hospitable entertainment to the whole country round, in the course of which "Prosperity to Elsdale!" was drunk again and again with overflowing enthusiasm. The truth is that the district had become proud of their leading man. Such another gentleman, they were wont to say, could not be found within the limits of the colony. And he, on his part, had become greatly attached to the country in which he had worked so energetically, and so successfully. He was often requested to take a more prominent part in the

direction of the affairs of the colony, but though he paid frequent visits to the Cape, and never allowed his connection with society there to die out, yet he was too much attached to his country occupations and amusements to relinquish them for any attractions which the capital could offer him.

Up to this time, scarce any labourer in General Thornton's employ had lived more simply and frugally than himself. His two rooms at Mr. Parkyns' had been his home, and such fare as the reduced gentleman's table afforded had sufficed for him. There was but one point in which he seemed inclined to indulge in a little extravagance. He was very fond of horses, and spared neither pains nor money to procure the best that the colony could afford. He had imported several thoroughbred sires from England, as well as a high-caste Arab from India; and the stud farm, and paddocks for his brood mares and young stock were the especial hobby of the old soldier.

But when his new house was completed, and he had written to summon his children from England, he seemed disposed to enter upon a style of living more in accordance with his rank and means. On his next trip to the Cape he brought back with him a quantity of furniture suited to such a house as that which he had built, some servants of the good old-fashioned stamp, which seems to be lost to us in these days of "servant-galism," and a couple of large chests of oak, bound and clamped with iron, which had for years been lying covered with dust in his agent's office, and which were filled with silver tarnished and yellow with neglect. A little of the same spirit of forethought and energy which had succeeded in establishing the General at the Mersey soon put his new house into order; and it was with pardonable pride that he looked round on the home which he had created, and the fair scene which surrounded it, when he quitted it for the last time in order to meet and bring back with him his children, from whom he had been so long separated.

It was a meeting looked forward to by the father with mingled and varied emotions. Of his three children, the two elder, a girl and a boy, had been, from a very tender age, under the careful guardianship of the General's widowed sister in England, to whom her brother's liberal allowance was a very welcome addition to the slender means upon which she was maintaining and educating her own two children. The happiness of having their children again beneath their own roof, a happiness which the climate of India denied them, had been one of the brightest hopes with which General and Lady Thornton had looked forward to

their return to England. But the terrible shock of their mother's death had robbed even this joyful anticipation of its pleasure. The father felt himself totally unable to discharge towards his children the duties which his sad loss devolved upon him; and it was with a sense of relief that he had sent his youngest, a little girl only four years old, under charge of some friends, to England, committing her to the same loving care that had so well fulfilled a mother's part towards the two elder ones. When he saw them again, his eldest daughter was nineteen, a rather staid but intelligent and well-informed girl, who exerted a gentle and affectionate but firm authority over her younger sister, about ten years of age, to whom she was a most attached and able instructress. The boy had just completed his seventeenth year, and presented himself before his father a good-looking, frank, high-spirited lad, such as an English public school seldom fails to turn out.

It would be tedious to dwell at any length upon the peaceful details of General Thornton's declining years. He was happy in his children, who entered enthusiastically upon their new mode of life. His son Henry speedily became a colonial farmer of more than ordinary intelligence and activity, not unmingled with some of that hard keenness which seems to be a characteristic of an English settler. He was hardly twenty-two when, after a brief wooing, he married a very young lady, the acknowledged belle of Cape Town, and brought her to reside under his father's roof.

Janet, the eldest daughter, was of the mature age of twenty-four when an English clergyman was appointed to the Mersey, who succeeded in gaining her heart. But though the General gave his cordial consent to the marriage, for Mr. Beveridge was a man for whom he felt both regard and esteem, Miss Thornton could not be prevailed upon to leave her father's house until her younger sister, to whom she had for so many years stood in the relation of instructress and monitor, almost of mother, had entered her seventeenth year, and her character might be considered in some degree formed.

It was General Thornton's last work to see his eldest child, who had almost assumed her mother's place in his heart, happily married and comfortably settled in her modest new home. His constitution, which had been secretly undermined by the trials to which it had been subjected in his early life, gave way quite suddenly; and he died in the home which he had made for himself, after a few weeks of quiet decay rather than positive illness. Nearly the whole population of the

district followed his remains to their last resting place beneath the shadow of the little church of Eastbourne, built under his careful and loving superintendence, and mainly at his own expense. And within the chancel, which has been subsequently added,—one of the most beautiful specimensof architecture in the colony—a simple brass tablet recordsthe fact that it was erected by his children, as a monument of the reverence and affection with which they still cherish his memory.

CHAPTER IV.

"Welcome to Elsdale!" said Henry Thornton, giving emphasis to his greeting by a frank and hearty shake of the hand.

Ormerod had barely time to glance round at a spacious entrance hall panelled with dark wood and hung thickly with sylvan trophies of India and Africa, with a huge tiger's skin spread out in the centre of the floor. An old negro servant appeared by one of the doors that opened into the hall.

"Dinner, Pedro!" said Thornton.

"On table, sar."

"Dinner on table, eh?" said Thornton, ushering the way into a large drawing-room where a few persons were assembled, "then let me introduce you to Mrs. Thornton; Mr. Ormerod. My brother-in-law, Mr. Beveridge. Mrs. Beveridge. Miss Thornton. Monro, you know everybody. Come Janet," giving his arm to Mrs. Beveridge; "Mr. Ormerod, will you take Miss Thornton to dinner?"

The room was thrown into so deep shade by the broad verandah and the growing twilight, that Ormerod might as well have bowed to vacant space as to the indistinct figures that were dimly visible. He could only perceive that a lady rose and took a step in advance as if to indicate that she was the person assigned to him, and offering his arm he followed his host into a well-lighted dining-room.

Now, if there was any one quality on which Bob Ormerod particularly piqued himself it was his shrewdness. He flattered himself that hitherto he had not lived in vain, at least as regarded the acquisition of a valuable fund of experience. He looked upon himself as an old and knowing hand; "up to a thing or two," as he expressed it with a well-grounded assurance which disdained the flimsy affectation of diffidence that was implied in the phrase. He was only a boy even now. But from a very early age he had attached himself by preference to the society of persons with whom shrewdness was regarded as of infinitely more

value than any amount of book-learning. His home in the western suburbs of London had afforded him ample opportunities for cultivating this sort of acquaintance. From the dog-fancier from whom he had purchased Flint and Steel, up to the great turf men with whose appearance he was familiar at "The Corner," through all the intermediate links and ramifications of sporting men, he had a wide and varied acquaintance. They were his guides, philosophers, and friends; their maxims were his standard of reference; and his mode of thinking, speaking, and acting was adopted chiefly from the style in vogue among these congenial companions. Especially did Bob Ormerod pride himself upon his keen insight into the depths of the human character. "Anybody with half an eye in his head could tell you all about a horse or a dog," he was wont to say scornfully. Such studies as these, though in his estimation the groundwork and foundation upon which all true wisdom, all knowledge worthy of the name must be based, had been to him little more than the pastime of his boyhood. He had fathomed their depths, explored their most hidden recesses, gathered and garnered up whatever treasures were there offered to him. Such lore was to him now the medium through which he aspired to yet higher developments of shrewdness, and by the aid of which he arrived at a more intelligent appreciation of the component parts of the society in which he found himself. Ordinarily, he was somewhat reserved on first making an acquaintance. His manner was guarded, his speech curt and monosyllabic. He would survey a stranger with a sidelong look, one eye partially closed, perhaps gently whistling, or affecting to whistle, the while. It is an unsavoury simile: but on observing Ormerod making out a new acquaintance, one was irresistibly reminded of the demeanour of a dog under similar circumstances. There was the same guarded approach, the same concentrated readiness of the faculties, the same jealous suspicion of unfriendly intentions, the same wary caution against a surprise. He might have learnt it from Flint, or Flint from him; but there was a marvellous similarity in their mode of procedure.

In accordance with this habit, by which he transferred into the peaceful abodes of civilized society the Arab maxim that "in the desert no man meets a friend," Bob lost no time in availing himself of the abundant light of the dining-room to survey his companions, and ascertain how far it might be necessary to put himself on his guard. A rapid and comprehensive glance took in the room itself, the table, and its appointments. Linen, glass, china, all good and

handsome, plenty of old-fashioned silver, large branch candlesticks with glass shades, such as are used in India—everything becoming a gentleman's establishment. Then he proceeded to take note of his companions at table, with a sort of running commentary on the facts which he deemed most worthy of notice, thus:

"Henry Thornton, J.P., the Squire of Elsdale; a very likely looking one he is, too. Could do most things that he tried, I should say. Mrs. Thornton; handsome, shows a deal of blood. Mr. Beveridge; parson eh! rather plain about the head, but a good one to go, I dare say. Mrs. B.; looks very quiet and good-tempered. No vice, I should say."

He turned half round to look at the lady whom he had led into the room, with a view to a similar inspection, and encountered a pair of hazel eyes so bright, so arch, so keenly intelligent, looking right down into the very depths of his mind, as it seemed, and reading all that was passing there; while a smile of infinite cleverness and humour lighted up one of the loveliest faces he had ever beheld, and a silvery voice said in a tone only loud enough for him to hear, "Well, Mr. Ormerod, may I ask what you think of us?"

Poor Ormerod, with his self-satisfaction and fancied experience in the ways of the world! He had never before been subjected to such a scrutiny as this. His knowledge of mankind had been limited hitherto to some acquaintance with one class of men. Female society he had in general avoided with a repugnance which he was accustomed to avow with much freedom and candour. His sisters were too young when he left home to exercise any of that influence over him which is of such immense advantage to a very young man; and having no knowledge of the other sex, he had gradually come to regard them with a sort of supercilious indifference, as beings who were to be tolerated as occupying some place in the system of animated nature, but who offered no features worthy of the study of a philosopher like himself. And this mature and cautious sage of nineteen had now fallen into the hands of one of this inferior order of creatures. What a world of difference there is between the sexes at that age! The woman—for if she is ever to be a woman she will be one at nineteen—has all the quickness of perception, all the instinctive tact and adroitness of her nature, all the love of sway that characterizes the sex, and all the strong though latent passion that will one day bear her irresistibly to her destiny for life. She knows and feels that she is a woman. But a boy at nineteen is either a boy or a mannikin. The more thoroughly manly he is, in all

the dawning attributes of a man, the more thoroughly a boy is he in his transition state. And Ormerod was a boy, though he knew it not, and was flattering himself that he was a man of singular judgment and experience. There was a whole world, an entire system of things to be opened to his astonished gaze. There was a world within himself that he knew nothing about as yet; and Kate Thornton was the guide that was to open up to him secret depths in his own nature of whose very existence he was as yet unconscious.

To say that he was astonished at the insight into his very thoughts which was exhibited by Miss Thornton's remark would but feebly express his feeling. He found himself read through and through, just as he flattered himself that he was summing up in one rapid survey the distinctive features of those about him. For the first time in his recollection he was at a loss for an answer; he laughed awkwardly, hesitated, actually blushed. He would not for the world have been thought to have been occupied with disparaging reflections, and yet he could not but feel a very unpleasant consciousness that in his supreme satisfaction with himself he had looked down, as from a sort of pinacle, with a kind of supercilious indifference upon the persons about him. Partly it was the result of his lofty opinion of his own shrewdness and experience, partly some tone of mind acquired during his brief possession of a commission in the army that had induced in him a feeling not very remote from contempt for such of the people of the colony as he came into immediate contact with. He was really not in the least a prig or a puppy; but he had, as we know, a very good opinion of his own astute intelligence and wide range of experience, and he thought himself quite competent to look down—not unkindly, not perhaps without some touch of compassion—but still to look down upon those whom he chose to regard as his inferiors in these great requisites. The men of the colony, he thought, were generally "muffs;" the women he did not trouble himself to think about at all. Ah! Master Bob. I suspect you will be made to recant, and profess your faith in a very different creed before you are released from the bondage into which you are being carried away captive.

Kate Thornton was really a very pretty girl. No; pretty is not exactly the word to describe her. That term seems to imply something very *petite*, soft, yielding; a little wanting in character. The "Flower of Elsdale" was none of this. A little above the middle height, and displaying in all her movements the free unstudied grace of perfect symmetry, there was something in her firm vigorous step, her

upright carriage, her decided and unconstrained movements that bespoke much determination, with some haughtiness and warmth of temper. Her face corroborated this general impression. Her little mouth was firmly closed; her nose was a resolute-looking aquiline; her eyes were a keen clear hazel. But the eyes, though capable of keen enough glances, and darkening sometimes into ominous depths yet looked out ordinarily with so much kindly, loving softness, and were surmounted by a broad high brow so expressive of intelligence, truthfulness, nobility of soul, that the more marked characteristics seemed no more than sufficient to serve as a counterpoise to a nature in itself capable of infinite tenderness and passion. Her face, indeed, presented a very remarkable combination or contrast. If you regarded the upper portion you saw a well-developed organization of brain expressive of keen perception, acute sensibility, vivid imagination, deep devotion,—all the qualities which combine to create in woman's heart love of that all-pervading, all-absorbing character which belongs to Shakspeare's heroines, and which we fancy that we meet with but seldom in these days of correct routine and well-regulated feelings. The lower portion of the face seemed to imply something of a contradiction to all this; or more properly, it seemed to say that all that unfathomed mine of affection was not to be yielded to the first bold adventurer who might seek to win its treasures. A fanciful observer might have compared it to the palace of the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale,—ready and open to the one fated wooer, inaccessible to all besides.

Ormerod had not a chance with her. As he naively expressed on a future occasion, she took up the running from the very post, kept it throughout, and won in a canter. She saw at a glance the impression which her beauty and cleverness had made, and she must have been either more or less than woman if she had not triumphed a little. For awhile she talked to him in a tone of irony and veiled sarcasm, answering as it seemed to him the very thoughts that had been passing through his mind, until he half begun to think she must be a witch; and then, when she felt that she had achieved a victory, and that from henceforth her ascendancy would be undisputed, she led him away adroitly to other subjects, and took as much pains to please and fascinate him as she had done to convince him of her intellectual superiority. One topic they found which supplied them with an inexhaustible field of common interest. Kate Thornton was as fond of horses as Bob himself. She was a fearless and skilful horsewoman, and was accustomed

to associate her own horse Mameluke—a very beautiful animal, bred by General Thornton—with all her ideas of enjoyment. But even on this familiar ground Ormerod found that he was not allowed to have it all his own way. He might hold his opinions, but he must express himself in terms fit for a lady's ears; and any approach to stable talk was promptly and decidedly put down. Indeed, for the first time in his life he found himself actually taking pains to adapt his style of conversation to the tastes of a lady. He felt that he was talking to a person very different from those whom he was accustomed to address on such subjects, and with the instinctive delicacy of a gentleman he strove to avoid whatever might appear to her coarse or vulgar. Now and then a grave and half inquiring look would warn him that he was venturing on dangerous ground; and now and then a hearty ringing little laugh would be the response to some quaint illustration, or some new and piquant piece of slang let slip inadvertently. But even the unfailing interest of the subject could not make him lose sight of the desire that he felt to stand well in the estimation of his new acquaintance; and he talked as he had never talked before, as he never before had believed that he could talk.

It is not to be supposed that he could carry on anything like a *tête-a-tête* conversation throughout dinner, or monopolize Miss Thornton entirely to himself. The one disadvantage of a party, "less than the Muses," is that conversation must necessarily be pretty general, and that there is little opportunity for such private chat as Ormerod would fain have secured for himself. His engrossed attention did not pass altogether unobserved. Thornton, after making two or three ineffectual attempts to draw him into conversation, gave it up, and applied himself to his elder sister and brother-in-law. Mr. Monro was equally unsuccessful in his endeavours to engage the notice of Miss Thornton, and his yellow visage seemed to assume a still more jaundiced hue. Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Beveridge exchanged glances that told that they were amused spectators of the little drama that was being enacted before them. What Ormerod ate for dinner, or whether he ate anything at all, he never could tell. He only knew that it appeared as if they had scarcely sat down when the ladies rose and retired; and when, with unwonted gallantry, he had opened the door for them, and followed her figure with admiring eyes as long as he could keep her in sight—all which she knew as well as if she had seen it—and closed the door again after her departure, it seemed to him as if she had taken away half the light of the room with her.

Henry Thornton was a thorough colonist. He believed devoutly both in the possible future and in the actual present of South Africa. And one main particular of practice which he founded on that belief was to make use, as far as possible, of articles of colonial produce. In furtherance of this principle he made it his boast that none but Cape wine was ever used at his table. But then he took care that his wine should be such as was not unworthy of the name. The compounds from Messrs. Hookham and Chowser's depôt were not for him or for his guests. But it must be confessed that he enjoyed advantages in this respect which are by no means usual. General Thornton, with that wise liberality that was an essential feature of his character, had not neglected to provide a sufficiently well stocked-cellar. He had, from time to time, entered into engagements with the first wine-growers of the colony, by which he had been able to procure his supplies from them direct; and his son now followed the same plan. Every now and then, a half leaguer of wine that could be depended upon found its way to Elsdale, and being carefully bottled by the old butler, was laid by until at least three years had deposited their coating of dust upon the bin.

"Try a glass of that pontac, Mr. Ormerod," said Thornton. "You will find it better than Blackstrap's port at fifty shillings a dozen. I remember it very well at the Cape Corps mess."

"We have been obliged to give up Blackstrap for the mess," replied Ormerod. "And I think we are gradually coming to the conclusion that, after all, pontac is not improved by a voyage, like Madeira."

"Do you mean," asked Mr. Beveridge with an air of much simplicity, "that pontac is subjected to a voyage with the idea of improving its quality?"

"Well, the wine merchants seem to have some idea of the kind," said Ormerod, drily. "It goes home pontac and comes back port; and, upon my word, I do not think it is any the better for the change."

Mr. Beveridge looked a little puzzled, while Thornton laughed, and said, "Well, that wine professes to be nothing better than what it is. It has been seven years in bottle in my cellar, and, for my own part, I ask for nothing better."

The drawing-room, however, offered more attractions to his guests; and, after a vain attempt to induce Ormerod either to talk, or to take some more wine, he left the room with them, pondering deeply that if this were a specimen of the

Cape Corps of the present generation, that regiment must have become woefully dull since he knew it.

Miss Thornton was seated on a couch in one corner of the room, and beside her, in all the *abandon* of entire enjoyment, lay Flint, who had found his way to the drawing-room, and had made himself as completely at home as if he had been for years on the most intimate terms with the family. Now this was an arrangement that was very far from agreeable to Mr. Monro. That gentleman had seen, with much disapproval, the animated conversation with which Ormerod had engrossed Miss Thornton's attention during dinner, and had promised himself some compensation in the drawing-room. He had some taste, and acquaintance with poetry and music, and had armed himself, as we have seen, with Mrs. Hemans' "Songs of the Affections;" and with this aid he hoped to attach Miss Thornton to himself for the remainder of the evening. The vacant place upon the couch was what he would have liked of all things; but when he approached it with a view to occupying it, Flint moved his head slightly in that direction, with a roll of his full black eyes, and a hollow muttering growl in his deep chest, that said as plainly as possibly that he should not be a consenting party to any such arrangement.

"Miss Thornton, how can you allow that horrid dog so near you?" exclaimed the disgusted Mr. Monro.

"Horrid! oh, he is the dearest, most sensible, well-behaved pet that ever was!" And the wicked little flirt actually put her soft white arms round Flint's neck, and laid her fresh glowing cheek upon his round head. He, on his part, received the caress with an air of through enjoyment. He opened his great mouth in a broad smile of delight; licked his lips with an expression of infinite gusto; nestled closer to his new friend, and laid his great head contentedly on the folds of her dress. Ormerod came up at this moment, and Flint, without raising his head, greeted him with a glance of the eye, and a single flap of his tail upon the couch, and then lay perfectly quiet; dividing his attention between his master and Mr. Monro, as if he perfectly understood all that was going on, and intended to be something more than a mere passive spectator.

"Flint, you lucky rascal," said Ormerod, taking the vacant seat on the couch, you are not going to enjoy all your good fortune to yourself; you must let me share it with you." And to the infinite disgust of poor Mr. Monro, the "horrid dog" became the medium of another animated conversation which drove him away to a side table and a book of engravings, and raised Ormerod to the seventh heaven of delight.

When Mrs. Beveridge again caught her sister's eye she looked at her with a grave expression of countenance, and a slight admonitory shake of the head; which signs of disapproval the fair Kate received with an air of such demure simplicity, and total unconsciousness of any particular meaning conveyed, that the good lady, utterly baffled, was compelled to turn aside her face in a vain attempt to hide the fond smile of amusement provoked by her sister's inimitable by-play.

"So you are going across the lake to-morrow morning," said Thornton to Mr. Beveridge.

"Yes, I am going to meet Mr. Johnstone, the new clergyman for Cameron's Hoek. He will be at the Knoll either to-night, or to-morrow morning. I heard from him by the last post from Glenelg, and he said he had bought two horses, and would set off to-day.

"Horses at Glenelg!" said Thornton, with an expression of disgust; "why there is not such a thing as a decent horse to be got in the district! He has been stuck with some of Cobus van Dyck's rubbish, I dare say. You ought to have told him not to think of buying anything till he got here. I could have mounted him capitally. He would want something quiet and steady, fit for a parson. That little brown horse that Janet used to ride would have been the very thing for him, and he might have had him cheap."

"My dear Henry," said Mrs. Beveridge laughing, "you surely would not have the conscience to put the poor man on Brown Peter! Why you know that for the last two years nothing could induce him to go beyond that shuffling walk of his. And besides, you must remember Mr. Johnstone must have had some horse to ride down from Glenelg."

"Well, it is a shame to allow a stranger in the country to be done by those fellows at Glenelg. What is his name? Johnson?"

"No, he is a 'gentle Johnstone,' I believe," said Mr. Beveridge. "The Bishop tells me he is a gentleman of some private means, to whom the small stipend of Cameron's Hoek will be a matter of no importance."

"'Salary not so much an object as a comfortable home,' as the advertisements say. I am not quite sure that I like men of that kind. I rather think it is a good thing for parson and people to feel a sort of mutual sense of dependence. If the people of a parish know that there is no necessity for giving, they get out of the way of it; and a parson with independent means is apt to be a little *too* independent."

"I assure you, Henry," said Mr. Beveridge, gravely, "Mr. Johnstone comes with very high testimonials, and the character of a very earnest man."

"Oh, I know what you mean by an 'earnest man,' Beveridge. He is a bit of a Puseyite like yourself; wears a white stock without any shirt collars, and an M. B. waistcoat, eh! Does he date his letter on the eve of S. Agatha, V. and M? I think her day comes somewhere about this time."

"Henry!" said his elder sister gravely, "You know George does not like to hear you talk so lightly."

"Oh, George knows me well enough, Janet. He knows I mean no harm. And if he is only half such a sterling fellow as George is, I shall like him well enough, whatever kind of waistcoat he may wear. Johnstone, eh! I have a sort of regard for that name. One of that best fellows I ever knew was Jemmy Johnstone, who was with me in the Fifth at Rugby. I wonder what has become of him. Such a clever fellow he was, but so idle; that is, idle about the regular studies of the school. But he was a great reader of books that were not wanted. Always reading, or at play, or in mischief; throwing his whole heart into everything he did. He was one of the Eleven. I wonder what has become of him."

"Why did you not keep a correspondence with him," asked Mrs. Beveridge, always filled with a deep interest in whatever concerned those whom she loved.

"Oh, Johnstone was one of the worst correspondents in the world; though he could write such capital letters when he choose. I remember a letter he wrote to me just after he had left school, and gone to a private tutor's. He gave me an account of his last piece of mischief. It seems there was a cross-grained old navy lieutenant that lived in a cottage next to his tutor's garden, with whom the pupils had some old standing feud. And what did Jemmy Johnstone do one night but catch the parson's old gander, muffle his head up in his handkerchief so that he should make no noise, and then climbing up a ladder that he had placed ready, drop him down the chimney into the old fellow's bedroom! He said he never heard such a row as they made between them in the dark; and at last the old woman that lived with him as servant came in with a light, and there were these young gentlemen collected at the window to see the fun. There was the gander, as black as a coal with the soot of the chimney, with great flapping wings, and they both thought it was the —— well, Beveridge, they did not know what it was—but the old woman jumped up on the bed, and there they both were in their nightcaps dodging out of the way of this horrible apparition that was chasing them. Presently, the gander, attracted by the light of the candle, I suppose, flapped up on to the

bed after them. This was too much for them. The candle was put out, and away they both went shouting and screaming, tumbling over each other, with the gander after them biting their bare legs, and all rushed out of the house together. Half the village was woke up and there was a great row about it; but everybody laughed so at the story that nobody would take the matter up seriously, and so it was never found out. If Jemmy Johnstone had been there a little longer there would have been no doubt who was the culprit; but as he had only just come to the place, and had a very innocent look with him, no suspicion fell upon him. I wish I could find the letter. I have laughed over it till I cried many a time." And Thornton threw himself back in his easy chair, and shouted till he grew purple in the face and the tears rolled down his cheeks at the mere recollection of his friend's account of the affair.

"And I dare say you would have liked to be one of the mischievous party, Master Henry!" said Mr. Beveridge, who, in his quiet way, had been much amused by the story. "But this Mr. Johnstone is a very different kind of person from your friend. He has been for three years a curate working singlehanded in one of those towns which spring up so rapidly about new manufacturing centres, and has done more good than I can tell you. He had to battle with gross ignorance, all kinds of wickedness, indifference on the part of the employers of hands, and opposition from seditious and infidel demagogues. But he laboured night and day in his calling; opened schools, visited the sick, relieved the poor, gained the confidence of the people; and when he left the place, almost knocked up by three years of incessant work of mind and body, he left it with a church built and endowed, with upwards of a thousand children in the schools, and with a parsonage commenced for a resident clergyman."

"Well, he must be one of the right sort. But so was Jemmy Johnstone—a thorough good fellow, with all his idleness and love of fun. The last I heard of him was that he was at Oxford, reading for honours, and riding steeple-chases, and pulling in his college racing boat."

"Oh, no, you cannot be speaking of the same person," said Mr. Beveridge, with a quiet but decided manner, that said, as plainly as possible, that he felt no interest in "Jemmy Johnstone," and had doubts whether that gentleman's adventures were altogether of an edifying character. "You cannot be speaking of the same person. This man's name is not James."

"No more was Jemmy's. He only got the name from a

capital comic song he used to sing. His real name was Maurice."

Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge looked at each other with a blank dumbfounded expression, which it was well for their peace of mind that Thornton did not see. He had risen to bid good night to Mr. Monro, whom Mrs. Thornton had been goodnaturedly endeavouring to entertain, in default of her sister-in-law, monopolized by Bob Ormerod. Her efforts were well meant but unsuccessful; and Mr. Monro was now taking his departure, much earlier than was his wont, without reference to Ormerod's inclinations, and rather desiring to ride home alone. But Bob was eminently gregarious in his tastes. He hated being alone, and would put up with any companion rather than be without one. And calling to Mr. Monro to wait for him half a minute, he concluded a hasty adieu to Miss Thornton, clenching, for the tenth time, an engagement to ride together on the next day, made his bow to the rest of the party, and, followed by Flint, was soon shaking hands with his host in the porch, and lighting the cigar which he offered him to cheer his homeward ride.

"George," said Mrs. Beveridge, with a rather anxious face, when she and her husband were left alone, "George, do you think that can be *our* Mr. Johnstone?"

"It certainly is a very odd coincidence of names," replied her husband gravely, as he lighted her bed-room candle.

Nothing could exceed the hilarity of Bob Ormerod on their homeward ride, unless it were the moroseness of Mr. Monro. The latter gentleman spoke not a word: the former was in a sort of intoxication of high spirits. He talked, he laughed, he chaffed Thornton's gate-keeper who came out of his cottage in his shirt to let them out, he poured forth broken rhapsodies in praise of Miss Thornton's beauty and cleverness, without perceiving in the faintest degree that it was like a blister to the irritable temper of his companion; he woke the silent echoes of the lake with scraps of uproarious song; he insisted on embracing Mrs. Tokers, who laughed more than ever and told him to "Get along;" and finally he retired to bed, to light healthy sleep, and to blissful dreams about Kate Thornton.

And the fair Kate herself, having behaved as everybody must allow, very naughtily throughout the evening—having made Mr. Monro thoroughly miserable, having succeeded in turning Ormerod's head—went to her own room with a particularly light and buoyant step, in high good humour, and more than usually well satisfied with herself. And when she had laid aside her evening dress, and prepared for the night, after

she had said her prayers and extinguished her candle, she opened the window, and looked out upon the fair, still, moonlit landscape, and listened to the faint, far-off thunder of the rollers on the coast, and thought for a little while very tenderly and lovingly of *somebody*—and that somebody was *not* Ensign Ormerod of the C.M.R.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SWIFTS AND SWALLOWS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE is no bird more interesting than the Swallow all over the world, whether to the ornithologist or to the ordinary observer, and it is well called, therefore, a "general favourite." Its peculiar attractions arise from what the old friend of our boyhood—White of Selbourne—has termed its "marvellous agility," the rapidity, that is, and dexterity of its flight and the beauty of its evolutions, to which may be added, the confident, trusting familiarity, resembling that of children, with which it approaches the person as well as the dwellings of man. In its physical structure it is unlike other birds, owing to the existence of an extraordinary salivatory gluten possessed by the whole family more or less, and used as a cement for the bird's nest,* while in the mystery that attaches to its migrations and its supposed hybernation in cold countries it is ever an unceasing object of wonder and curiosity.

Other migratory birds differ in this latter respect, inasmuch as when they migrate it is admitted they bodily quit one country for another, whereas the Swallow, as many think, retires to some concealment merely and becomes torpid during the cold months, to emerge again for incubation when the "soote season" of spring returns. We believe the sole evidence of this peculiarity of the Swallow is to be found in the fact that after the ordinary period of migration has come and gone and the Swallows as a body have departed (in England, this would be in October), should warm sunny days arrive, Swallows may be seen flying about again, not in any quantity certainly, but here and there, and then on cold days coming they again depart to hide or hybernate. To us it seems that this of itself is not sufficient to establish the hybernation doctrine

* It is this gluten which in the *Hirundo Esculenta*, or, to call it more accurately *Cypselus Esculenta*, makes the edible birds' nest of China and Ceylon.

in its entirety. The Swallow has two broods a year. Any seen, therefore, after the generality have departed are possibly late birds of a second hatch, too weak to make their long flight across the Channel and Mediterranean. But it is said, "Swallows have been occasionally found in holes in rocks and trees during the winter months in considerable quantities." This may be so, and they may be mostly birds of a second brood; considering the prolific character of the bird, and the small numbers that comparatively return each spring or summer of those that must have been bred the preceding year, large numbers have to be accounted for somehow, especially as it is more than suspected that about the same number of pairs return to the same place every year. We believe that as regards the migration of European Swallows, a medium course may be struck, and that neither Morris is wrong who states that some do certainly hybernate, nor is Selby in error, who derides the idea of Swallows as an entire family hybernating—that is to say, we submit that a large if not the largest portion of the second hatch every year creep into holes, and of this the greater part die before the winter is over, though some few perhaps do (a fact not conclusively proved) actually survive through the whole of the cold months. One great proof against a general hybernation seems to lie in the fact of the Bank Swallow *(Hirundo Riparia)*, which builds in holes in the earth, being never found by any chance in these holes in the cold season. We do not believe there is any instance of such a thing on record.

But be the above point settled as it may, one thing would seem to be established by the habits of the African Swallow. The migration of the Swallow—and with other birds it is probably the same—does not necessarily arise from the inclemency of the season, inasmuch as at the Cape there is no cold to speak of during the winter months, and many days are, in fact, as hot as summer, nor, as Le Vaillant observes can it proceed from want of food, "since," as he justly puts it, "in this same season other Swallows arrive which remain and find the wherewithal to subsist on." He would seem to have hit the right cause of the migration of all animals when he states—"It is not always the want of food which obliges birds to expatriate themselves, but instead—*want of change of climate.*" There would seem to be an instinct implanted in animals that dictates a change of climate to be necessary for a sound state of health with them as it is for human beings. Nature, we know, points out to animals the requirements of health. Thus, birds seek gravel to assist digestion, and dogs eat grasses. Some birds, however, like some animals, are not migratory;

and how are we to account for them? The explanation is probably that this is only so to the same extent with animals that it is with human beings. The Bedouin of the Desert is more migratory than the citizen or mechanic of a crowded town. As concerns birds, however, the best supported theory seems to be that they all change their locality during certain times of the year. "Every bird," it is said, "has its native country where it freely reproduces and remains part of the year, travelling in the remainder. Most birds spend half of the year at their home and pass the other half in travelling."

Le Vaillant is not as accurate about the Swallows and Swifts of the Cape as he seems to be about other birds; indeed, he appears to have written, one may almost say, carelessly about them. For instance, having in his general remarks on the subject told his readers that there are three kinds of Swifts and six of Swallows in South Africa, he enumerates but five of the latter and in no way accounts for this omission of the sixth. It may be as well briefly to point out a few of what, with all respect for so valuable an ornithologist, may be considered his errors under this head.

Of the three Swifts he mentions, there is but one, he informs us that comes near to the European, and this must mean the *Leucothea*. Thus, he has entirely omitted all notice of the *Cypselus Apus*, or common Black Swift, which after examination we are enabled to say is precisely similar to the English Swift.*

Again, he has omitted entirely the *Hirundo Rustica* of the Cape. This we have examined by the coloured plate and description of Morris' English birds, and we can detect not the slightest difference between it and the common English Chimney Swallow,† of which latter, unfortunately, there is no preserved specimen in the Cape Town Museum.

Of the different batches of African birds which Le Vaillant had ever seen from Senegal or elsewhere in Africa, he had never seen, he says, a Swallow which belonged to the European species. He was, therefore, convinced that European Swallows do not penetrate as far as the Cape. Sir William Jardine, in his edition of *White's Selbourne*, states in a note,

* Mr. Layard, the curator of the South African Museum, has compared specimens of the English and African Swift, and assures us he has no doubt of the identity of the two species.

† It would be no proof of the species being different that the Cape *Hirundo Rustica* does not build in chimneys, if such be the fact, for according to Thompson (the best authority on birds of Ireland) the Chimney Swallow does not there, either, build in chimneys.

"We have received *Hirundo Rustica* from Western Africa, Sierra Leone, &c., but it is not likely they form any of the parties which migrate to Europe." The like observation may be made of the South African *Hirundo Rustica* getting as far as the Cape. But Sir William Jardine proves that Le Vaillant's experience of the extent of the European Chimney Swallow's travels was limited.

"All the Swallows and Swifts of Africa," says Le Vaillant, "exist exactly in this part of the world as our Swifts and Swallows do amongst us—namely, have the same habits and behaviour," &c. This may be said of every bird—different species of the same family have the same habits everywhere. A Caprimulgus or Goatsucker that haunts our garden affects a particular oak tree, just as White remarks one did in his grounds.* Both may be called equally Druids in this respect, yet the oak is not indigenous, whilst the Caprimulgus is.

Having remarked on those mistakes of the great African ornithologist on which we can write with certainty, we refer to other points on which we can only write with doubt. Is it true, as he tells us, that the Swallows that are to be found in South Africa in the winter or rainy season are only birds that come from other countries where they have laid their eggs, and that all the Swallows which build in South Africa sojourn here *only* during the summer? Is it only, in short, as he declares, the Swallow *Rufifrons*, that is the Swallow of the Cape winter? Can any of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* say whether this is so, and can they affirm that it is not, as we suspect and Mr. Layard holds, the Brown Swallow with a squarish tail and white spots on it (*Hirundo Rupestris*) that is to be found at the Cape, and particularly about Cape Town, during the Cape winter.†

Of the exact periods when Swifts and Swallows migrate

* "Fern owls (another name for Caprimulgus), have attachments to oaks, no doubt on account of food, for the next evening we saw one again several times among the boughs of the same tree, but it did not skim round its stem over the grass as on the evening before." *White's Selbourne.*—Our bird sits night after night on a rail facing the oak tree, or rather by its side lengthways, and apparently wrapt in admiration of it.

† On the 7th of April this year we were informed by Mr. Layard that he had noted the *Hirundo Rupestris* on the previous Friday, April 5, about Cape Town, and on the 9th of April they were here in "considerable numbers." Mr. L. would be obliged by any observations of Swallows and Swifts during the winter months in this colony, and would be thankful for notes of the earliest arrivals of them in the spring, namely,—late in August or September.

from and arrive at the Cape, we regret at present to have next to no accurate observations to offer.*

THE SWIFTS.—*Le Martinet a Gorge Blanche*,—Le Vaill.; *Cypselus Melba*, White-bellied Swift,—Lin. (Afr. v.); *Cypselus Alpinus*,—Selby; *Wilsde Swaluw* of the Cape colonists.

Description—as the European *Melba*—accepted by Gray, who had access to Le Vaillant's originals. Le Vaillant says the female only differs from the male in having the colour of its plumage less decided (*prononcée*) than is found in the latter, and continues: "This Swift is very abundant" (in England it is very rare) "in all the parts of Africa which I have visited. It flies with an astonishing rapidity and is seen always in numerous flocks. (?) It has in flight a cry very analogous to those of our Swifts when they pursue one another in the air. In Africa these birds breed in the rocks, where they make their nests and hatch their young. The eggs, about four in number, are quite white," &c.

La Martinet a Croupion Blanc,—Le Vaill.; *Cypselus*; *Cypselus Leucothea*; *Mak Swaluw*, Domestic Swallow, of the Cape colonists.

"This Swift is in shape pretty near our Black Swift, and resembles it totally in colour, with the exception that it has some white upon the sides of the lower part of the back (*croupion*) which is not perceived when the wings are folded. But what is seen most about it is that the last feathers of the wings which approach nearest the back are also marked with white in their internal barbs. The Swift with white *croupion* is very abundant at the Cape: more familiar than that of the white throat (*Cypselus Melba*), it approaches the houses and lives in the same places as the Swallows, without, nevertheless, mixing with them. (?) It seizes even by open force the nests of these last there to lay its eggs, in number four and of a white colour. In default of these stolen nests, it lays in holes in walls or crevices in rocks. I have seen no difference between the males and females of this species save

* *Cypselus Apus*, the black Swift, quits England at latest by the 20th August. We have observed him here, and so has our friend Mr. Layard, certainly as late as March 12. Now as March corresponds to September in England, this would give *Cypselus Apus* twenty days' later sojourn here than in England.

P.S.—*Cypselus Leucothea* Mr. Layard remarked still lingering about Cape Town, April 8-9 of this year, on which day he notes "*Cypselus Apus* and *Melba* are, I think, gone."

that the black is more brown with the female than with the other. They have eyes of a yellowish brown."—(Le Vaill.)

Our description of one shot February 13, 1861, is as follows: Crown, back of the head, and neck black, and blacker than the English Swift; on chin and upper throat a patch of white. Front of the head above the beak greyish black, cheeks black, interscapular of the back bluish black; body and under tail coverts bluish black; quill feathers, secondaries, and tertiaries a dull black. Across the lower back a patch of white, second quill feathers the longest. Upper tail coverts black with darker and lighter shades. Feet black.

Cypselus Apus,—Linn. (apus, apous, without a foot, from its short legs); *Cypselus Murarius*,—Selby; *Micropus Murarius*,—Meyer.

This description of Swift has been omitted by Le Vaillant. The Cape species is precisely similar to the European, black entirely with white chin. Examined a specimen, February 13, 1861, which, together with a specimen of the preceding, were sent to us by Mr. Layard, who saw it, *Hirundo Capensis*, *Leucothea*, and *Cypselus Melba* together in one field.

Le Martinet Velocifere,—Le Vaill.; *Cypselus Niger* (?).

"Of all the birds that I have known this is one whose flight is most rapid, so that I have named it 'Velocifere,' which it merits in all respects, since it gets over in flying as I have estimated more than once upon a measured ground a space of a hundred *toise* (fathom of six feet) in five seconds. Thus, supposing the bird had wished or been able even to continue its flight with the same rapidity, it would be but a minute nearly in traversing half a league, and in consequence would take fifteen days only to make the tour of the world.

"This little Swift, which we have represented of its natural size in our plate, inhabits the east coast during the winter at the Cape—at least I have only seen it during this season while staying in the country of the Autenequoi, and as I have well observed that it there lays no eggs, it appears that it is but on its passage towards the Cape of Good Hope, that is to say that it comes there after having made its *petits ailleurs* in the true country. The country of a bird can be, as Buffon judiciously observes, but in the country of which it reproduces its species.

"The Swift Velocifere frequents forests and retires into holes in trees to rest or pass the night. In the morning and evening it flies in the extremities of woods, and seizes in passing the insects and flies it perceives in the air or resting on the leaves. I never heard it making any cry whatever nor saw it rest on branches of trees. All the plumage of this bird is of a deep black with a shade of blue on all the upper part of the head, wings, and tail, and of a pure black under the body. The eyes are reddish, feet and beak brown The tail is very forked, the wings are very long, and when folded are longer by nearly two inches than the tail."—(Le Vaillant.)

Is it possible that Le Vaillant was mistaken about this bird and that, after all, it was no Swift, but a Swallow? We have examined a small blackish Swallow from the eastern district, which in many respects answers the above description, but in others differs,—*e.g.*, in the upper plumage the shade of ours is greenish not blue, neither are the wings when folded at all longer than the tail. As our bird is undoubtedly not a Swift we give Le Vaillant's "Velocifere" simply with his description, reserving the Swallow to which we allude for our catalogue hereafter of Swallows proper.*

F. R. S.

"VANITAS OMNIA."

Diadem'd by th' Eternal's hand
Pale lustres round the brow of night
In th' everlasting vault they stand
As erst ordained: To mortal sight
What star of that wide blazing band
Quench'd ever its primeval light?

2.

No change! Predestined laws restrain
Each comet's fierce erratic sweep,
Of strength immutable enchain
Or loose the storm winds o'er the deep,
The blooming rose, the golden grain,
Man's hour for toil, or hour for sleep.

* There can be but little doubt that the "Velocifere" of Le Vaillant is entirely a different bird from the small black or blackish-green Swallow. It would be very desirable to obtain a specimen of the former for the Cape Town Museum. We may perhaps remind those disposed to assist that the Swift is always distinguishable by having all four toes in front or side by side and not one behind, like the Swallow and most birds.

3.

Down to the grave streamwise they go,
All breathing things, to a dark Dead Sea,
Innumerous, swiftly,—magnate, low,
Earth's one vast ghastly destiny;
Far back as marvellous records show,
Far onward through Eternity.

4.

Pale Pestilence from her haggard brow
Drops venom o'er man's writhing race,
Earth shudders, tottering cities bow
The crawling, mangled swarm t' efface;
Dark Ocean smites the stately prow,
Wild shrieks engulf 'mid waves' embrace.

5

Blindly man wrestles as of yore
With agonies too great to bear,
Prometheus living must restore
Vitals for vulture fate to tear,
While winds and waves low murmurs pour
Of syren whisperings to the ear.

6.

Ever sings Hope, enchantress sweet,
Sings with her winsome Elvie voice;
Ever charm-lull'd, poor mortals greet
Her spell-hued weavings and rejoice.
In vain would Reason strip the cheat,
Proclaim for man no change or choice.

7.

No change! The circling throb of years
Reacts the fleeted shadowy past
Great toils, great Empires' pride and fears
Revolve anew in circles vast,
Ascending, structured pomp appears,
Decadence scoffing pomp at last.

8.

Hath Wisdom solace? They who "know"
Espouse cold sorrow, hand to hand.
Ambition? Weevilled laurels show,
Bleached fame for old achievements grand.
Or wealth? What harpy troubles grow
Round Plutus, a grey putrid band.

9.

No change! The centuries unfold
In their grim cycles to our view
Nothing whereof it may be told
Lo here! events unheard of, new.

What is, hath been long time of old,
The former joy, the former rue.

10.

Even to ourselves the present seems
Oft in perplexing mystery wrought
Of other life with other scenes
Back to dim straining memory brought,
As when to half-forgotten dreams,
The tangled clue is vainly sought.

11.

Yes, dreams and phantoms, thin and frail,
Through life bewilder men around;
Yet what sore travail and loud wail.
Wait on their rainbow'd pinions sound.
So travellers, parch'd and fainting, hail
The mirage for bright water found.

12.

The mariner, exulting, free,
Bends sail to Ocean's flowing breeze;
The soldier with a vauntful glee
Types off life's pageantry and ease;
Statemen ecstatic visions see
Of nations lauding wise decrees.

13.

One patient broods with wrinkled brow,
Forecasting wealth his wares shall gain;
One to law's harmony doth bow,
That courts may echo forth his fame;
Another slaves with ox and plough
Hard diligent hand and swollen vein.

14.

His child's sweet laugh, her soft-toned voice,
What music to the father's ear!
How doth the gentle maid rejoice,
When owning first some wooer dear!
Blushes attest the virgin's choice,
With tremulous smile and beamy tear.

15.

The thing that hath been must return;
What is, hath been long time of yore.
Disquieted with vain concern,
Nemesis shall revenge the more,
When angnish in man's heart shall burn
As always it hath burnt before.

16.

One from *his* loins shall waste his wealth,
Whose days ne'er mottled o'er with toil
He with grey hair and broken health
Sighs o'er long spended years of moil;
Misfortunes lower with murderer's stealth,
The rustic's wearied hope to spoil.

17.

Poor mariner,—thy careless mirth
Grows out of thrilling hardships,—gloom
And storm, the powers of air and earth,
Rocks, billows in dark gulfs entomb,
Where thousands rich in manly worth
Drift to and fro where corals bloom.

18.

Soft strains of music lade the gale,
Light feathers float, proud colours wave,
But the cold glittering steel hath tale
Of hissing blood through gashes drave,
And limbs lopp'd off, and forced forth wail,
And festering heaps in gory grave.

19.

Will party hate take cognizance
Of statesmen's stern upright intent?
Awhile sublimed, the soaring glance
Sees nations in loud homage blent,
Some stormy trifle rends the trance,
With taunt, reproach, bewilderment.

20.

No change! Through every guild of life
Some cankering worm its way shall find,
In vain men haste, in vain they strive,
Black care sits firmly on behind;
The sage, the simple, both arrive,
By one event in dust to grind.

21.

Let him whose fond caressing eye
Folds round his child with doating care,
Hoard the sweet transports as they fly,
Ere vacant be her cot and chair,
And all left to record her by
Some playthings or some lock of hair.

22.

She moves beneath the orange grove,
By calm adoring dreams upborne.

Ah me! if there she one night rove,
With brain afire and breast forlorn,
When the wrong'd heart hath turned from love
Indignantly to hate and scorn.

23.

No change! Man boasts supremer skill,
Many inventions fresh sought out.
Yet o'er eld deeds Colossus will
Pause with perplexed and humbling doubt,
That through the lapse of centuries still
Defiance to successors shout.

24.

Or else, perchance, half sadly asks
How far this never-ending strife,
This ceaseless strain, these emulous tasks,
With death seeds prematurely rife,
Yield palm to him who lordly basks
Contented in his savage life.

25.

It may not be: man shall not fly
From care though dwelling all apart.
Hide if he might from peering eye
Callous or sudden steel his heart,
Surer than fate the bolt shall fly
To lacerate with torturing smart.

26.

No choice but one! As when in heaven
Scroll'd high with sign and words ablaze
Rome's battail'd legions saw it graven
" *Vince in hoc*,"—so throughout days
Of this blue canopied earth, unsaven
By the last fire, false are all ways.

27.

For solace but to own that emblem sign
As recognizèd law, perchance full oft
With palpitating anguish, yet t' enshrine
Its mystic meaning, see it waved aloft
With death-cold heart, perhaps, all self resign,
So from the Throne falls solace calm and soft.

28.

Showing the mystery and the poison'd fang
Dark clouds fringed off with moteless amber light,
Duty's environments in time began
Outlasting time, to Faith's far-prescient sight,

Why baffled hopes, toil, grief, work weal to man,
And hallowed trials strengthen all that's right.

29.

So silvery tendrils twining through the heart
Nerve each warm throb with Resignation's grace
Each day to do its small allotted part
Bearing, forbearing, with calm, upraised face;
Till practised in that soul-illumining art,
Earth's objects through a pangless vista chase.

30.

Or in some long low monotone,
Hoarse waves on far-off beaten shore,
Or winds' worn harassed sobbing moan,
Or as distempered fancies pour
Round him who lieth ailing, lone,
One solemn bell-note evermore,

31.

Under earth's boisterous clangors round
Sobering the reverential soul,
"Vanitas omnia" swells with sound
Of mournful, oft-recurring toll;
Not mother's accents gentler found,
Of warning from some false cajole.

32.

"Vanitas omnia." So each page
Stands written by old hoary Time
Mocks each pursuit from youth to age,
Through every scene, through every clime,
The rich, the poor, the fool, the sage,
Where deserts glare or minsters chime.

33.

"Vanitas omnia." All of earth
Phantoms of her imperious fair,
Empurpled honours, transient mirth,
Or agony's wrench of wild despair;
She hath no die to stamp with worth
Her fluctuations light as air.

34.

"Vanitas omnia." Let them go
Or come, so thou endurant, true,
Mid every change and chance below,
Hold the Great Sacrifice in view,
One day that bidding thou may'st hear
"*In meum domum, veni tu.*"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THE 'BUS TO WYNBERG.

THE introduction of omnibuses always seems to me to mark an era in the history of locomotion,—perhaps in the history of social progress. Most of us will be able to recall the time when, even in England, omnibuses were not. It was a period, for the most part, of settled abodes and habits, of little interchange of thought, of old-standing, well-fortified prejudices, of apathetic acquiescence in abuses. We are taught to look back upon the pre-railway period as one of abounding evils, for deliverance from which we can never be sufficiently thankful. Nevertheless, there are reminiscences of that dark, or at best, only twilight age which have infinite charms for us. The travelling, to those who enjoyed *travelling*, the actual passing from place to place, the exhilaration of rapid motion and change of scene—had arrived in England at something like the highest perfection of which the mode of transit at that time was capable. The coaching and the posting were the pride of England, the wonder of foreigners, the *ne plus ultra* of what can be accomplished by horses in harness.

Who that has enjoyed it will ever forget that highest perfection of delightful travelling, in an open carriage with four post-horses, such as post-horses used to be along the great trunk roads of the kingdom? The entire command of one's own time, the leisure to enjoy—an essential feature, of which we seem to lose sight in these rapid days—the smooth even speed, the ready civility of host and waiter, ostler and "boots," as your carriage pulled up with a flourish at the arched gateway of the principal hotel; the celerity with which, at the call of "First turn out!" the fresh team was brought down the yard from the stable, where they had been standing ready harnessed, with nothing but their bridles to be put on; the amazing effort of dexterity with which the little dried-up wizened "boys" would climb up into their saddles, the said "boys" clad in a dress which is now as obsolete as chain armour: a very short white waistcoat, a yellow silk jacket shorter still, a pair of leathers or cords so shrunken with frequent wetting that a "puffing" of shirt was visible between the waistband and the waistcoat, and a belt of grey worsted stocking between the knees and the painted "tops;" the whole figure surmounted by a hat which was distinctive

of the race of "boys," and, I suppose, has become extinct with them,—tall, and glossy white, with a perfectly flat and level brim. Then the crack of whips, the dash from the door, and down the long idle street, where a fat man or woman stood at every shop-door, having nothing to do, apparently, but gaze up the street or down the street, and speculate upon the probable destination and business of the passing travellers.

The coaching presented more variety of interest than even the posting. Who that remembers Brighton in its best days will need to be reminded of that hour, from nine to ten in the morning, when the fast London coaches started from Castle Square? There was always a little crowd to see the "Age" off,—the "Age," which was driven by a ci-devant officer in the Guards on one "side," and by a sporting baronet on the other, and did the fifty-two miles in four hours. The coachman—no, you could not call him mere coachman, the artist, the professor, perhaps—drawing on his gloves at five minutes to ten, was a study. Dressed in a correct though subdued style of fashion, with something, the faintest possible, of a sporting tone expressed in his trowsers and boots, with a reserved even melancholy air, as of one who has outlived the charms and feels only the burden of a great position, he mingles with the little crowd about the booking-office door, and seems to shun observation. In vain. Every eye singles him out as the hero of the hour; and inexorable duty drags him forth from his retirement. Accurately adjusting his gloves, he walks slowly around his team of thoroughbred bays, and regards each trace and rein, each strap and buckle, with a pensive thoughtfulness. He has reached the off-wheeler as the first bell of the chime that precedes the striking of the hour of ten rings out from the clock over the Pavilion stables. In an instant the whole man is changed. With one dexterous movement he has caught his whip from the ready helper, with another he has pulled the reins through the turrets up to their bearings, with another he is on the box, calm and still, and as the first stroke of ten sounds, the restless horses spring off in a gallop; the helpers tear the cloths off the glossy bays, the guard strikes up, "The days when we went gipsying" on a key bugle, and before you have time to recover your thoughts, the "Age" is dashing at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, round one side of the enclosure of the New Steyne, racing for the start against the opposition, which is coming up at the same pace round the other side, with another team of thoroughbred bays, another key bugle, and another "professor."

Pleasant they were, those coaching journeys! Pleasant to occupy the box-seat on some good provincial drag, and see the coachman handle his ribbons, or, may be, to take them yourself for a stage or two. Pleasant the exhilarating motion through the bright varying landscape. Pleasant to hear the long-drawn notes of the guard's "yard of tin," announcing our arrival, and with a turn of the road to see the next team standing ready at the roadside, with clean new sacks thrown over their loins, and a quiet sleepy air, as if they took all the rest they could while they could. Sharp work, changing horses! Barely time to get off the coach, and stamp your way into the snug bar of the little inn, and order two glasses of the ale of whose admirable quality Mr. Rollerbolt has just given you a quiet hint, and receive his short "your health, sir!" as he turns his glass down like magic, and ascertain that the tap deserves all that he had said of it, and more, and fumble out a sixpence with your chilled fingers—fingers which will soon be tingling and glowing from the effects of that glass of generous ale—when the guard—who has shared the brandy and water of some "outside"—calls out, "Now, sir!" and you find Mr. Rollerbolt taking up his whip which is lying over the backs of the wheelers, and drawing up his reins, during a brief but pregnant consultation with the horsekeeper. "Sit fast!" says Mr. Rollerbolt, from the box, with his reins divided, and his rug not yet gathered up. The horses throw themselves into their collars, the sacks are stripped off by the helper and horse-keeper, still requiring last instructions about the "little brown 'oss;" and away you go again.

Ah, well! they have been made immortal by the pen of Nimrod and the pencil of Henderson; but they have rattled down the road that knows no turning. We travel more cheaply, more speedily, more luxuriously now-a-days, but scarce so pleasantly. More safely, perhaps. But that is an open question; and one cannot but allow that there is great force and significance in an observation which might have been made by Mr. Rollerbolt himself. "When a coach capsizes with you, why, *there you are!* But when a railway train comes to smash, *where are you?*"

But this greater facility of travelling, this increased speed and diminished cost made omnibuses necessary. Their introduction marks the point at which travelling ceased to be the occasional resort of the few, and became the necessity of the many. The old machinery was totally inadequate to the wants of the daily-increasing multitudes of railway travellers. A cheap, capacious, convenient vehicle was required to meet the new state of things, and the omnibus was the result. It

is more of a leveller than even the railway; for its low fare brings it within the reach of all classes, and its arrangement admits of no distinction between them. There are no first and second classes; no divisions of *coupé*, *intérieure*, and *impériale*. You must either go inside with those two stout Malay women, with their bundle of foul linen and their three chubby brown children, and run your chance of having to sit on one of them or one of them to sit on you, at least as far as to Mowbray; or you must mount the roof and undergo a fumigation, and, perhaps, worse, from three tawny young swells, who are there smoking and expectorating. Well, it is better to run any risks in the open air than be stewed in the inside, "like a Dutch dish," as Old Jack says; and, besides, a seat on the "knife board" will afford a better view of the objects of interest along the road.

To one who does not object to basking a little in the sun, five minutes will be not disagreeably passed in waiting for the "bus" to start, and surveying what is going on around. That corner where, in the centre of the length of Adderley-street, the old Keizersgracht and Shortmarket-street fade into each other, is to Cape Town what Delphi was to ancient Greece—its very centre and bull's eye. The eddy of traffic which whirls restless around, leaves a spot calm and stationary at Mr. Robertson's shop. Thither, as to a common focus, all the loose stray particles of society do slowly but inevitably gravitate. Gently oscillating between that corner and the corresponding one at Mr. Schmieterloew's, you will find surely, at some period of the day, the man you are in search of, if he be in town at all. Be he who or what he may, whatever he may have to do or to leave undone, he will surely be sucked, at one time or another, into that vortex; and there he will be detained awhile by the operation of certain laws which govern cyclones, whirlpools, and street corners; and meeting there with similar floating particles, influenced by a similar centripetal attraction, he will revolve with them for a time, and gaze hither and thither, and inquire what is the news, and learning that there is none beyond what he knows already, pass on, and his place will be filled by another. The designer of the Electric Telegraph office just opposite committed an irremediable error when he embodied his ideal in the present cruet-bottle. Had he devised a structure somewhat like the present, but with a wide, deep, shady verandah round it; and had the Company, instead of presenting to the public a blue clock, which seems infected by the influences of the corner, and refuses to move on—had they expended the cost thereof in substantial posts and chains at

a convenient height for sitting upon, they would have made that the centre of Cape Town gossip, and sent up the value of the shares twenty per cent.

But while thus immersed in "cogibundity of cogitation," our "professor" is about to ascend the box. Shade of the extinct Mr. Rollerbolt! What a contrast to the neat, spotless, well brushed, clean shaved "workman" of the days of yore! Shoeless and stockingless, with dirty flapping shirt-sleeves, and making a shabby excuse for a turban with a foul red cotton handkerchief, our *koetsier* clambers to his seat, armed with a whip like a village schoolboy's fishing-rod, and seizes the stiff alum-dressed reins promiscuously in his black paw. A shrill guttural from behind; a crack from the long thong; and the meagre cats of horses throw themselves against each other, the weakest literally going to the wall, and the 'bus swings off slantindicularly on the Wynberg road.

Away we go! Lumbering, rumbling, jolting, rattling: pulling up short on places where the horses can hardly hold their own; "springing them" over mounds of newly-laid stones, or yawning pitfalls waiting to be filled up; over every kind and description of experiment in road-making, up to the turnpike at the Lines. That barrier passed, you begin to feel more your ease, less disposed to be sea-sick, and less in danger of being flung off the roof: to perform a few eccentric gyrations in empty space, and finally subside to earth with sprains and bruises, possibly with dislocations or fractures.

Why does it always blow a small hurricane just beyond the turnpike? The spirited owner of the "palatial residence" at Roodebloom might style himself, as one of the early Stuarts was wont to do when he went "a roving," the Laird of Windy Knowe. That unfortunate policeman who may be seen at all hours performing his stated orbit on the road in front of Altona must be dried to a mummy. The pines have grown in a horizontal posture, as if delivering a perpetual protest against being expected to behave like well-conducted trees under such stormy circumstances. That promontory of the mountain on which the Blockhouse stands is the real Cabo del Totos Tormentos. It always blows there; and you esteem yourself happy in having weathered the point without having had a sharp brush across country after your hat. A hat will sometimes at that spot afford admirable sport—to the lookers-on; skipping and bounding before the blast, heading straight for the sequestered shades of Papendorp, crossing the railway, crossing the road, disdaining to

pause in cover or turn aside to earth, rushing into the sea at last, like the "Oulton Lowe fox" of Cheshire celebrity.

It is a dreary three miles to Mowbray. It must bear some remote resemblance to the space between the opposing forces at the seige of Sebastopol. We read that this space was swept perfectly bare by the ceaseless iron hail from either side. Not a living thing could lift its head there. And the Mowbray road is very little better. Nature has barely time to recover from the effects of one summer's south-easters, before the south-easters of another summer have begun. But oh, the grateful shelter of that great avenue of oaks that stretches from Mowbray to Rondebosch! To a stranger, especially to one fresh from shipboard, there is nothing near Cape Town more charming. In the early summer, before the fresh green has been dimmed by dust or darkened by the fierce blaze of the sun, that great avenue with the blue sky seen in patches through the foliage, and the sunlight resting here and there on the red road below, forms a picture to which the painter's art could hardly do adequate justice.

On we jog, in a pleasant, dreamy, basking way; passing through Rondebosch, which has arisen, phœnix-like, more fresh and beautiful from its ashes; passing gardens, and trees, and flowers, and vineyards, and groves of oak and pine; passing the pretty bridge over the Liesbeek at Westerford; passing through Claremont with its more pretentious villas and mansions, out upon the edge of the breezy Flats that spread away, mile after mile, to the heights of Saxenburg, or the strand of False Bay. Then, down a long descent to the right, and you are in Wynberg—dull, drowsy, decayed Wynberg; with its tumble-down cottages with grass-grown roofs; with its old-fashioned wonderfully arranged buildings, that give the bewildered visitor the impression that they were contrived for another race of beings, with different habits and requirements from our own; with its well-kept roads and ill-kept fences and gardens; with its utterly respectable population, who affect a sort of aristocratic reserve and exclusiveness, and congratulate themselves, like the spinsters of Cranford, on their being so far removed from "the haunts of commerce." Poor dear old ladies of either sex! It is almost to be hoped that a railway will not disturb their decorous tranquillity!

And there, on that rising ground, whose breezes—fresh from False Bay—fresh from the South Pole or from the other side of the world, laden with fragrant ocean salts, and cooled by a whole zone of Antarctic ice, send the miasma-tainted blood of a Cape Towner dancing through his veins—

there is the great Sanatorium, *that was to be.* There, fast disappearing from before the tear-dimmed eyes of the village population, stands all that is left of the fair vision of prosperity—of annual thousands expended, of enhanced house-rent, of liberal contracts for farm and garden produce—which for a time had gladdened their sight. 'Twas a vision too fair for reality.

"'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly—but 'tis past!"

Planned by wise forethought, wrought with cunning skill, carried at vast expense from Canada to England, from England to Cape Town, from Cape Town to Wynberg, the wooden huts for what was to have been one of the greatest military hospitals in the world, are now in course of being sent off again upon their travels, to Hongkong, or Swan River, or Vancouver's Island, or some other furthest bound of earth.

One of the advantages which photography has brought us is that of fixing by an instantaneous process the fleeting forms which are too evanescent for the eye to catch, or the hand to delineate. By its aid we can arrest the image of the shifting cloud or the tumbling wave. And our artist has succeeded in transferring to paper for the admiration of posterity the material form in which the fond hope of Wynberg once was centred—a hope bright and beautiful, but transient and delusive—

"Like a snow-flake on the river,
One moment seen, then—lost for ever!"

THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION TEST AND ITS INFLUENCES ON EDUCATION.

Among the dearly-cherished and vigorously-defended privileges of Englishmen, there is none in which they are more prone to indulge and more deeply enjoy than that of grumbling. Politics in general, mismanagement in particular departments of government, the unsatisfactory state of the weather, the heat that oppresses us, the wind that braces us up again, and the rain that refreshes us, are standing grievances common to all who seek relief from wounded pride, deranged digestive organs, or any of the many ills that flesh is heir to. In addition to these standing grievances there are others also coming upon us under circumstances of imperfect development, periodically rousing our acrimony in the very gall of bitterness against what should command not only forbear-

ance but commendation and support;—not, indeed, that we should regard the grumbling as a mark of anything seriously objectionable in public management—it has with Englishmen become a maledictory form of recreation. Among the institutions which have come in for a tolerable share of discontent, the Civil Service test and the Board of Examiners holds a rather prominent place.

It is impossible for an intelligent and inquiring mind to be ignorant of the fact that education has received a remarkable impulse among us within the last few years. Development has been given to it in various ways, but the one which demands our special attention is that of competitive honours and rewards. The Queen's Scholarships at the South African College, at the disposal of the Governor for the time being, were, according to theory, given to those in whom were supposed to be united the rather incongruous elements of merit and narrowness of circumstances, and among these were numbered those who had done the State some service, whose families were considered as being in an inverse ratio to their income, and particularly children who had lost their parents. It is not at all impugning the honesty of purpose and the wisdom and goodness of the dispensing power to say that the difficulty of deciding between the merit of strongly-supported claims must have been a cause of embarrassment. Whilst the effect on the College-teaching must have been injurious, the want of the necessary preparation of mind rendered the pupils unfit to appreciate the gift presented to them. Coming as it did without a struggle, it was undervalued, and must have acted as a drag on general progress, and could not have been otherwise than injurious to the efficient working of the establishment. It would no doubt surprise us could we see summed up the amount of good lost by the unappreciated Queen's Scholarships at the South African College of boys who did no good and of others who did little good when they ought to have done much.

But when the business came under the revision of a master-mind and was moulded into a competitive form, the old apathy and inertion gave way and the Queen's Scholarships became matter of keen and animated contest between the *élite* of the pupils. We well recollect when seven boys competed for two scholarships. The upper three trod close on each other's heels. The boy who won the second place was one day over the legal age and had to give place to an honourable competitor only one mark below him.* Now

* His Excellency Sir G. Grey kindly presented this pupil with the next scholarship which became vacant, without a contest.

these seven boys—and indeed all who have competed with a good will, whether successful or not—have made better progress than they would have made without it. But better still is the early impression made on their minds, that the great battle of life, if fought honourably and successfully, must be by a succession of competitive struggles, overcoming difficulties and aiming at something higher and better than the present.

It would, however, have been insufficient in the course of education to open up competitive advantages and facilities for progress, unless some prospective rewards were attainable sufficiently remunerative and of such a character as should secure for it public esteem; and the same practical wisdom which put the boys of the South African College on their mettle introduced competitive examinations and rewards. We need not here enumerate them. Our remarks lie principally with that known as the Civil Service test, as the one which is unpopular and against which the shafts of envy and ridicule are aimed. Envy does not aim high, but troubles itself about the happiness and prosperity of those on its own level and just rising above it. We may, therefore, safely leave the higher competition for the bursaries, land-surveying, engineering, and navigation as being generally above its reach.

We propose to consider the subject first in its progress, and second, as far as practicable, in the method of conducting it, and in its influence on society, with some of the objections raised against it. Before doing this, however, it may be as well to make a common-place remark, namely, that if we intend to be successful in what we undertake it is necessary to keep constantly in view a comparatively high standard of excellencies. If this be not attainable, and if we are not entirely successful, good will result from the struggle. This is particularly so in matters of education. Not only is progress made greater than would otherwise have been, but difficulties apparently insurmountable are swept away; and, what is of infinitely more importance, we learn a lesson, perhaps the first of the kind and never to be forgotten, that nothing worth having is attainable without perseverance. Work is the secret of success, and no greater service can be rendered to society than to give publicity to this secret as early and as widely as possible among those who are just entering upon life's career.

We can scarcely fail to recognize among those who are unfavourably disposed towards the examination test two classes widely distinct in character and motives. There

is, first, those who think the test too high for the state of education in the colony. They are a respectable class and we have reason to believe that their objections were conscientiously raised, and are therefore worthy of the utmost consideration. Not that the test was really too high or too difficult of attainment. There were many of the young men who left the South African College had attained a higher degree of education than was necessary to qualify them for this particular object, and numbers of them competed successfully in the universities of Europe. Still a test to be useful must not only be suited to the object it aims at, but it must be such as is attainable by numbers who are educated beyond the precincts of a college; and compared with the past it did seem high, and was sufficiently startling. It was the first attempt to apply a measure or a gauge to the colonial mind, and was a breaking up of the old stereotyped idea, which had ripened almost into conviction, of its incapacity, and that everything intellectually respectable must be the produce of other climes and other communities. But as far as the test is concerned this view of the subject is completely exploded, and if, on a fair comparison of merit and advantages, any difference of abilities is found, it will be in favour of those born, reared, and educated in the colony. To enable us to illustrate this, and also to understand the influence the test is exerting on education in general, it is necessary that we should in some measure analyze its progress from July, 1860, and notice the preliminary of 1859, which initiated the candidates into the first examination of 1860. Here the Board remark that although this examination is easily passed, there has been a far greater deficiency among the pupils in elementary grammatical knowledge of the English language, a practical knowldge of arithmetic, and the outlines of English history than could have been anticipated.

At the examination in January, 1860, nine candidates presented themselves, of whom five were successful, and four were rejected. One obtained the first order of merit. The Board remarked that the ambition of the candidates appears to have been merely to pass, and nothing more. There was a deficiency in English composition and in the modern language selected for examination, and the majority were guilty of slovenly and illegible writing.

The public will not know the special merits of the July examination of 1860 and that of January of 1861, until the annual report appears, and we can only take them in their results.

In July, nine candidates passed, of which one obtained the first order of merit, three the second, and five the third.

In January, 1861, twenty-one candidates appeared, two obtained the first order of merit, eight the second, and six the third.

The following table will illustrate progress, though in one particular it is incomplete:

Date.	Number of Candidates.	Rejected.	Passed.			Total Passed.
			First.	Second.	Third.	
1860.						
January...	9	4	1	–	4	5
July.....	9	–	1	3	5	9
1861.						
January...	21	5	2	8	6	16

It appears that in the first year the number of candidates has been more than doubled, whilst the proportion of those that have passed have increased from fifty per cent. to seventy-five per cent., and of those who have obtained orders of merit the percentage of increase has been even greater than this. In the first examination the order of merit was one in four. In the second four in nine, and in the third ten in sixteen. Of this last examination three were English-born and educated, and two Cape reared and English educated; but it does not appear that this gave them any advantage over the Cape youths, for with the exception of the one at the top they mingle through the list so as to present nothing remarkable. We do not, however, regard a passion for Government employ with very favourable consideration, but we regard the examination test as in a great degree showing an increased desire for a more respectable education.

Among the objections raised against the test there are some quite beneath the consideration of educated men, were it not that from our limited state of society and the low views we have of education, talkative men with a small amount of intelligence, and from very questionable motives, are able to move those who possess much power for good or for evil. But among all those who declaim against it we have not yet met with one who has anything worthy of the slightest consideration to substitute for it, and we cannot bring ourselves to regard with much respect the opinion of those who have merely a wish to destroy.

A reflecting and well-governed mind will always be prepared to receive with respectful consideration and forbearance the deep regret for the perfection of past ages which occupies so much of the mind of advanced years. It seems so natural that men should (unless the past present so dark a picture that it will not bear looking on) look back with regret to the days of early aspiring youth and of prime dignified manhood, when all around presented a picture of enjoyment, with no dark spots, no difficulties, no troubles, but such as health and strength and determination could overcome, and the overcoming of which presented the solace of a victory; and when the power and season of enjoyment begins to decay and desire to fail, it seems natural that men should form an association of ideas, look upon the past as an age of perfection which is fast passing away, that they should feel amazed at the rapidity with which new and unthought of ideas spring up and develop themselves into great and active principles, influencing not only localities but whole communities of men, and even the age in which we live—that they should feel confounded at the whirl and rapidity with which everything is passing by from a known past to an unknown future, sweeping away and burying in the past old associations, ideas, institutions, and principles of the most endeared and cherished kind, venerated from the earliest childhood. That men should feel a little disturbed at such a state of things, feel jealous of the present and suspicious of the future, and cling with tenacity to the known in preference to the unknown, seems natural enough, and is a feeling that we can respect and venerate. But there is another kind of old age, continuing through a whole life, which demands from us no such respectful consideration—an old age which never had an active aspiring youth or a vigorous dignified manhood. We mean the helplessness of a priggish, pretentious, genteel incapacity, containing every shade, grade, and degree of thoughtless, aimless, purposeless life of irresolution, hopeless folly, and irreclaimable idleness, all of which find representatives among those who view competitive tests of efficiency unfavourably, and these we class under our second head of objectionists, who, failing every useful purpose in life, wish to hang their inertiæ upon those who can be induced by any means to bear it. Among those there may probably be found some respectable men to whom even the most exemplary struggle with difficulties has not brought success; if so, they deserve our sympathy; but they are the exception, not the rule.

Objections are sometimes raised against the candidates

being taught by those who form the Board of Examiners, but not, we think, on very sufficient ground. The objection certainly carries some weight with it in appearance, though perhaps not much in reality. If the Board of Examiners, who are selected so largely from the teachers of youth, are to be excluded from the work of preparing their pupils for the Government examination, then who is to prepare them? The Board of Examiners, however, are not all of that class, and there is not any appearance of any one class of pupils succeeding better than another, and we prefer faith in the integrity of men of honour to those gloomy cavilings and doubtings which lead us to think everything to be wrong which is not open and palpable to our senses.

The term cramming is frequently applied to the examination test as a term of reproach, both here and in England, and with very different meanings, if we understand the expression right. It there means that the pupil, having been separated from outward influences, has, by dint of worrying and to the exclusion of every other kind of useful knowledge, been drilled into a superficial use of such branches as qualify him for this particular purpose. Here, however, we attach to it no such dignified meaning, but suppose it to be a summary process, carried on only for a few weeks or months, on the previously untutored mind, by which the mental capacity is so completely changed and rendered so prurient as to pass muster with the Board of Examiners. Now let us see what are the ingredients of which this cramming bolus is compounded and how it is administered.

First comes the preliminary dose, compounded to suit the age of the patient, of equal parts of elementary grammatical knowledge of the English language, a practical knowledge of arithmetic, ditto of elementary physical geography, ditto of outlines of English history, blended together with another ingredient not named in the prescription, namely, a fair hand-writing. Now this is not a very strong dose, and scarcely amounts to what we understand by the summary process of cramming.

For the next two years the treatment is of a more stringent character, and the ingredients of which the bolus is compounded are considerably stronger. First, a rather larger portion of the history of the progress of English literature, or of the English constitution, with about equal parts of Latin and French, German or Dutch, at the discretion of the candidates.

Second, a rather liberal quantity of decimal arithmetic, with equal portions of algebra, euclid, and physical geogra-

phy. Now, we would simply ask any intelligent man which of the above subjects he is prepared to strike out of an education which is to fit our young men for an enlightened and diligent pursuit of business and industrial progress, and to enable them to fill respectably the important situations in life for which it is every young man's duty to prepare himself. And as ten years must have been spent in acquiring this amount of knowledge, during which the pupil's moral and physical training ought to have kept pace with it, we have reason to believe that the term cramming, when applied to this particular course, is a misnomer.

When we apply the term education to a test of proficiency in any particular branch of knowledge, it has but a comparative value, and is liable to be largely misunderstood. This test is merely a voucher for the possession of the minimum amount of schooling necessary to enable a young man to enter respectably into a particular occupation; and many have no more relation to a whole life than has an apprenticeship to a trade. Education is of a higher character than this; it is the golden tissue that binds together the fragmentary parts of a man's whole life, beginning with the mother's look, strengthening every day, and terminating only in the grave; this is the measure of its duration, and its quality will be tested by the acts of our every-day life. School knowledge is but a part subservient to a whole, and preparing us for further and better progress. If the moral and physical development has not kept pace with it, it is because we have not risen to the dignity of the subject, have not deemed it of sufficient importance, have not honoured it by the way, cherished it at the domestic hearth, nor encouraged it as a domestic virtue, nor given to the subject that ceaseless attention which it demands; if it is so it is the fault of parents, and guardians, and teachers, and in default of their diligence and earnestness our youths are reduced to the meagre stamina of a school knowledge; for the sufficiency of this alone the test can verify.

There are those who hold the opinion that the time spent in classical studies is time misspent, except in the case of such young men as may be intended for the learned professions. Not being classical ourselves we are unable to enter on its defence. Nevertheless, we shall venture on a few remarks which common sense and common observation seem to suggest. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact (and it would be a pity if we could) that every child is born into the world with some particular mental bias stronger, and showing a readier aptitude for development, than others. This

bias or aptitude it is the duty of the educator to discover and subject to moral control, and mould to useful purpose. We cannot, however, at all times ensure education being conducted on good principles, and even in spite of the best efforts it may and often does lie dormant for years, very rarely developing itself until that species of knowledge is brought before it for which it has an aptitude, and in some instances it is never developed at all, but is spent in useless, frivolous, misguided efforts. It therefore follows that if in the great work of education we limit any one portion of knowledge exclusively to any one class of people, we do violence to the principle of education, outrage common sense, and as far as in us lies mar the best intentions of a wise and beneficent Providence who has endowed men with such a variety of mental capacities. But quite apart from and independent of this view of the subject, it is impossible for any young man to have acquired an elementary grammatical knowledge of any language, or a knowledge of any science, without having acquired at the same time an enlarged mental capacity, and an increased aptitude for classifying and arrangement, and this will be greater as the language or science is more classical or refined, and will have created and fostered a profoundness of mind, an earnestness of purpose, a diligence of application, and a seriousness of thought, forming a basis of the most promising kind on which to raise a useful superstructure of future character and development.

It has sometimes been said that the candidates write badly and spell worse. This complaint has been once made by the Board of Examiners, and strange as it may appear has been echoed by the public to their disadvantage. But if the youths who come for examination write badly, what will be the case of those who enter the service without any examination at all? It may be remarked that writing does not form a prominent part of a college education, and is generally left in abeyance until this is completed. Any young man may master it by perseverance in a few months; and the Government have sufficiently insured its acquirement by refusing the maximum salary to those who do not possess it.

In regard to spelling, it should be borne in mind that the low colloquial Dutch acquired in the playground and among servants, by almost all Cape-bred boys, mingles so freely with the English as to influence its accent, its pronunciation, and its spelling. It is not merely a provincialism which can be referred to a correct standard existing among us, but it is

a lingo within a language, and if our young men in early life should be a little corrupted by it in style and diction, it is not a matter of so much importance, certainly not a mark of ignorance. Moving in English society will soon correct the fault, and the mental faculties will be rather strengthened than otherwise by the operation.

It had become almost a social axiom that our young men were scarcely available for any useful purpose, that they were aimless and trifling in their lives, and marked by a settled deterioration of blood, or from the effects of climate, and that they were inferior even as clerks, in which they are considered most to excel, to the same class of young men which were brought out from England, and, like the youths at the South African College, they are afraid to try their unfledged powers. This, however, was by no means an unfavourable omen. Modesty always affords more promise than garrulous impertinence—a truth fully illustrated by the last year and a half's examination. It has also illustrated another truth, that apart from any consideration of moral conduct they have shown themselves to be quite equal to the English competitors at the work set before them, and have also shown that the test is not too high for the wants of society. One young man who attained a respectable position in the second class had only just passed the minimum age. And another, who had left College full two years, was serving as an entering clerk in a merchant's store, where his hours of attendance were from eight in the morning until five, and sometimes later, in the evening, never lost an hour for his studies, and passed in a respectable position. These were only slightly beyond the minimum age, and this seems conclusive that the test is not now too high for the state of education among us.

It has been remarked that the test does not show any high degree of scholarship; this is as it should be. All that it is intended to show is that a number of young men have attained a sufficient amount of school education to enable them to enter respectably on any situation of ordinary business that may offer, and at the same time render a voluntary pursuit of the subject, when they are so disposed, both practicable and pleasurable. And this, if we mistake not, is what is suitable to our state of society. We are too busy a people to go further than this at present; it won't pay. We have neither the time nor the means, nor are the rewards sufficient to make a higher state of school education generally either attainable or desirable; and it is far better that a useful and attainable amount of education should be diffused as widely

as possible through society, than that a few young men should ascend to a region of transcendentalism and shine as "bright particular stars," to show more forcibly the comparative gloom and darkness around them.

It is sometimes said that the examination test does not work well in England,—that it is in many respects injurious; and it is therefore assumed that its effects must be similar among us; but without questioning the correctness of this opinion in regard to England, there is such a wide dissimilarity between the two states of society that it seems almost impossible that any one influence should produce the same effects in both. In a country whose educational establishments are coeval with the early introduction of Christianity, with a Christian ministry remarkable beyond all others in the production of men of great learning and devoted piety; with philosophers and men of science in large numbers and of the first order, the least of whose collective genius has for centuries been applied to the production of a rich, copious, full, and noble language and literature, unequalled, or at least not exceeded, by any in the world's history; with an aristocracy, the dignity of whose character is founded as much on superior attainments in learning, and ability, and genius, and virtue, as it is on hereditary honours, and by all and each of whom, and by every other class, learning, and the education leading thereto, is held in the highest esteem and honour; and backed by boundless wealth, education will neither want commendation nor encouragement. Its advantages may not be within the reach of all classes, but by those who can afford it, it will be earnestly sought after as a thing honourable in itself, leading to honours and respectability, and honoured by all, and any further stimulus may be unnecessary. But among us, with a population spread over a wide extent of country deficient in the concentrated influence of towns,—with educational establishments in their infancy,—with the different classes of society undefined and merging into each other,—and with everyone struggling upward for a seat on the uppermost branches of the social tree,—education has difficulties to contend with unknown to older communities, and against which it has small chance of success unless it is fostered by the protective hand of power, the bountiful hand of public liberality, and the genial recompensative influences embodied in competitive honours and rewards.

"THE WANDERER."

A POEM—BY OWEN MEREDITH.

VERILY the present is an age in which it may be permitted to echo the piteous complaint of Juvenal

"Poetica surgit
Tempestas,"

from a feeling of dread lest the voices of the chosen few upon whom the mantle of the elder poets may have descended should be drowned amidst the clamour of shallow and ignorant pretenders. Never were so many mediocre verses written in England as have been published during the past half century, and this may be accounted for paradoxically by the fact that the true worshippers at the shrine of poesy have been almost unparalleled in number and devotion. It must have struck many who, from a literary point of view, observe the signs of the times, as being very singular that three problems which naturally recur to the mind on each successive advent of rhyming impostors are rarely solved in a satisfactory manner. These difficulties may be briefly stated thus: Why does a man, possessing no poetical genius, convert common-place prose into infamous verse? Wherefore does the monomaniac publish to the world his bald and barren effusions? And by what class are his works appreciated? Now we do not of course mean so far to interfere with the liberty of the subject as to proscribe versifying as an occupation. Viewed as an educational means to an end, the study of composition is highly commendable, and if the art—so far as it is an art—of English versification were taught with an equal amount of zeal to that which leads boys and men to construct meaningless Latin hexameters, it is very probable that many in their early years might be imbued with a more extensive and discriminating knowledge of our great writers than is now the case; and in after-life, the majority would hesitate in the presence—felt and acknowledged—of those august bards to enter uninspired the paths which they trod, or "darken sanctity with song." At present it is only too common a practice to view their works as a collection of metres and sentiments which may be plagiarized wholesale by every poetaster who would fain turn antiquity to account, and foist his meretricious wares upon us with sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. This desire of imitation (which may be a result of admiration, but certainly is irreverent) prompts many men to

write. They are to poetry what copyists are to art. At best they only preserve the form; it is beyond their power to evoke the spirit which pervades and animates it, because they themselves are not partakers of its intensity. It is only in the shallow thinker and the superficial student that familiarity with the master pieces of art and literature involves the contempt which is evinced by presumptuous rivalry. As amongst theologians, only the more ignorant and less devout—fools who rush in where angels fear to tread—speculate and dogmatize upon the profoundest mysteries of faith; lay violent hands upon the ark, and attempt to take the kingdom of heaven by storm,—so it should be noticed that those to whom is afforded the deepest insight into the spirit of writers whose works have gained for them immortality, upon whose greatness Fame has set her seal, and bow with humility before their rare excellence, rarely aim at original achievement, shrinking from intrusion on a company whose superior nobility they frankly acknowledge. They feel poetry so deeply that they are able to distinguish between the faculty of appreciation and the creative power. This is not the case with the servile imitator. With him ignorance begets self-sufficiency, and he tries to rival those whom he cannot even comprehend. Another, and by far the larger class of writers which we condemn, is composed of persons who for the most part lead a common-place life, and from necessity take common-place views of society. Of these we would speak with more leniency, as their folly is the result rather of amiable weakness than of headstrong arrogance. Their tone of thought being essentially mediocre they are beyond the pale and below the influence of the great intellectual Magi. They are susceptible, yet not keenly so; and being incapable of deriving from extraneous sources the poetical consolations afforded by the perusal of the best writers, seek to supply the moderate requirements of their natures by the production of the vapid domestic verse which has been so frequently offered us as a mild, mental sedative by the masters of the Tupperian lyre. These are they who, transiently affected by a summer landscape, straightway babble of green fields in feeble and monotonous strains; who through the medium of tiresome sonnets, introduce the world to their uninteresting circle of friends; and excited possibly by the great master, love, occasionally are convulsed into spasmodic utterances ranging the scale of nonsense between the extremes of unnatural melodrama and mawkish sentimentalism. Many of these writers mean well, are honest, and only put into verse what they really do feel, but

still it is very lamentable that the tone of literature should be lowered and its character debased.

> "Common is the common place,
> And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

And that chaff should be sown broadcast through the land argues but little for the judgment of the sowers or the discretion of their friends. One fool begets many, and the disease of authorship is contagious. The epidemic spreads apace, despite the salutary precautions of reviewers.

We are of opinion that the undeniable fact of the existence of a large number of persons who encourage the production and circulation of mediocre poetry is a most melancholy proof that in the very teeth of the advance in mental cultivation made by a section of English society, the general standard of taste and education is still deplorably lowered at a time when the appliances to the acquisition of universal knowledge are of unprecedented extent. When our refined civilization has given almost to every man the *entrée* to libraries which were formerly open only to the noble or the ecclesiastic,—when, in addition to popular editions of those English classics who are the fathers of our literature, we are draining the intellectual wealth of France and Germany into our own channels day by day, it is extraordinary that in society we meet with fewer well-informed men, less frequently with critics of any discrimination, and more rarely with students noted for industrious and patient research than was formerly the case. It would almost seem that we are overshooting the mark, that by requiring a knowledge of so much

> "In an age, when every hour,
> Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,"

the extent of our wisdom must *ex necessitate rei* be superficial. Men now are expected to read a little of everything, and they are less disposed to study when the fruits of other men's studies are available. They are saved labour and thought, and gradually lose the habit of depending upon their own resources or trusting to their own judgment. Originality is out of date. Men accept principles from the pulpit, buy their politics three times a week, and are qualified to give an opinion on the state of English literature a few hours after the landing of the mail. The Athenian temper of spending time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing is a characteristic of the readers of the present day, who would do well to recollect the reply of Hobbes, who, on being asked the reason of

his intellectual supremacy, said "If I had read as *many* books, and thought about as *few* as the rest of mankind, I should have been equally foolish."

The influence of fashion upon literature is an evil which cannot be too strongly deprecated, and it is one of the most important social duties of well-read persons, whose taste and judgment have been formed by a judicious study of the best authors, to counteract its evil effects upon those weak-minded persons who, without skill to distinguish the highest good in books when they meet with its manifestation, are led away, and draw others to the expression of absolute and exaggerated opinions regarding books of whose merits or defects they are unfitted by mental impotence to form a judgment.

This false and indiscriminate admiration has encouraged the production of much writing which has no tendency to make any one wiser or better, and the morbid character of the public taste has frequently led some men of genius wantonly to pervert their powers and betray their high calling in order to gratify the idle fancies of nerveless boys and love-sick sentimentalists.

The author of "The Wanderer," who is evidently a man of great poetical capabilities, which we shall presently illustrate by some extracts from his work, stands at the head of the list of those who have written down to the comprehension of those whom a true poet should not reckon amongst his readers. The poem professes to be a reflection of the writer's impressions of the material beauty of divers scenes visited during the progress of a tour through Europe with which are incorporated what might be termed a *soul's history* or poetical narrative of moral failures and achievements. There is a vein of egotism through the book which is very distasteful, a record of doubts and dangers which will not help any one to avoid them when similarly tempted, and many allusions are made to scenes which the imagination should not dwell upon. We rise from the study of the work with a feeling of regret, that in place of publishing a volume of four hundred pages, Owen Meredith did not rather concentrate his faculties upon about a dozen poems, which even as they at present stand are conspicuous for tender and delicate grace of thought, and which, if retouched, might exhibit more beauty of language than they now possess. The faults of this poetry—which are numerous and glaring—are to be ascribed to the slavish cringing to popular requirements which we have just indicated as fatal to great aspirations. Owen Meredith has endeavoured to unite in himself the

peculiar characteristics of Lord Byron, Mr. Tennyson, and Victor Hugo; and fails in the attempt because he has mistaken the bent of his own natural genius, which unfettered would have won for him unqualified homage. Those manifestations of it which are most gratifying will be found in the poems where he casts aside all affectation and writes simply and naturally.

The following verses upon "Night" bear the impress of deep feeling; the images are appropriate, and the language artless and pathetic.

> And yet, O gentlest angel of the Lord!
> Thou leadest by the hand the artisan
> Away from work. Thou bringest, on ship-board,
> When gleam the dead-lights, to the lonely man
> That turns the wheel, a blessed memory
> Of apple-blossoms, and the mountain vales
> About his little cottage in green Wales,
> Miles o'er the ridges of the rolling sea.
>
> Thou bearest divine forgiveness amongst men.
> Relenting Anger pauses by the bed
> Where Sleep looks so like Death. The absent then
> Return; and Memory beckons back the dead.
> Thou helpest home (thy balmy hand it is!)
> The hard-work'd husband to the pale cheek'd wife
> And hushest up the poor day's household strife,
> On marriage pillows, with a good night kiss.
>
> Thou bringest to the wretched and forlorn
> Woman, that down the glimmering by-street hovers,
> A dream of better days: the gleam of corn
> About her father's field, and her first lover's
> Grave, long forgotten in the green church-yard:
> Voices long still'd, from purer hours, before
> The rushlight, Hope, went out; and thro' the door
> Of the lone garret, when the nights were hard.
>
> Hunger, the wolf, put in his paw, and found her
> Sewing the winding-sheet of Youth, alone;
> And grip'd away the last cold comforts round her:—
> Her little bed: the mean clothes she had on:
> Her mother's picture—the sole saint she knew:
> Till nothing else was left for the last crust
> But the poor body, and the heart's young trust
> In its own courage: and so these went too.

The author is infinitely more successful in depicting external nature than when he favours us with the analysis of his moral consciousness. In a "Psalm of Confession" we have that wretched impulse towards self-examination in public which is the most disagreeable feature of the spasmodic school. In this

poem there is much that on the highest grounds is objectionable. What boots it to his readers that the author has "kist dead white the cheek of vice?" Why should we be made confidants of a condition which, whether real or imaginary, is not a wholesome one to contemplate? In the "Psalm of Confession" and in "Enthanasia" the religious element is introduced, and in terms which lead us to doubt the writer's devoutness, and question his taste. Of course, in many minds religious speculations will be mixed up, at certain crises of life, with a loathing remembrance of shortcomings and a morbid tendency to exaggerate sins in the past; but to present these confused images as they occur to the awakened conscience in the first moments of doubt and alarm is a cardinal error. Religion at least is too sacred a thing to be handled irreverently—and we regret that Owen Meredith should have made his verses the vehicle for very crude and unphilosophical views of a subject which ought to demand the gravest and best thoughts of mankind.

Apart, too, from errors of thought there are flippancies of language and a carelessness of style which almost deserve the charge of levity. For instance, in a poem which, so long as it treats of man and nature is pleasing and contemplative, witness the following stanzas:

The lake is calm; and, calm, the skies
  In yonder silent sunset glow,
Where o'er the woodland, homeward flies
  The solitary crow;

The woodman to his hut is gone;
  The wood-dove in the elm is still;
The last sheep drinks, and wanders on
  To graze at will.

Nor aught the pensive prospect breaks,
  Save where my slow feet stir the grass,
Or where the trout to diamonds breaks
  The lake's pale glass.

No moan the cushat makes, to heave
  A leaflet round her windless nest;
The air is silent in the eve;
  The world's at rest.

All bright below; all calm above;
  No sense of pain, no sign of wrong;
Save in thy heart of hopeless love,
  Poor child of Song!

Why must the soul thro' Nature rove,
  At variance with her general plan?
A stranger to the Power, whose love
  Soothes all save Man?—

the attributing—verse 10—to the Supreme Being, a solemn jest is a very Pagan sentiment. Occasionally there are less important offences against right feeling. "See-saw," which gives us an insight into the romance of a pickpocket's existence, commences thus:

> She was a harlot, and I was a thief;
> But we loved each other beyond belief;
> She lived in the garret, and I in the kitchen,
> And love was all that we both were rich in."

This may be a picture from life, but it is one which we would rather not see. Pearls are not sought on dung-hills, and it is disagreeable to be taken thither on the bare chance of reclaiming treasure of which there is abundance in more inviting quarters.

The glaring absurdity of publishing abroad such ravings as are contained in "The Vampire," "News," "Midges," "Small People," and "King Solomon" will be apparent to every thoughtful reader who possesses taste and feeling. A horrible grotesque is the only redeeming feature in the last named poem, and that will not universally recommend it. "Babylonia" is a strange medley of confusion, which repels by its contrasted prayers and curses; and many of the minor pieces are little better than the ordinary work of drawing-room bards. It is astonishing that one who has successfully aimed at dramatic effect in "The Portrait" should be satisfied with the dismal failure of "Au Café" * * * and that "Astarte" and "Misanthropos" should be the creations of one brain. The former poem is the gem of the volume, and we extract it entire.

> When the latest strife is lost, and all is done with,
> Ere we slumber in the spirit and the brain,
> We drowse back, in dreams, to days that life begun with,
> And their tender light returns to us again.
>
> I have cast away the tangle and the torment
> Of the cords that bound my life up in a mesh:
> And the pulse begins to throb that long lay dormant
> 'Neath their pressure; and the old wounds bleed afresh.
>
> I am touch'd again with shades of early sadness,
> Like the summer-cloud's light shadow in my hair:
> I am thrill'd again with breaths of boyish gladness,
> Like the scent of some last primrose on the air.
>
> And again she comes, with all her silent graces,
> The lost woman of my youth, yet unpossest:
> And her cold face so unlike the other faces
> Of the women whose dead lips I since have prest.

The motion and the fragrance of her garments
Seem about me, all the day long, in the room:
And her face, with its bewildering old endearments
Comes at night, between the curtains, in the gloom.

When vain dreams are stirr'd with sighing, near the morning
To my own her phantom lips I feel approach:
And her smile, at eve, breaks o'er me without warning
From its speechless, pale, perpetual reproach.

When Life's dawning glimmer yet had all the tint there
Of the orient, in the freshness of the grass
(Ah, what feet since then have trodden out the print there!)
Did her soft, her silent footsteps fall, and pass.

They fell lightly, as the dew falls, 'mid ungather'd
Meadow-flowers; and lightly linger'd with the dew.
But the dew is gone, the grass is dried and wither'd,
And the traces of those steps have faded too.

Other footsteps fall about me—faint, uncertain,
In the shadow of the world, as it recedes:
Other forms peer thro' the half uplifted curtain
Of that mystery which hangs behind the creeds.

What is gone, is gone for ever. And new fashions
May replace old forms which nothing can restore:
But I turn from sighing back departed passions
With that pining at the bosom as of yore.

I remember to have murmur'd, morn and even,
"Tho' the Earth dispart these Earthlies, face from face,
Yet the Heavenlies shall surely join in Heaven,
For the spirit hath no bonds in time or space.

"Where it listeth, there it bloweth; all existence
Is its region; and it houseth where it will.
I shall feel her thro' immeasurable distance,
And grow nearer and be gathered to her still.

"If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
Brows, and breast, and lips, and language of sweet strains,
I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
And that portion of myself which she retains."

But my being is confused with new experience,
And changed to something other than it was;
And the Future with the Past is set at variance;
And Life falters with the burthens which it has.

Earth's old sins press fast behind me, weekly waiting:
Faint before me fleets the good I have not done:
And my search for her may still be unavailing
'Mid the spirits that are pass'd beyond the sun.

One who can write thus should feel the responsibility of

genius, and take care how he fritter away his powers. The 11th and 12th verses are very beautiful in sentiment, and the mournful cadence of the rythm conveys a pleasing effect to the ear. They are, perhaps, unequalled in their way by any other poem on a similar subject, saving always the memorable stanza of the Laureate:

> " Eternal form shall still divide
> The Eternal soul from all beside,
> And I shall know him when we meet,
> And we shall sit at endless feast
> Enjoying each the other's good;
> What vaster dream can hit the mood
> Of love on earth ?"

And these are only superior because more spiritual, and less sensuous in imagery.

The poem called " Aux Italiens," has a weird mystery implied in it, though the metre is an unfortunate one for thrilling effect. Some of the lines are, however, well condensed.

Occasionally we read a verse which tells of the influence of Shelley.—Take " Compensation:"

> Compensation
> When the days are silent all
> Till the drear light falls;
> And the nights pass with the pall
> Of Love's funerals;
> When the heart is weigh'd with years;
> And the eyes too weak for tears;
> And life like death appears;
>
> Is it nought, O soul of mine,
> To hear i' the windy track
> A voice with a song divine,
> Calling thy footsteps back
> To the land thou lovest best,
> Toward the Garden in the West,
> Where thou hast once been blest?

In the above there is a melancholy pathos which reminds us of the sad-eyed Adonais.

Indeed, though we admit freely in Owen Meredith the presence of genius, it is not difficult to trace the various sources from which he has derived his poetical education. We think it injudicious that he should display to view the tedious steps by which he has climbed to the pinnacle he occupies. He has probably published the whole of his written works—this is a great but too common error. We wish to see the results, and not the process of intellectual labour. One great secret of the perfect success which Mr. Tennyson

has achieved in his art may be found in that fastidious hesitation which prompts him to withhold his works from the light until they have passed the severest test of the mental crucible.

One more extract from "The Wanderer" we give, to prove our assertion that the author is far more graceful in his quiet descriptions of still life, than effectual when he attempts to enlist our sympathies in some tremendous moral struggle which may be going on within the breast of a gifted reprobate; and we have only to add our hope that similar portions of the poem to this may be those which will outlive the censure or the praise of the present generation:

One hour of English twilight once again!
Lo! in the rosy regions of the dew
The confines of the world begin to wane,
And Hesper doth his trembling lamp renew.
Now is the inauguration of the night!
Nature's release to wearied earth and skies!
Sweet truce of Care! Labour's brief armistice!
Best, loveliest interlude of dark and light!

The rookery, babbling in the sunken wood;
The watch-dog, barking from the distant farm;
The dim light fading from the horned flood,
That winds the woodland in its silver arm;
The mass'd and immemorial oaks, whose leaves
Are husht in yonder heathy dells below;
The fragrance of the meadows that I know;
The bat, that now his wavering circle weaves

Around these antique towers, and casements deep
That glimmer, thro' the ivy and the rose,
To the faint moon, which doth begin to creep
Out of the inmost heart o' the heavens' repose,
To wander, all night long, without a sound,
Above the fields my feet oft wander'd once;
The larches tall and dark, which do ensconce
The little churchyard, in whose hallowed ground

Sleep half the simple friends my childhood knew:
All, all the sounds and sights of this blest hour,
Sinking within my heart of hearts, like dew,
Revive that so long parcht and drooping flower
Of youth, the world's hot breath for many years
Hath burn'd and wither'd; till once more, once more,
The revelation and the dream of yore
Return to solace these sad eyes with tears!

Here then our words have end.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Although the announcement savours somewhat of selfishness we cannot withhold a passing expression of satisfaction that the full tide of new publications which, month by month, floods the English Market, does not reach the Cape in all its strength; for, as the old office of Clerk of the Kitchen—albeit the dream of greedy boyhood, is generally, in real life, performed by deputy, so the duties attached to the function of Intellectual Taster, or Critic in Ordinary to the Royal Public, are often arduous, demanding some labour for the gleaning over so wide a harvest ground, and no ordinary discrimination in gathering up the pure grain. It is therefore, fortunate that the preparatory process of weeding out the best books of the day from the mass of rubbish which mischeivous monomaniacs are daily writing, and by publishing and puffing are trying to seduce the simple lover of knowledge to read, is intrusted, in the case of our Public Library and by the principal Cape booksellers, to very judicious agents at home.

It happens, we observe, that most of the books which find their way here are worthy the attention of some class of readers—a fact which deprives the remarks of reviewers of that venomous piquancy which is erroneously supposed to be their favourite style.

The book that is perhaps the most valuable contribution to history which has been lately published, is the "History of the United Netherlands" by Dr. John Lothrop Motley. Most of our readers are already under obligations to this talented author for his History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, and will be prepared for indications of industrious research, original study of the characters most conspicuous in the times of which he treats, and liberal views of all events—and they are numerous—which have been so differently accounted for by party writers who have had occasion to refer to that small portion of European history which occupies Dr. Motley's attention.

This brilliant story gives us nominally the history of the Netherlands but *really* the history of Europe from the death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort—1585 to 1589; including as its most prominent features the English Dutch struggle against Spain, and the origin and destruction of the famous Spanish Armada.

There is a good deal of diplomatic correspondence in the two bulky volumes before us which will be uninteresting to the general reader, but even this will not deter him from the perusal of the brilliant sketches and splendid descriptions, which are as true as they are fascinating, with which they abound.

It is curious after studying incidentally in Dr. Motley's History "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" to take up the Duke of Buckingham's Memoirs of our present Queen's Court, and that of her prede-

cessor, and which including as they do the last thirty years might be expected to be at least entertaining, if not positively valuable. Nothing of the sort. Bald and barren in style, the noble editor has little new to tell us and that little had better been left unsaid.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has rendered good service to history by his biographical sketch illustrative of the personal history of Lord Bacon. We are taken back by the picturesque quaintness of Mr. Dixon's style to the contemplation of domestic life in Elizabethan England, and every detail which throws light upon what was then and always will be the strength of England—the under current of pure feeling and the inviolate sanctity of family relationship—is presented to us with a hearty confidence that the picture will be appreciated. The estimate of Lord Bacon's qualities as a philosopher and a statesman is judicious and scarcely overrated.

We extract a few lines which explain the secret of his success in the House of Commons:

"At twenty-five he has won the ear of that fastidious house. Wit so radiant, thought so fresh, and lore so prompt had not before, and have never since, been heard within those famous walls. Yet his hold on the men of his generation is due less to an intellectual than to a moral cause. They trust him, for he represents what is best in each. The slave of Whitgift, the dupe of Brown, can each give ear to a Churchman who seeks reform of the Church a lawyer eager to amend the law, a friend of the Crown who pleads against feudal privileges and unpopular powers. When a colleague purposes some change in the Church which would destroy it, he replies to him: 'Sir, the subject we talk of is the eye of England; if there be a speck or two in the eye, we endeavour to take them off; he would be a strange oculist who would pull out the eye.' Of no sect, he represents in Parliament the patriotic spirit of all the sects. Not himself a Puritan, he pleads with Hastings for reform; not a Roman Catholic, he lifts his voice against persecution for concerns of faith; not a courtier, he votes with Cecil for supplies. In one word, he is English. To sustain the Queen in her great strife with Spain, to guard the Church from abuse and from destruction, are as much his objects as to break the bonds of science and lead inquiry back from clouds to earth. When he strikes at corruptions in the State, when he resists the usurpations of the Peers, when he saps the privileges of the Crown, he speaks in the name of English progress and English strength. He fights for reform of the law, for increase of tillage, for union with the Scots, for plantations in Ulster, for discovery and defence in Virginia, for free Parliaments and for ample grants, because he sees that increase, union, freedom, and a rich executive are each and all essential to the growth and grandeur of the realm."

The veteran Lord Brougham, who is the Admirable Crichton of the age, and perhaps the most extraordinary man living, has supplied a want which has long been felt even by many who have themselves contributed to political literature—a popular view of the origin, structure, and working of that watchword of liberty—the British Constitution. With a great many of the facts and opinions, of which the staple of the work consists, readers of Lord Brougham's political philosophy are

already familiar, but in the present volume much fresh reasoning is introduced, and modern political history in England and abroad is ably taxed to afford exemplification of the theories laid down by himself and other distinguished statesmen of the day.

The work is invaluable to all who are careful to examine for themselves the structure of the constitution with reference to the modifications of it which have been adopted by England in some of her colonies, and the distinctive principles which are involved in it when compared with the theories of Government which are held by our Transatlantic neighbours.

A writer who has already found favour with the public by his endeavours to illustrate by a conscientious study of authentic documents, and by the power of vividly conjuring up before his readers' imagination the minor accessaries to some of the most striking historical dramas on record, has just employed his talents most usefully, and with singular success, in tracing the origin and progress of that disagreement between Pope Paul V. and the Venetian State in the sixteenth century, which ultimately led to the celebrated Interdict which proved so serious a blow to the extent of that power which availed itself of the weapon, and which so materially strengthened the Protestant party throughout Europe.

Mr Trollope has judiciously sent his work forth at the very time when the eyes of Christendom are intently occupied in watching the progress of the Italian struggle. It is not very long since there was a talk of making an excommunication against the modern troublers of Rome's prosperity, and our readers may like to see Mr. Trollop's description of what its character really is :

"The interdict is simply the excommunication of an entire district country, or nation. It was originally pronounced against communities, among whom some great crime had been committed by an undiscovered criminal. On the production of the guilty person, the interdict was removed. But in later times, its use was to compel the submission of a sovereign or government, by rendering his position untenable, as being in the eyes of his subjects the cause of their exclusion from the Church and its sacraments. It is not difficult to appreciate the feelings of a Catholic nation towards a prince, whose obstinate rebellion against the Holy Father has the effect of daily consigning husbands, wives, fathers, children, unshriven and unabsolved, to eternal perdition ; whose land is accursed for his sake, and throughout whose hapless dominions no church-going bell is heard, no baptism is to be had for the new-born babes, no marriage-ties are possible for the young, no Christian burial-rites for the old. The immeasurable atrocity of condemning a whole people to such a doom for any conceivable cause, more than all for such causes of temporal policy and enmity as usually occasioned the fulmination of papal interdicts, is credible only, as has been said, on the supposition that the utterer of the curse had no real belief in its efficacy. But even after giving the successors of St. Peter all the benefit of a charitable supposition, that they had no faith in the horrible threats with which they tortured men's minds, still the fulmination of an interdict on an entire community may perhaps be deemed the greatest

wickedness of which any human being has ever been guilty. Surely the Vicars of Christ who have availed themselves of this resource must have needed to repeat to themselves very often, that it was all 'for the greater glory of God!' For the greater power of the Church, which of course meant the same thing, the interdict was indeed an all but irresistible weapon. The civil powers of Christendom fully appreciated its tremendous efficacy; and from the time that thought, principally set in motion by the doctrines of the Reformation, had begun to lead men to the examination of Rome's authority and its limits, attempts were made to discover means of resisting the operation of it. And the line taken by these attempts, the method by which it was sought to escape from the intolerable alternative of unbounded submission to Rome or exposure to all the consequences of her anger are very notable."

The sketch of Cardinal Bellarmino is very carefully drawn, and the character of the great Sarpi is placed before us in masterly style. The former Mr. Trollope justly observes as being the only writer of learning and reputation amongst Rome's defenders, but even the wit and talent of His Eminence were powerless against the simple but crushing logic of his adversary. The Cardinal from the first had a losing office, but as all Europe were spectators of the contest, it was necessary for the dignity of Rome that her advocate should at least be brilliant even in defeat. Perhaps to be defeated in argument by the great Friar was not disgraceful, inasmuch as such an issue was inevitable.

Among books of a lighter and more ephemeral nature we may notice the memorials of Thomas Hood, edited by his son, which place graphically before us the noticeable characteristics of the kindly humourist in his private and professional career. That Hood's genius was of a rare order, few are now disposed to controvert. His talents were ever enlisted in the cause of right, and the feeling which predominates through all his fun is a genial sympathy with the tastes and even foibles of his fellows. His satire is never severe; save when he rises to rebuke the heartless or hypocritical.

What Hood was with the pen, Hogarth achieved with his pencil: but as Mr. G. A. Sala has so recently published his essays upon Hogarth's life and works in the Cornhill Magazine, it is unnecessary to say more regarding them, than to mention the publication of Hogarth's Works by Messrs. Griffin at a price which places them within everybody's reach. The edition is enriched by a very able essay from the hand of Mr. Hannay.

We think that if another great humourist, the Rev. Sydney Smith, had met the Rev. Charles Rogers, and had heard from him some of the "Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character," he would never have so far misrepresented the canny Scot as to say that appreciation of a joke was beyond the range of his intellect.

Mr. Rogers has told us in his book some of the most amusing anecdotes we ever remember to have heard. Most of them have also the additional charm of novelty. Some are very racy. The Sexton, at Falkirk,

whose appreciation of a deceased friend is thus manifested: "He was sic a fine chiel that I'm howkin his grave with a new spade."—Lord Eldon, who upon hearing a lady speak of him as the "lame lawyer," turned and corrected her: "A lame man, madam, but not a lame lawyer." The reply of the Rev. Mr. Shirra, who, upon being told by two officers that his mission was null as

> "Some say the De'il's dead,
> And buried in Kirkcaldy,"

said: "In that case let us pray for twa puir fatherless bairns."—The rejoinder of the cottager's wife to the reverend visitor, who, with Erastian Pharisaism, pompously announced himself as a servant of the Lord come to speak unto her upon spiritual affairs: "Then ye'll be humble to your Maister"—all these are pregnant with mother-wit, and exhibit great shrewdness.

One story is almost too good to be true. Some unregenerate wags attempting to frighten the Minister by setting up a fearful apparition in the shrubbery of the manse, were utterly nonplussed by the calm inquiry of the good man: "Ay! ay! is this a general risin', or are ye just takin' a saunter by yersel?"

Another interesting Scotch book is Mr. Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands. Not alone in Germany is oral lore handed down from one generation to another. The north of Scotland has been long famous for its wealth of this particular description; though it is curious to observe as we have opportunities of comparing the traditions of country with those of another the similarity of their common origin.

Among a crowd of miscellaneous publications of various degrees of merit upon Italian affairs, we would recommend "Forbes' Campaign of Garibaldi in the Sicilies," a personal narrative of eventful scenes, told with vigour and in a most delightful manner.

We are glad to see that Mr. Dickens has republished in a separate form his contributions, as the Uncommercial Traveller, to All the Year Round. Those who wish to compare the raciness of these later sketches from life with the acknowledged master pieces by the same hand will have an opportunity of subscribing to the re-issue of Mr. Dickens' earlier works which is now announced, and which ("with the original plates") we heartily hail. Among other curious literary phenomena, we notice that Punch is to be republished. This is a very remarkable fact, proving as it does that English people are essentially truthful and truth-loving; and that they can bear the retrospect of their follies social and errors and failures political which have been recorded during the past score of years in a publication which is unique for its sound views as it is for its unsparing satire and magnificent independence.

Few of us, as individuals, would care, we ween, to have such a mirror of our private life during the same period held up to us. If we turned to it for profit, would it also amuse? We trow not.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ELSDALE.

CHAPTER V.

"Is there anything that has about it so much of the freshness of a new sensation as finding oneself, within a few weeks of leaving the artificial existence and systematized bustle of England, setting off, for the first time, on a journey on horseback through an unoccupied part of a new country?" So thought Maurice Johnstone as he looked around him at the novel prospect, and endeavoured to realize to himself his novel position on a fine morning in May, when, after the usual delays, he was at last fairly on his road to the Mersey. He had bid good-by to his hospitable entertainers, the Clergyman and the Civil Commissioner of Glenelg, who had ridden out with him a few miles to "speed the parting guest;" he had passed the last farm-house he was likely to see in his day's journey—a melancholy, despondent-looking place, in which a forlorn Englishman and his dejected wife were endeavouring to wring a maintenance from a hungry, ungrateful soil; he had sent on the boy who had charge of his capacious saddle-bags, and was to serve as his guide, with instructions to wait for him at the first point at which it was advisable to off-saddle; and now he pulled up his horse, to enjoy the new sensation of being completely alone, under totally new circumstances.

The point at which he had paused to take in the peculiar features of his position was a spot well calculated to arrest the attention of one who saw it for the first time. Just where the rough bridle-path emerged from the dark shadow of a thick wood that overarched it with a tunnel of sombre foliage, it followed for a short distance a steep, sharp ridge, so narrow that on either hand, within a few yards' distance, the ground fell away to a depth of some five hundred feet with an abruptness that was almost precipitous. Far below, on the right, was heard the ceaseless roar of breakers, and

through the thick branches of the dense underwood might be caught glimpses of blue sea. On the left, the prospect was more wild and strange, and riveted at once the interest of the traveller. The precipitous descent beneath his feet was bare of all other vegetation than a short and scanty grass, save where here and there a solitary aloe clung desperately to the mouldering soil, and upreared its long spike of dark red flowers. It formed one side of the deep ravine that walled in a mountain torrent, whose broad, shallow bed, bestrewn with shingle and bordered with grey fragments of drift-wood bleaching in the sun, he had crossed half an hour since at its embouchure into the sea. Just below the point on which he stood, at the edge of the steep bank, the river and the ravine made a sharp and sudden bend to the left; but right in front, it fell brawling down from its mountain cradle, in a course so straight and clear that the eye could follow every little bend and turn, mark every pebbly bank and dark brown pool, and foaming rapid, far up underneath the overhanging woods, and between the narrowing walls of the glen to the black, steep ledge of rock over which it tumbled in a long sheet of glistening silver, far away in the very heart of the untrodden mountain gorge. A vast tract of dark forest stretched away on all sides from the head waters of the river, far up the sides of a range of mountains —a continuation of the great Ironstone Range—whose bold and varied outline, standing out clear and sharp against the cloudless sky, formed of itself a sufficient attraction to the unaccustomed traveller. Far as the eye could reach—far as the earth's rotundity would allow their summits to appear—to east and west, still the peaks and crags of the mountain range were plainly visible, growing more faintly, delicately blue in the far distance, but still clear and distinct through the pure atmosphere. And down the steep cliffs and long wooded slopes the sunlight struck with an oblique ray, that gave to each projecting tree and bush and stone its appropriate shadow, and clothed the whole with a wondrous softness and beauty. There was not a trace of human occupation in sight, except the round whitewashed tower of the Dutch church at Glenelg, which loomed like the white canvas of a ship hull-down behind a green horizon. There was scarce a sound but the hoarse murmur of the ocean, and a faint rattle from the river, coming fitfully at intervals on the still, calm air; the chirrup of a cricket somewhere among the bushes hard by, and the faintest echo of the clanging scream of an eagle cleaving the air far overhead, in bold, wide circles, on outstretched motionless pinions.

Johnstone dismounted from his horse, and, taking the bridle over his arm, sat down on the edge of the steep descent to drink in all the beauty and novelty of the scene. Two months since—two months passed in the restless hurry of rapid travel by land and sea—barely two months since, he had quitted, wearied and sickened in mind and body, the dense human hive in which he had passed three years of strenuous and unceasing labour. Two short months since! What a change of scene and circumstances in that brief space of time! From the crowded factory town to the open unoccupied country. From the throng and strife of human beings to almost perfect silence and solitude. From the smoky, vitiated atmosphere that had tainted his blood with its poison, to the free, bracing air of heaven, so soft and pure and exhilarating, so perfumed with aromatic odours, that only to breathe it was a luxury. Never had Johnstone felt so keen a sense of the enjoyment of mere physical existence. His blood coursed through his veins with all the vigour of returning health Every sense was instinct with life; every nerve thrilled with gladness. All nature seemed filled to overflowing with sources of delight, and his whole being responded to the magic influence of the surrounding beauty and harmony. From the towering grey peaks and the distant cataract down to the minutest flower that decked the ground beneath his feet, or the smallest insect that glanced by on burnished wing, flashing and glittering in the brilliant sunlight—every sight and every hushed and softened sound awoke in him some new sense of enjoyment. He was exulting, for the first time, in all the delights of a luxurious climate.

It is proverbially easy to condemn other people for faults to which we ourselves are never tempted. And we English folks have assumed to ourselves, as of prescriptive right, a sort of patent to abuse the natives of countries which enjoy a fine climate for their easy-going spirit of *laissez faire*, if not for positive laziness.

"Look at these pleasure-loving Frenchmen, these idle Italians!" says virtuous, hardworking John Bull, released for a time from the toils of his chambers or his counting-house, and hurrying and labouring, with infinite exertion and discomfort, through what he calls a holiday. "Sir, they abuse the gifts of Providence. They are unworthy of the fine climate and the bounteous advantages of nature with which they are favoured. *Dolce far niente*, indeed! As if doing nothing could ever afford delight to any rational being!"

But the excellent Mr. Bull, with his factories and foundries, and "ships, colonies, and commerce," and accurate bookkeeping and business-like ways, is apt to forget that he really knows little or nothing of the temptations of a fine climate. Under a sky that looks ordinarily as if you might knock your head against it, the most glorious prospect becomes dim and lifeless. An atmosphere laden, for the most part, with chills and damps does not invite to much abandonment of oneself to the mere joy of existence. A life passed much *al fresco* is suggestive to him only of lumbago and sciatica; and he never feels perfectly safe when removed from the tutelary protection of Mackintosh.

Perhaps it may be a more open question than Mr. Bull would at first be willing to allow, whether the gifts of nature are really much improved by the evidences of his energy and enterprise; whether the broad still landscape is really more attractive to the eye from being intersected by a railway line with a locomotive engine puffing hotly and restlessly along it; whether the river may not be more beautiful, perhaps even more useful, for not being turned into a "water-privilege;" whether men may not be as fitly using the blessings of pure atmosphere and bright sunshine by quietly and thankfully enjoying them as by making them the occasion for more incessant grinding and toiling, for increasing trouble for the present and laying up care for the future.

Some such thoughts as these passed through Johnstone's mind as he lay dreamily basking, with eyes half closed against the flood of light, with senses alert yet in repose, indulging in all the delights of that tranquil sense of enjoyment which steals over mind and body under the influence of stillness, balmy air, and grand scenery.

He was aroused from his reverie by his horse impatient at the delay. It was a handsome and powerful young animal, which Johnstone had purchased at a price which had certainly rather astonished one who had brought with him from England some romantic ideas on the subject of the cheapness of everything, horses included, at the Cape; and whose education he had commenced with characteristic energy and with the skill of a thorough horseman.

He was quickly in the saddle again, and careering over the wide, grassy upland plain,—man and horse rejoicing in their strength, and in the buoyant elasticity of youth and health. The turf was short, and springy, and bright, and flower-sprinkled after the autumn rains. The breeze that brushed past him, singing in his hair and whiskers, as he galloped on, was bracing and exhilarating, like an air-bath. And

when he pulled up at last to breathe his horse, it was with an intense and thankful sense of physical enjoyment to which he had been long a stranger. Almost every step opened to him some new attraction. Now it was a green lizard, clinging to the sunny side of a stone, and making itself as flat as possible, as if with the idea of remaining undetected, and suddenly seized with a panic, and darting off to its dark retreat under the rock. Now it was a snake that lay basking in the path, and raised its flat, vicious-looking head, and glanced at him with its villanous little eyes, and projected its false double tongue, and, barely escaping the thong of the hunting-whip, slipped off into the high grass by the way-side. Now a covey of grey partridges rose all at once, with a sudden flutter that startled the young horse, and went whirring away to the thick cover in the hollow below. Now a *koorhaan* set up its harsh, grating cry, and Johnstone turned off from the road and hunted the sound to find out from what manner of creature it proceeded. And then he saw a great *pauw* go flapping up from a piece of burnt ground, and after vainly trying to make head against the breeze with its heavy body and short wings, give it up for a bad job, and go sailing off before the wind. And then, a little further on, stalking gravely along the slope of a hill, he saw —could he believe his eyes!—a real living secretary bird, with his grey coat and black velvet breeches and his pen behind his ear, just as he had read about him as a child, years ago!

Soon the high, open plain dipped down to a deep wooded ravine, and the road wound slanting down through a wild, picturesque belt of forest that clothed the steep bank. Here were new objects of wonder and interest. Gigantic creepers trailed from branch to branch, like broken cordage clinging to the shattered masts of a wreck. Great trees were lying, some prostrate, some half fallen; and over their decaying trunks the prodigal profusion of Nature had cast a mantle of fresh verdure and flowers. The air was laden with the perfume of some blossoming shrub. A little golden cuckoo, glistening like burnished copper, glanced from spray to spray, and hung swinging head downwards as it dived its long bill into the pendent honey-stores. A pair of crested lories flitted before him on green and crimson wings, hovering so near as if they wished to display their bright plumage to the stranger. The river bed was wide and weird-looking, with white quartz blocks and shingle, over which the clear water flowed of a dark amber hue. And on the other side of the stream, on a little patch of velvet turf, beneath a mighty

yellowwood tree, his other horse was grazing knee-haltered, and Klaas was lying sound asleep on his back, with his head on his master's saddle-bags, and his ugly countenance illumined by a fleck of sunlight through the leafy canopy.

The active Hottentot was on the alert in a moment; and cast a quick glance upwards at the sun, just as a more artificial being might look at his watch, to ascertain how long he had been asleep. Then he carefully loosened the girths of the young horse, took off his saddle, let down the neatly-plaited halter reim, and proceeded to lead him up and down the little open space,—Johnstone the while rapt in wonder and admiration at a tree-fern growing in a moist and shady spot, with long feathery fronds of brightest green drooping round the bare, scaly stem, like some graceful palm in miniature.

Klaas had not much taste for natural beauties, nor any very extensive or accurate knowledge of the various objects of interest about which his master required information. The flowers he classed indiscriminately under the vague but convenient designation of "Afrikanders," in ignorance or defiance of Harding and Pappe; and chuckled derisively when desired to carry a large collection of them carefully to their journey's end. But he evinced a remarkably shrewd intelligence when Johnstone, whose appetite had received a very keen edge from the pure Glenelg air, began to talk to him on the subject of *pad kost.* The saddle-bags were quickly unbuckled, and from under the flap of one was taken a flask of good pontac, which was immediately plunged up to its neck in the river to cool, and from the other a goodly pile of tempting sandwiches.

[Here let me, by way of parenthesis, offer a hint to the reader, which, if nothing else, will repay him for having accompanied me thus far. There is but one effectual way of carrying sandwiches on a journey, in an eatable condition, under such a sun as ours. Take a large napkin, soak it in water, wring it out, fold it in three, roll the sandwiches up tightly in it, and cover the whole with a piece of common wax-cloth. *Experto crede.*]

"There, Klaas," said Johnstone, "there are half the sandwiches for you, and I think I have left half the wine in the flask."

Klaas grinned thanks and approval, and lifted his battered old wideawake with some bits of ostrich feathers and a buck's tail stuck in the band.

"And when you have finished, saddle up your horse and go on; and I will follow and overtake you before you get to

Van der Merwe's. I shall give the young horse a good rest here."

Klaas had soon dispatched his meal, and saddled his horse, and strapped up the saddle-bags, and climbed into his seat, and departed on his way; and Johnstone, lighting a cigar, lay down at the foot of the great tree to ruminate.

For a long time he lay thinking; looking at the blue sky through the lichened boughs and narrow leaves of the old tree, or watching the light wreaths of smoke as they curled upwards. He thought of all his past life,—school days, college days, home, and the three terrible years that had almost terminated his course before he had well set out on his career. He threw the end of his cigar into the river, where it was extinguished with a little fizz and splutter, and went whirling and tumbling down the stream, an entirely new object to any adventurous fish that might be tempted to make trial of its edible properties. And placing himself in a more comfortable position, he set himself to think of the new kind of duty that lay before him.

A year or two at least he would give himself for the entire restoration of his health, and during that time he would make practical trial of the peculiar nature of mission-work. Should he find dealing with a semi-savage mind so very different a task from what he already knew of the treatment of a degraded civilized being? He had begun to make essay already on Klaas Booy, his servant. Klaas had been fully instructed, as he flattered himself, in all divine mysteries, and in most things besides, at the great mission-station of Shechem. But poor Klaas' knowledge, at best, was of the haziest; and of mind he could scarcely be properly said to possess any, beyond the imitative faculty common to many of the lower animals. He could repeat Scripture texts by the dozen, more or less perfectly, but without any attempt at an intelligent application of them, and without any power of founding upon them a course of argument, however simple. He was a rather more useful and accomplished animal, but he was very far from being a reasoning man. Johnstone needed no further inquiry to inform him that the system hitherto in use was somehow a defective one; and he began, after his usual fashion, to build up a theory and system of his own for the development of the native mind.

And musing thus in the pleasant afternoon shade, soothed by the placid murmur of the river and the gentle rustling of the trees overhead, he gradually lost all consciousness of these sounds, and fell asleep.

How long he slept he knew not: but when he awoke,

refreshed and invigorated, the shadows were beginning to lengthen, and the afternoon was drawing in. Looking at his watch he found it was almost three o'clock. There were barely three hours to sunset, and he had not done much more than half his day's journey. There was no more time for idling along the road now. In a few minutes he had caught and saddled his horse; and, once more upon his way, gave his whole attention to getting over the ground as fast as possible, with due regard to his young horse's powers of endurance. A considerable experience in all matters connected with field sports now stood him in good stead. He nursed his horse as he would have done to enable him to last out to see the end of a long run with fox-hounds,—saving him over unfavourable ground, pushing him whenever he had an opportunity, and making his way onward well and rapidly, so rapidly that he failed to notice the point at which Klaas' *spoor* turned slightly aside to the right, while he pressed on steadily and fast on the road that branched off to the left. It occasioned him no surprise that he did not overtake his servant. He scarcely expected to see him again before he came to Van der Merwe's, where he was to pass the night; and knowing that there was nothing a farmer dislikes more than a stranger arriving after sunset, he pushed on in order to reach his night's quarters in good time.

The sun was still high above the western hills when Johnstone, descending a long slope of ground, saw at the further end of a wide stretch of flat, low land, a white farm-house, which, though so much nearer than he had expected, he made no doubt was the point of his destination.

"I shall have plenty of time," he thought, "to see the place, and make myself comfortable before their evening meal. And Klaas will have done with the other horse, and be at liberty to attend entirely to this one."

So, congratulating himself on the very successful issue of his first day's journey, he reached the edge of a river that skirted the base of the hill, and then wound in a sinuous course through the level valley. The water was very dark, and still, and looked deep, but there were tracks of horses and cattle passing through the drift, and among them Johnstone had no doubt was the *spoor* of Klaas' horse. He pushed in accordingly, and speedily found himself in water that reached to his saddle-girths. He drew his legs up as well as he could, and pressed boldly on, going deeper and deeper at every step. The water was now half-way up the saddle-flaps, and matters began to look serious. The young horse groaned and snorted as the water covered his chest and ribs;

still he held bravely on, with his tail floating out on the water, and his neck arched, and nostril distended, and eye fixed, half in fear half in curiosity, as if trying to penetrate the depths of the dark brown tide that he was stemming. They had almost reached the opposite shore, when the horse suddenly floundered—struggled to save himself—stumbled again, and finally pitched forward over a large piece of rock, whose white form Johnstone saw, when too late, beneath the water. The horse recovered himself in an instant, and Johnstone was too practised a horseman to be much disturbed at such a trifle; but when, after a few terrified plunges, the horse stood on the further bank, and was shaking the water out of his ears and dripping forelock, a stream was running down each of Johnstone's legs and his boots were full to the brim.

"It's well it was no worse," he said to himself. "How very fortunate that it should have happened so near the end of my journey. A little wetting is a very slight misfortune, and in another quarter of an hour I shall find Klaas and the saddle-bags and get a change. And the ducking will teach you, Master Gaika, to lift up your legs more cleverly another time." This was to his horse, who, refreshed by his bath, was now galloping along, whisking the water out of his tail, his wet sides glistening in the sun.

The horse was dry and warm, however it might be with the rider, when they pulled up before the long, low farm-house.

CHAPTER VI.

An old man was leaning over the lower half of the green house-door; dressed, so far as was perceptible, in a worsted comforter, an old duffel jacket, and a black broad-brimmed hat, over a cotton nightcap of questionable cleanness. He stared vacantly at Johnstone, and then slowly raised his hand to his hat in salutation, but without uttering a word.

"Old Van der Merwe, I suppose," thought the traveller; "I wonder where Klaas is?"

For a few seconds he and the old man stared at each other; the latter probably thinking of nothing, the former turning over in his mind how he might make himself understood in Dutch. At last he delivered himself of what he flattered himself was a very creditable specimen of the colonial *patois*.

"Mynheer! is my boy here with a paard?"

"Eh!" said the old boer.

Johnstone repeated his inquiry in a louder tone.

"Kom binnen!" said the old boer, opening the lower half of the green door.

Johnstone dismounted, and gave the bridle of his horse to a sable urchin attired in a sort of tabard of green baize, which he might be fairly considered to have grown out of; and grasping the horny hand which the old boer held out to him and then left entirely at his disposal, without answering pressure or movement of any kind on his own part, followed him into the house.

At his first glance round the *voorhuis* he was a little disappointed. There was not that appearance of substantial comfort that he had been led to expect. The walls were painted of a dingy blue, the ceiling was of yellow-wood beams and planks, the floor was clay, and had been recently subjected to the process of "smearing;" the pungent odour attendant on that operation still pervading the apartment. There was a long dining-table, with stinkwood legs and an oil-cloth cover, in the centre of the room, and a number of very square, resolute-looking chairs stood with their backs set sturdily against the walls. Other furniture there was none, Four doors opened out of the *voorhuis*,—two in the side opposite to the entrance door, and one at either end.

The old boer shuffled stiffly across the room, opened one of the doors, and began calling for some unseen person beyond. A voice of discordant shrillness replied; and then a shuffling of slipshod feet was heard slowly approaching over the clay floor, and a woman, many years younger than the old man, of great stature and still more remarkable bulk, presented herself. She was dressed in rusty black, with a loose *kapje* covering her head and almost concealing her features. She nodded in reply to Johnstone's bow, and proceeded to address him in Dutch in the same high, shrill, drawling tone in which she had already spoken to "Pápa." Not a word could he understand; and again he essayed his inquiries as to Klaas and the horse, and again his choice specimen of the colonial dialect failed to meet with that intelligent appreciation to which he thought it was entitled. At last, amid the shrill flood of words, he thought he could make out something about waiting till somebody arrived; and following up this clue as well as he could, he had the satisfaction of finding his cleverness rewarded by coming to a clear understanding on that point, a conclusion which was hailed by many solemn nods on the part of both the other parties to this conversation. The old man, saying something about off-saddling, moved towards the door.

"Oh yes, I see it all now," thought Johnstone; "Klaas has delayed somewhere on the road—gone to see some of his friends, perhaps, and I have arrived before him; and these good people mean to tell me that he will be here soon, and that I had better unsaddle my horse and wait for him. Of course; that is the only thing for me to do. And the sooner you come, Master Klaas, the better I shall be pleased."

Anxious now to display his familiarity with colonial usages, he proceeded to take off the saddle and bridle, which the old boer laid down just within the *voorhuis* door, let down the head-reim, and endeavoured to put in practice Klaas' lessons in knee-haltering. He was just rising from his task with no little secret self-satisfaction at acquitting himself thus creditably, when the old boer, hobbling down the steps, thrust him aside without a word, took his knot to pieces again, and in a couple of seconds had tied it correctly with his stiff old fingers; and then pointed out the direction in which he should drive the horse to the water. When he had brought him up from water there was more work for him to do. A lot of old "trekgoed" had to be moved out from a kind of stall partitioned off from the mules' stable. Then the sickle was handed to him, and a bundle of forage brought for him to cut up therewith. He was hardly more skilful with this than with the knee-halter. Sticking the sickle through its accustomed hole in the manger, he proceeded to saw away at a handful of forage; while the old boer looked on without saying a word, pondering, doubtless, on the neglected education of this unfortunate youth, and wondering what useful position in society could be filled by one so lamentably ignorant.

The forage was cut up at last, and the young horse, none the worse for his journey, was busily devouring it in company with the poultry of the place, who seemed to consider that they had a right to their share,—the fowls picking out the grain in the manger, and the geese scrambling for what had dropped on the ground.

When they returned to the house, the lady was seated in a corner by a small table, with her feet on the lower rail of another chair, a position which displayed her unstockinged feet and ankles in all their immense proportions. She still wore her *kapje*—the general appearance of which, indeed, seemed to give token of unremitting and indiscriminate use, by day and night; and was engaged in some needlework, in the same slow, ponderous, untidy way that seemed characteristic of her movements.

"Zit, mynheer!" said the old boer; and Johnstone planted

himself on one of the square chairs, in a position which enabled him to catch the first signs of Klaas' arrival. He tried to commence a conversation with some common-place remark, the only reply to which was a shake of the head on the part of the old man, and some words in Dutch from the woman, which were even more unintelligible to him than his English to them. Then they made an attempt on their side, shouting to him in Dutch, as if they thought that his inability to understand was in some way connected with defective hearing. Finding it a hopeless business, the old man went out, and left him *tête-a-tête* with the lady.

Still Klaas did not make his appearance. Johnstone grew tired of watching for him along the road by which he had himself come, and the monotony of sitting silent and unoccupied was becoming irksome. He turned his attention to his hostess. He marvelled that needlework could ever become so different from the delicate operation which he had been accustomed to see it. He wondered whether she ever dressed, in the manner usual in civilized countries; and whether she ever undressed. Her present costume was a compromise between the two conditions, and, like most compromises, an unsatisfactory one—it was neither one thing nor the other. He remarked that she sighed heavily, and sniffed at intervals, with more energy and earnestness than she had yet exhibited in any occupation, and that she used her "work" freely as a pocket-handkerchief. She took snuff occasionally from a small tin canister: in search of which she dived her hand down the front of her dress, bringing it up from some fold of her capacious bosom, and dropping it again into the same warm receptacle.

Presently, a diversion was effected by a slender slip of a girl, about fourteen years of age, probably the sister of the little chap in the green-baize tabard, who came silently, and stood leaning against an open door, with one of her bare feet clasped behind her in the opposite hand, and the fingers of the other hand in her mouth, staring with her bright black eyes wide opened at the stranger. This afforded Johnstone something else to think about,—whether the poor child was taught at all better than she was fed and clothed; whether she was as well cared for as the mules which were then being driven down to water; whether she had any sense at all that she was a rational and responsible being. He longed to be able to talk to her, and was on the point of calling her to him to make the attempt, when a brief guttural command from her mistress dismissed her to the region from whence she had come; and she departed,

displaying, when she turned round, a broad strip of black back where the frock, which was her only garment, failed to meet accurately.

Again there was silence and dulness so oppressive that Johnstone, after a vain attempt to take a nap, seized his hat, and went out to find some means of relieving the insufferable monotony. His wet boots and trowsers were now beginning to feel extremely uncomfortable, and he gazed wistfully along the road by which Klaas ought to come, and began to feel considerable irritation at his delay.

There was little more to attract notice or interest out of doors than he had found within. The house, with a shabby stoep along the front, was dropped down at the foot of a bare, bleak-looking hill, without a fence or enclosure of any kind to clothe or protect it. A ragged colt was allaying cutaneous irritation against one of its corners. In front, the ground sloped away to the river, black and sluggish, with banks bordered by broad beds of sedge and marsh weeds. On one side of the house was a rude kraal, surrounded by a fence of jagged branches, bound together with *baviaan touw;* on the other what had once been a wagonmaker's shed and smithy, outside of which lay the wreck of a wagon, an old plough, and some other rubbish embedded in the weeds and accumulated soil of years. The building, which served as stable and barn, was built without any reference whatever to the position of the house; and the only thing which seemed in its proper place was the wretched *pondok* of the black retainers of the family, which stood picturesquely under a weather-beaten old thorn-tree.

The sun was now sinking behind the hill, which threw a broad and growing shadow across the flats; and the air felt chill without the genial ray. Johnstone stamped up and down in his wet boots, and grew wroth at the recollection of Klaas' shortcomings. He regretted vainly that he had carried no change of clothes himself. He wished he could find himself in some snug English farm-house kitchen, with its jolly fire and goodly store of bacon, suggestive of eggs and rashers. He had peeped into what he took for the kitchen of the house, and had discerned dimly, in the cavernous darkness, an old Hottentot crone puffing away with her mouth at the ghost of a fire, in which the thick ends of three or four long branches were smouldering beneath a large black pot. He wondered what they would give him to appease his hunger; and might have gone on wondering about many other things had not his uncomfortable meditations been cut short by the appearance of the old boer, accompanied by a

brawny young man, who came towards him, and, touching his hat, held out his hand to be shaken. He was fortunately able to speak a little English, and from him Johnstone gradually learned, to his mortification, that he had been the victim of a series of mistakes. In the first place, this was not, as he had supposed, Van der Merwe's house, and he had wandered far away from the Mersey road. He might make up his mind, therefore, that he should not see Klaas and his saddle-bags arrive, as he had been hoping. Klaas was by this time at the real Van der Merwe's, doubtless looking out for his master, as his master had been looking out for him. Then he learned that it was not Klaas for whom he had been recommended to wait, but for this very individual, who might act as interpreter in the important business which they had supposed must have been the occasion of his coming to that lonely, out-of-the-way place. Further, he learnt that it would be quite hopeless for him to set off with any expectation of reaching Van der Merwe's that night. The way was long and not easy to find, and it would be dark before he had got half-way there. There was nothing to be done but submit with the best grace he could to the annoyance and disappointment, and beg a supper and night's lodging.

All this he learned in the *voorhuis*, whither they had returned; and, in reply to his further inquiries, he gathered that the old "Pápa" was the grandfather, that the lady of the house was his daughter, that her husband was dead, and that the young man and another not yet come in were her sons. Then he had to submit to a cross-examination himself. What was his name? where was he going? what was he going there for? was he married? and why not? were his parents alive? and had he any brothers and sisters? At hearing that he was a clergyman there were nods of approval, and some interest was expressed when it was found that he had just arrived from England; but his total ignorance of colonial things and persons proved an impassable gulf between them, and the conversation, such as it had been, gradually flickered down, and at last went out altogether. Then the *huisvrouw* rose from her chair, which gave a creak of relief, and, "sighing like a furnace," shuffled ponderously off to the back settlements.

"Ah," thought Johnstone, "she has gone to send in supper; the sooner the better, for I am terribly hungry."

But the supper was not sent in; nor did there seem any likelihood of that desired event taking place. The evening drew in, and the room became dusk, and the girl, with her dress open down the back, brought in a thin, home-made

candle, which shed a dismal half-light over the scene. The party was increased by the arrival of the other son, who, not having had the good fortune of his brother of being run over by the oxen while acting as *voorlooper*, and having several of his ribs stove in, had been less favoured in the matter of educational advantages. He said little—indeed, nothing; but, in default of articulate sounds, he made society aware of his presence by spitting at intervals on the clay floor with startling abruptness and *aplomb*.

A new interest was at one time created by a distant sound of struggling and shrieks, which at last resolved themselves into the flapping of wings, and a fowl's discordant voice uplifted, entreating for mercy. This died away suddenly in a choking gurgle; and the wretched Johnstone knew that only the very first rudimentary steps were being taken towards preparing his supper.

He tried to occupy his mind with other thoughts. For a while he was amused by watching the antics of the tabarded urchin, whose acquaintance he had made in the afternoon, and who was flitting about like a chubby imp in the fitful glow of the firelight in the kitchen. But inexorable Fate, in the person of his mistress, suddenly seized him; and half a dozen sound smacks, administered just where the tabard left his chubby person most unprotected, sent him flying forth, with both hands pressed to the injured part, wailing into the darkness.

Then silence and dullness unutterable settled down upon the place; and nothing was heard but the heavy breathing of the old man, a sharp report occasionally from the expectorant young one, and sometimes the distant puffing of a human bellows in the kitchen. What with cold, and hunger, and vexation, and wearisome monotony, poor Johnstone's nerves became irritated to that degree that he could endure it no longer; and, starting up, he begged his English-speaking friend to bring a light, and go to the stable to look after his horse. There he stripped off coat and waistcoat, rolled his shirt-sleeves up to his shoulders, let down his braces, and, making a couple of wisps out of some bedding, set vigorously to work to "strap" until supper was ready. He might have been near an hour thus employed, when a voice behind him exclaimed, "Yonsten, kom eat!" and, washing his hands and face as well as he could in a bucket of water, which he dipped from the *sluit*, he followed his conductor into the house to supper.

The family were assembled at table, the grandfather having laid aside his hat and the mother her *kapje*. There

was a piece of seethed flesh, probably beef, a dish of boiled mealies, and the fowl, whose unstraked limbs gave it the appearance of having been arrested in the act of making a frantic effort to escape from the dish. Johnstone ate like a man who felt famished, washed down his meal with a glass of dubious water, and rose with the other members of the party, wondering what was to come next. He was not kept long in doubt. A yawn from the old man set off the whole party in concert, and without further ceremony they prepared to betake themselves to bed. The one who spoke English introduced Johnstone to an apartment in which were two beds, one of which he pointed out as that set apart for him, and, very civilly bidding him good night, left him to himself.

"Is it possible," thought Johnstone, sitting down on a green wooden chair; "Is it possible that these good people expect me to go to bed immediately after that supper! The bare thought of it gives one an uncomfortable sense of dyspepsia and nightmare. I shall go and smoke a cigar on the stoep before I turn in."

He smoked his cigar accordingly; pacing up and down, and revolving in his mind the many new ideas which his day's adventures suggested. And then, feeling that a good night's rest would be very enjoyable, and that he must be off as early in the morning as possible, he proceeded to his room, where he had left the candle burning. He was greeted by a loud and prolonged snore, and looking towards the other of the two beds saw there the great red faces of the two young boers, both sound asleep.

"Well," thought he, "it is not misery alone that makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows! It is fortunate there is no other belated traveller here, or I suppose we should have had to sleep together. I wonder who slept here last?"

He took the candle, and, turning down the clothes, inspected the bed on which he was to sleep. He did so with a shake of the head, which was not expressive of entire satisfaction. The bed was a feather-bed, of a soft and inflated character, which reminded him of a soufflet. There were six pillows piled in two heaps, all of them garnished with open-work at the ends, with pink calico underneath; but sheets and pillow-cases were alike of a hue inclining to grey, and an odour became faintly perceptible which can only be adequately described by the term "frowzy." Johnstone shook his head again, and again sat down in the green chair to consider.

No, he could not make up his mind to come into direct contact with sheets and pillow-cases of so dubious a hue. "Roughing it" he must be prepared for, of course. He might have to sleep on the ground sometimes, with his saddle for a pillow and a bush for shelter; but that would be on the pure bosom of mother earth, in the fresh air, and under the open canopy of heaven. It was a very different thing to be expected to take off one's clothes, and commit oneself totally defenceless to the embraces of sheets which had already been occupied by nobody knows how many of nobody knows what kind of people. He resolved to divest himself of as few of his garments as possible, and to come in contact with the bedding as little as might be. And with this resolution he had soon made his *toilette de nuit.*

The ingenious traveller who has been much accustomed to the farm-house feather-beds of the colony will doubtless have discovered that there is but one way of depositing one's person upon them with any chance of comfortable repose.

Writers of fiction, who are of course the surest guides in the *bienséances* of real life, put before us two modes of effecting this operation, either of which may be correctly practised; but under different circumstances and by different characters. One of these, that of "stepping into bed," is usually the mode in which the correct characters retire for the night—the personages who are in good repute, whose love affair, if they have one in hand, is proceeding favourably, who have a comfortable balance at their bankers, and so forth. The other, that of "throwing oneself upon the bed," is had recourse to only by the vicious, the reckless, the guilty, or the miserable. It has nothing respectable about it; it indicates a bad state of mind; and it is generally attended with a bad night's rest, and unnaturally early hours in the morning. No exemplary character ever "throws himself" upon his bed. And yet that is the true mode of placing oneself upon a farm-house feather-bed. You divest yourself so far as is needful of your outer garments, and then, proceeding to the foot of the bed, take a leap, much in the fashion of a harlequin when he jumps through the upper part of a shop-window, and fall flat along the centre of the soufflet that is prepared to receive you. By this means you ensure your resting upon that part of the bed where the feathers are; and also the advantage of lying in a valley with a hill on each side, instead of perpetually sliding down a sloping surface.

The hapless Johnstone, of course, knew nothing of these things. His whole character, circumstances, and

present frame of mind placed him among those who would naturally "step" into bed; and, depositing himself in the usual manner, he extinguished his candle, and was soon asleep. And almost as soon he began to dream.

He dreamed that he was again in Cape Town, where he had stayed a few days, and was witnessing a field-day of the Volunteers on the Parade Ground. There was the long, dark line of the Rifles, the glittering squadron of Cavalry, and the battery of Artillery. The band was performing some popular music, and a staff of officers were inspecting the line. Then they commenced their evolutions. The troops began to move rapidly from place to place; the rattle of musketry became incessant and deafening; the artillery roared at intervals. Suddenly the earth seemed shaken by some tremendous weight, and looking round he saw advancing towards him at full speed, and close upon him, the whole body of cavalry, increased to a prodigious size, headed by a colossal figure, whose uniform was covered with a black lawyer's gown; who bore down upon him with eyes that flashed fire, and seemed about to strike him to the earth with a huge roll which he held in his hand. He attempted to run, but his feet refused their office; and he was just being dashed to the ground by the horses, when his struggles to escape banished the illusion, and restored him to the world of actual existence.

He found that he was very uncomfortable. The feather-bed seemed to have unaccountably departed from beneath him, and left him stretched upon the hard wooden framework of narrow planks, at intervals of a few inches. In addition to that, the two young boers in the adjacent bed were executing a nasal duet of prodigious spirit and power, which had, no doubt, supplied the groundwork for his unpleasant dream. He shouted to awaken them, but without effect, though the snoring was somewhat moderated. He heard one of them murmur in his sleep a prolonged "A—h now!" He, too, was dreaming: and was in fancy sitting on his *voorkist*, guiding his long span of oxen. Johnstone placed himself more comfortably, and in a few minutes was asleep again.

Then he began to dream that he was a member of the Alpine Club, traversing a range of snow-covered mountains, alpen-stock in hand. But in spite of all his efforts he was perpetually slipping and sliding down steep, frozen slopes, with yawning crevices opening beneath him, in whose dark abysses the sound of thundering cataracts could be heard, a vast depth below the surface of the glacier. By some

tremendous effort he seemed to save himself from the danger, and then the same process was gone through again. Again he was plodding his way onwards, through half-frozen snow almost knee-deep, still slipping always down the steep incline; until, at last, down he went, without power to recover himself. A block of ice which he clutched at in his headlong descent gave way with him, and rolled and slid down after him. The descent became steeper and more icy; his fearful downward progress more rapid; his horrible death more certain, and more immediate. Suddenly he shot over the edge of a sheer precipice of ice:—and in another instant, by some strange shifting of the brain's kaleidoscope, he was again in the familiar scenes of his Oxford days, swimming in the great pool below Sandford Lasher, and battling with the eddies of the roaring cascade of the weir—and awoke at last to find himself half suffocated, with his head buried under a pile of pillows.

Poor Johnstone! he had, as Mrs. Nickleby would have said, but a "resolute night" of it. For when he had pitched five of the pillows out of bed, and got himself fairly into the middle, and endeavoured to compose himself to sleep in spite of the counter-influence of his heavy supper, he began to find out that he had not the bed to himself. He discovered too late that he had invaded the territory of certain aboriginal tribes, who had now assembled in force to harass if they could not expel the intruder. Never had the night seemed to him so long and wearisome. The faint grey dawn was beginning to steal into the sky, and he was just dropping from sheer weariness into a heavy doze, when he was aroused by his companions, who were just awaking from the sound, unbroken, healthy sleep which Solomon assures us is the guerdon of a hard day's work.

> "O nimium fortunatos sua si bona nôrint,
> Agricolas,"

sighed Johnstone, as the two great healthy boers, without a thought of morning prayer or morning ablution, endued their well-worn blue moleskin trowsers, and their greasy duffel jackets, and with unchanged linen and unkempt hair sallied forth to their day's avocations. Languid and feverish, with parched mouth and glazed eyes, Johnstone perforce followed their example, so far as his *toilette* was concerned. There was a white basin and jug in one corner of the room, but both were empty, and looked as unconscious of water as the Desert of Sahara. With a glance at what ought to have been his resting-place, which was tantamount to a shaking

off of the dust of his feet, he passed through the *voorhuis*, and out on to the stoep.

The cold morning air came fresh and bracing, and he revived under its healthy influence. The sun had not yet risen, and the hill stood out black and hard against the pale sky. A little wreath of blue smoke was ascending from beside the *pondok* beneath the thorn-tree; and the girl whom he had seen the previous day was kneeling with her chin laid close to the ground, puffing at a handful of sticks, too wet with the copious dew to ignite readily. Everybody about the place was astir, and yet all sounds had a strange kind of subdued tone, very different from what they would have had in the broad, full light of day. It seemed as if Nature were yet asleep, and those who were abroad were reverently reluctant to disturb her repose.

After a refreshing sluicing of his head and face in the clear stream which was led past the house, Johnstone proceeded to the stable, where his horse neighed out in shrill and joyous welcome, and answered his voice and caress with that low, earnest whinny so expressive of confidence and affection. One of the young boers had already taken him to water, and had cut the head of a bundle of forage for him; and when he had finished this he led him round to the stoep to be saddled. The sun was just topping the eastern hills, and darting a bright ray over the still valley, as Johnstone shook hands with the old "Pàpa," and the mistress of the house—still in precisely the same costume as on the previous evening—thanking them heartily for their well-meant hospitality; and putting a handsome remuneration for the forage in the hands of the young boer who held the horse, and, throwing a sixpence to the imp in the green baize tabard, he sprung lightly into the saddle, and cantered off across the valley in the direction of the road to the Mersey.

SWIFTS AND SWALLOWS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

We introduce these birds with a translation of Le Vaillant's preliminary observations respecting them, though his accuracy on one or two points, to which we must refer, is questionable; for instance, as we have in a former paper remarked, he was of opinion that all the Swallows which build in South Africa are only there in the summer months, and so again that the Swallows to be seen at the Cape in winter are birds which

come from other countries where they have bred their young. We are inclined to hold that the *Hirundo Rupestris*, a brown Swallow with white spots on its tail, which it carries much spread, is to be found all the year at the Cape, at least if Le Vaillant was right that it is there in summer; though whether he was correct in supposing the *Hirundo Rufifrons* (a Swallow with a red forehead) to be also a winter visitor, is a point on which we are less certain.

That *Hirundo Rupestris*, or the *Rock Swallow*, should be found at the Cape in winter is nothing remarkable, for at Gibraltar and Barbary it is present during winter, a fact that was discovered by a brother of White of Selbourne, who first observed it, and described the bird to Linnæus.* Other respects in which we differ from Le Vaillant we shall notice under the names of the particular birds to which they refer.

Thus writes Le Vaillant in his prefatory remarks:

"All the Swallows which build in the parts of Africa I have visited, sojourn there but in the season of summer, that of the great heat, and all the species of these birds one sees there during the winter of the country or rainy season are birds that come from other countries of Africa after having laid their eggs, and do not then have a second brood, which I have observed from the young which they always bring with them, and as all the Swallows which return to pass the heat in the country, to reproduce there, do not bring with them young birds, it is a proof that they have not hatched during their absence. . . . . Let us remark also that pure birds of passage in a country, that is to say, which do not reproduce there, never arrive in the breeding season of the same country; thus, when they remain (make a station), it is very natural that they do not lay at a time when the birds of the country do not lay themselves. These observations ought necessarily to throw a great light on the migration of birds, if travellers will at least take some attention to discern in the country they travel over, the species which there reproduce from those which do not. Another observation not less interesting yet, on the subject of the migration of birds, is that such species as lay eggs in a country leave it and go

* John White (says Sir William Jardine) was in fact Linnæus' authority for this Swallow, and first communicated specimens to him from Gibraltar. Linnæus writes: "*Hirundo Rupestris mihi antea ignota; vere distincta.*" The name given to it by John White was *Hirundo Hiberna*, Winter Swallow. (See White of Selbourne's letter 32 and Sir W. Jardine's note.) The peculiarity of this Swallow's structure is its having a square or even tail, instead of a forked one like its congeners.

elsewhere, whilst other individuals, often of the same species which are produced elsewhere, come and replace the first, which bears one naturally to the conclusion that it is not always the want of food that obliges birds to expatriate themselves, but, instead, the want of change of climate. In Europe, where, during the winter, insects are not found, it is very natural that the species which have no other food all go, or at least nearly all, for we have, during the winter, several insectivoræ which come to visit us and pass this rigorous season among us, and find, notwithstanding, the wherewithal to subsist on; but in hot countries, for example, where all the Swallows depart which have bred there at the commencement of the rainy season, it certainly is not the default of food which makes them go, since in this same season other Swallows arrive which remain there and find the wherewithal to subsist on. Amongst birds we must still make a difference between those which only traverse a country and those which make a regular sojourn there of several months."—(Le Vaillant.)

L'Hirondelle Rousseline,—Le Vaillant: *Hirundo Capensis,* Common Cape Swallow (Anglice).

"The Swallow of the Cape of Good Hope"—says Le Vaillant—"which Buffon has described under the name of *Red Riding Hood* (Capuchan Roux), and of which he has figured an individual in his illuminated plates, No. 723, is a female of the same species as this we make the subject of our description. We shall name it *Rousseline*, because the male not having the head red, it is necessary to give this species a name which, agreeing with both sexes, does not give place to the error of having it believed that the female is a different bird from the male, which has the upper part of the head black. The Rousseline passes all the summer at the Cape, and is the species found most abundantly in all parts of Africa, and most common, as one generally meets it everywhere, especially in inhabited places. These birds are so familiar that they enter into the houses, especially those of colonists in the country, for in town they scarcely permit their visits in consequence of the dirtiness they occasion in the apartments. . . . . The nest of these birds, when constructed in a room, is attached to the ceiling against a beam, and is built of moist earth, as those of European Swallows; but the form is absolutely different—it is a hollow ball, to which is adapted a long pipe, by which the female enters the interior of the nest, lined with a profusion of all the bird finds most soft. She lays from four to six white eggs,

strewed with little brown spots, and the incubation lasts from sixteen to eighteen days. The male of this African Swallow has the upper part of the head black, and the upper part behind the neck, of a lively red, as well as the croupion. The manteau, the wings, and tail, which is very forked, and of which the two most lateral quill feathers end in two filaments, and the intermediaries, marked with a white spot in the interior, are of a shining blueish black, which is the same as our Chimney Swallow. The throat, front of the neck, and all underneath the body, comprising the covertures below the tail, are of a clear red, which gets deeper further down; all the feathers of these parts have their stems blackish. The feet are of a yellow brown, and the eyes a bright maroon colour. The beak is black. The female resembles the male, except that with her, all the upper part of the head is red, and that the long feathers of the tail are less extended than his. This species, on account of its form, is probably that which travellers, seeing only flying, take for our Chimney Swallow, of which it has the manner, the cry even, and all the physiognomy."—(Le Vaillant.)

The egg of the *Hirundo Capensis* is long and white, and much resembles that of the English Chimney Swallow. The bird reoccupies its old nest for several successive years of the time when it quits the Cape we cannot write with confidence; but it may be pretty safely asserted that there are none to be seen by the first of May.

Hirundo Rustica,—Lath; *Hirundelle de Cheminée;* Buff. Ois.; *Die Rauch Schwalbe*,—Bechs. Meyer; *European Chimney Swallow*,—Lewin Br. Birds; Bewick.

In consequence of there being no preserved specimen of the European Chimney Swallow in the South African Museum, we have been only able carefully to examine a specimen of the Cape bird by printed accounts of the former added to recollection, when we could not detect the slightest difference between the two. We can safely aver that the bird we examined has not been described by Le Vaillant.

On the 12th of March (corresponding with September in England), 1861, we examined a young specimen (totally unlike the adult) of this bird, shot on that day. Description: forehead and throat, brownish red; pale hue; nape, back, and upper coverts, bluish black with metallic gloss; quills, brownish green; throat, bluish black; breast, body, and under coverts, reddish brown; outer tectrices or tail feathers, short.

Hirundo Rustica does not breed in chimneys, if it breeds anywhere at the Cape; it would seem to disappear generally

about the time of *Hirundo Capensis*, or the regular *Cape Swallow.*

Hirundo Cærulea—(qy); *Hirundo Urbica Capensis*—(qy); *Small Blue-backed Swallow*—(Anglice).

This pretty little Swallow has also been omitted by Le Vaillant. Description: length from nostril to end of intermedial tail feathers, five inches; bill, black, and curved at tip; crown of the head, back, and nape, glossy blue-black, coming down on either side of the neck on to the breast; throat, breast, and belly, white; wings reach nearly to end of the tail, first quill feathers the longest; greater and lesser wing coverts, glossy blue-black; primaries, secondaries, and tertiaries, duller black; tail, bluish-black, and considerably forked; upper tail coverts, bluish-black; toes and shank bare of feathers, blackish; claws, curved and sharp.

A gentleman, writing from Swellendam,* describes this Swallow as very common there, and states that "it builds its nest generally under the thatch of an old mill or stable, where it is quieter than a dwelling-house, and lays a small white egg." We are under the impression that we have seen the bird about the jetty and boats in Table Bay. Though not feathered in the legs, there is a resemblance in many ways between it and the English Martin (*Hir. Rustica*), so much so as to make us doubt whether it may not be considered the Martin of the Cape. Many of its habits are similar to the European Martin, and it has the like propensity to turn the Sparrow out of its nest.

Hirundo Nigro Viridis (qy.); *Blackish-green or Greenish-black Swallow*—(Anglice.)

The *Velocifere* of Le Vaillant must not be confounded with this small blackish-green Swallow, for which we were at first disposed to take it, since neither does the description of the one suit the other, nor is this a Swift, as Le Vaillant's bird is. Its habits have been thus described by the gentleman who sent a specimen of it and the little Blue Swallow to the South African Museum: "It flies about very much like a bat amongst thick forests of trees, and is generally more visible in rainy and heavy weather, but I have never seen or heard of its breeding here. They remain after the winter has set in. Sometimes I have seen them roost on the trees at the bottom of our garden, where I shot the specimen I sent you."

Le Vaillant expressly remarks that he had never seen *Velocifere* on trees.

* Mr. Cairncross.

Our description is as follows: From nostril to end of intermedial tail feathers, four and three quarter inches; length of first quill feathers (the longest), four inches; colour, entirely black, with a greenish tinge, part of the body; throat and belly, deep black; feet and bill, black; shank, not feathered; tail, very forked; quill feathers, instead of being like *Velocifere*, two inches longer than the tail, are half an inch shorter.

L'Hirondelle de Marais, ou Brunette,—Le Vaillant; *Hirundo Paludicola,*—Vieil.; *Marsh Swallow*—(Anglice.)

"This little Swallow is in Africa the representative of our Bank Swallow of Europe (qy). Like the last, it frequents the borders of water and morasses, and breeds in holes in the beaches of rivers or in tumble-down ravines, without constructing a nest. This species is also one of those which pass the summer in the south of Africa, breeds there, and quits the country during the rainy season. Its general colour is a grey-brown; uniform ash colour on the head, back of the neck, manteau, croupion, throat, and chest likewise, the grey colour growing lighter on the lower parts; wings, blackish-brown, the ends of which have all the quill feathers and their superior covertures edged with a reddish tint; the tail, which is not longer than the furled wings, is short, forked, and bears the same colours as *les pennes alaires;* the eyes are of a clear yellow-brown, and the feet and the beak-brown black. There is no difference between the male and female, except that the latter is a little less strong in make."—(Le Vaillant.)

The length of one measured by us was about five inches from nostril to the end of intermedial tail feathers. Bill, dark brown and nearly black; first and second quill feathers of equal length, under coverts white.

Hirundo Riparia,—Linn.; *Hirondelle de Rivage,*—Buff.; *Ufer Schwalbe,*—Bech; *Sand Swallow, Sandy Bank, Sand Martin,*—Selby.

It is clear from Le Vaillant's remarks above that he was not aware of the existence of a decided South African Sand Swallow, differing, however, a little from the English species in size and plumage. Description: entire length from tip of the bill to end of the lateral tail feathers five and a half inches. Bill, black. Back of the head, throat, and chin ashy grey; lower breast, belly, and under tail coverts pure white. Quills, dark brown. Tail, forked.—shoulder coverts and upper tail coverts edged with dullish white; wings, which extend only to the end of the tail, about four inches.

The main difference between this and the English *Bank Swallow* is in the throat of the former being ashy grey instead of white, in the white edging on the shoulder and tail coverts, and in the wings not extending beyond the tail. The Cape bird too is a little the largest and has a tail more forked.

Our description is taken from a specimen shot on the 21st of May (this year) corresponding with November in England. As the Bank Swallow is the first to depart there, namely, about August (according to Morris), it is not unlikely that the Cape species remains the enttre winter through, as the Bank Swallow does in Malta. G. White was decidedly of opinion that the English Bank Swallow remained all the year in England, but later opinions are the other way.

According to Selby it does not there band in flocks previous to departure.

It may be doubted whether at the Cape individual specimens of this bird may not be found differing much from others, in being darker or lighter in plumage.

L'Hirondelle Fauve,—Le Vaillant; *Hirundo Rupestris; Rock Swallow,*—Linn.

In some respects the Rock Swallow differs from all others. Its colour somewhat resembles that of the Bank Swallow, and somewhat the *Paludicolas;* but, while it wants the white body of the former, its brown is without the peculiar red edging of the latter; its tail, too, is nearly square. Le Vaillant thus writes of it: "This Swallow passes all the hot season at the Cape, and reproduces there. It is well characterized by the form of its tail being slightly cut slanting, so that it makes it round in displaying it, which distinguishes it at first sight from its congeners, whose tails are longer and very forked: the colours, also, being generally different. The wings of *Hirundo Rupestris* appear to be immoderately long, on account of the shortness of its tail, of which the external quill feather * of each side, and the two in the middle, are of uniform colour, whilst all the intermediaries have an oblong spot of white on the internal barbs. The upper part of the head, the back of the neck, the manteau, croupion, and the covertures of the upper parts of the tail, the tail itself, with the exception of the white spots of which I have spoken, all the under parts of the wings, are of a reddish fallow, and shaded with grey, accord-

* The external tail feathers of two specimens examined by us were also very slightly spotted with white.

ing to the light; the throat, front of the neck, and the chest are of a clear fallow. The rest of the under part of the body is greyish. The eyes are brown, as well as the feet and beak. The female only differs from the male in her size being less than the latter. This Swallow frequents inhabited places. It constructs its nest* under the ledge of the roofs of houses in all the Cape Colony. Its nests have the form of a cupola, and they are built with damp earth. They lay from four to six eggs; whitish fallow, dotted with brown."—(Le Vaillant.)

If this Swallow is really to be found at the Cape in summer, it has not been until the other Swallows and Swifts were about departing † that we have remarked it. On the 17th of April, Mr. Layard noted: "I saw *Hirundo Rupestris* in large numbers yesterday, about the Dutch Church (Cape Town), where they always sit among the cornices in winter."

L'Hirondelle à Front Roux,—Le Vaillant; *Hirundo Rufifrons*,—Vieil.; *Red-fronted Swallow*—(Anglice.)

"This Swallow of Africa has precisely the form of *Hirundo Rousseline*, and consequently, also, of our European Chimney Swallow; but different from this last, it is characterized by a red fillet (bandeau) which traverses the forehead,—and has all the under part of the body, from the base of the chest, in which are comprised the undercoverts, of a pure white. The head, wings, back, and nape of the neck, tail, and front of the neck as far as the chest, is of a glazed and brilliant blue-black. The feet and back are black, and eyes brown.

"I have only found this species in the rainy season, and

* This does not appear to be the case now a days in Cape Town.

† Since the publication of our paper on African Swifts, Mr. Layard, curator of the South African Museum, has written to us, so as to fix, with greater accuracy than we could hitherto, the period of their departure. April 29, 1861, he writes: "I think I have been fortunate enough to see the exodus of the Swifts (*Cypselus Apus*). On Saturday, April 27, in a drive to Rondebosch, I saw one bird flying very oddly, and later in the evening, viz., *ten minutes to six*, *dark now*, I heard a tremendous screaming over head, which I knew at once to be Swifts; on looking up among the stars, which were shining brightly, I saw thousands of Swifts (*C. Apus*) careering round and round at an immense height; they seemed tending away to the northward." . . . Again, on May 4, he writes: "Yesterday, thousands of *C. Apus* and *Melba*, in the upper regions, tending to the northward. I saw them at ten o'clock a.m., as I was walking in His Excellency's garden." The *same day*, between twelve and one o'clock, we observed a similar sight near Rathfelder's, eight miles from Cape Town. Subsequently he writes: "On Saturday, May 11, vast flocks of *C. Apus* apparently flying very high. I say *apparently*, because they were so high that I could only just make them out, but their *cry*, which first struck on my ear, was strictly that of *C. Apus*."

have never met them in any part in the season of incubation; thus it is probable that they live only in the south of Africa during the winter of the country, and that they do not make their nest there. I have remarked no difference between the sexes, except that the female is a little smaller than the male, and that the tail of the female is a little shorter. As to the young, it is easy to recognize them by their tails being shorter than the females, and the black is a little brown towards the wings, in place of being, as with the old ones, pure and glossy (*glacé*). I have found, in a collection of birds sent from Senegal, several individuals of the species of Swallow *à Front Roux*. It may be, then, that the true country of this Swallow had been *from that side of the equinoctial line, and that they only quit it to go towards the south, to pass the rainy season, when they have reared their young;* at least, the young they bring with them when they arrive proves incontestibly that they are hatched elsewhere. May this not be the species that Adamson has taken at Senegal for our Chimney Swallow? In this case they do not breed any more at Senegal than about the Cape, since this traveller says expressly that they do not breed in these latitudes."—(Le Vaillant).

As we stated in a previous paper, Sir William Jardine's authority has established Adamson's accuracy. The honest course is, to confess ourselves puzzled as to this Swallow's migrations. Mr. Layard holds that it is not about Cape Town and its vicinity in the winter, but we question whether Le Vaillant was not too circumstantial to be mistaken. The fact is, we should have entertained doubts altogether as to its existence as a distinct species, and believed it to have been but the young of the Chimney Swallow, with the red on the forehead only developed, had not Mr. Layard assured us that he had found *Rufifrons* "breeding under a bridge on the Flats, and that he had killed old and young of it." We must, therefore, suspend our judgment on the matter, as we have not sufficient grounds on which to offer an opinion.

L'Hirondelle Huppée,—Le Vaillant; *Hirundo Cristata*,—Vieil.; *Crested Swallow*—(Anglice).

"Characterized by a little tuft, narrow and longish, this species is only on its passage in the parts of Africa where I have met with it, not having, at least, found it stationary anywhere. It appears that it but passes the canton, where I have met several bands of it, which, coming from the north-north-west, traverse Namaqualand without stopping. This tufted Swallow has the tail very long, owing to the lateral quills terminating in threads, as with our Chimney Swallow.

The wings are also very long, and reach, when in a state of repose, to an inch of the end of the longest feathers of the tail. The tuft is composed of five or six narrow feathers, which, proceeding from the middle of the head, turn back a little in the air, and form a *toupet hérissé*, like that of our tufted tomtit of Europe, or rather of our *Alouette cochevis*. As to the colours, a clear silvery grey, deeper on the wings and on the tail than elsewhere, shades all the upper part of the bird; from the front as far as and comprising all the superior coverts of the last; the throat, the front of the neck as far as the chest, are of the same silvery grey colour as the upper part of the body, except, perhaps, inclining a little more to white. The feathers of the sternum, of the flanks of the lower belly, as well as the coverts of the tail, are white, tinted with grey. The feet and beak are lead colour. The eyes are brown. Amongst five individuals that I killed of this species there were three females, which only differed from the male I have described in not having the two threads of the tail as long as those of the male."—(Le Vaillant.)

There is no stuffed specimen of the Crested Swallow in the Cape Museum, nor has any at any time been sent down with other bird-skins from Namaqualand, or been seen by any one, so far as we can learn.

The habits of all the Cape Swallows generally are such as those of the Swallows of Europe now and at all times, doubtless. In our rides on the Cape Flats, we have been attended by Swallows flying round us for miles, as Gilbert White wrote was the case with him on the downs in England, near a century ago,* and that whether our pace was fast or slow. They have the like peculiarity of being less afraid of man than most other birds. We have also observed the African Swallow skirting closely the very edges of large fires on the Flats, probably with the object of seizing the insects raised by the flames, as they hurried onwards; and apparently without fear.†

F. R. S.

* "Horsemen on wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of Swallows for miles together, which plays before and behind them, sweeping round them, and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet; when the wind blows hard without this expedient, they are often forced to settle, to pick up their lurking prey."—G. White, Letter 18.

† Mr. Anderssen, the African traveller, brought a specimen of the *Hirundo Senegalensis* with him on his last visit to Cape Town from the interior. We believe it was shot in or near Namaqualand. This is the largest species of *Hirundo* proper: its colours are shining black above, ruddy on the belly and hind part of back.

MY SECRET.

I AM by no means an interesting personage. I have never published a volume of poems. I don't appreciate music; Piccolomini has failed to fascinate me; art and artists are my abhorrence; and you may try in vain to catch me sketching the ruins of grand towers that "looked down upon the chivalry and beauty of the feudal ages." I am a bachelor of fifty-five, and I have never been in love. Indeed, I don't know what love is, and you can't persuade me anybody else does. I am pretty sure that it's all a parcel of stuff, sir, invented by romance writers and poets, and—and—that sort of people, sir, to gull the public into buying their fictions. Not that I ever spend money in such trash. I know better. Give me good, wholesome, solid reading, such as Adam Smith, or McCulloch, or a Parliamentary blue-book; and if I want light literature I can always fly to the *Edinburgh Review;* but don't talk nonsense about Currer Bell, or Charles Dickens, or George Eliot, or Alfred Tennyson, or Sir Bulwer Lytton. They are clever people, I dare say, but they write for fools. I'm a sensible man, and don't intend to be gulled by them. There is only one great poet at the present time. Of course I mean Mr. Martin F. Tupper,—a talented man, sir; if you doubt it, read his "Proverbial Philosophy." I read it through at one sitting, and the nervous excitement it occasioned was so great that a reaction ensued, and immediately afterwards I slept for forty-eight hours at a stretch. Do I believe in Shakespeare? Yes, I do. He was a philosopher, an observer of human nature; he is, in fact, an institution of the country; and, of course I believe in him. Did I ever read his works? Unquestionably. I went through Macbeth with a great deal of pleasure, and Hamlet, and the Merchant of Venice. I also read Romeo and Juliet, skipping the love scenes; and all of Othello, except the nonsense about jealousy, which, I suppose, Shakspeare was obliged to put in.

You will thus see that I am exceedingly well read. My mental diet has been of a wholesome kind. I am a respectable city merchant. My income is something like £800 a year. There is no sentiment about me, and I detest humbug. Now, I hope, you begin to understand my character.

I have a secret to confide to you; give me your opinion about it, but pray reveal it to no one. I am afraid, if it became generally known, I should be laughed at. I don't know why I should entertain this opinion, but I do entertain it. Singular, is it not? Now for the story.

At about nine o'clock on a Thursday night, in November

last, I was sitting quietly at home, reading an interesting treatise on "Manchester, Money, and the Middle Classes," when I heard a very timid knock at the front door. Now I am not in the habit of receiving visitors, with the exception of one or two old bachelor friends, and their knocks are solid and substantial as themselves; I therefore felt some excusable curiosity as to the author of the knock. Perhaps it was Sally, the housemaid's follower; but, no, old Mrs. Grumpy, my housekeeper, sir, prohibits followers, and she has the eyes of an Argus. Who could it be? As I mentally asked the question Sally opened the door—what a pretty girl Sally is, and what very smart caps she wears—and announced that a young lady wished to see me.

"A young lady, bless my life! What sort of a young lady is she? Do you know her?"

"No, sir; she never came here before, sir."

"Ah well, bless me. Remarkably strange. I must see her, I suppose. Ask her to walk up."

In another moment I stood bowing and offering a chair to a tall elegant female figure, dressed in the deepest black, and wearing a very thick veil.

"You will, I am sure, pardon this intrusion," said the lady in a very sweet voice, "when I detail the circumstances that have led me to trouble you."

I asked the lady to be seated, and begged of her to offer no apologies. She kindly complied with both requests, and, in addition, threw up her thick veil, and presented me with a full view of a very handsome face.

From her appearance I was under the impression that my visitor was not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age. But see how we may be mistaken! She informed me that her name was Lauriston; she was a widow, and had four small children depending on her for support. Her late husband, a civil engineer, it appeared, had fallen a victim to one of his own wonderful inventions. He had devised a machine for taking up a large quantity of clay and turning it out in the shape of ready-baked bricks at the rate of a thousand a second. This grand discovery, he calculated, would make his fortune, but it turned out that it was destined to be the death of the poor man. He had succeeded in completing the machine, and, being sanguine of success, invited a few friends to be present at the trial. They came, the machine was set going, and the inventor was stepping forward to see that it was working properly, when he stumbled and fell. In an instant he was mashed into mincemeat; and, remarkable circumstance! turned out as part of the very first

batch of his own bricks—which bricks, as they had the body of the poor man amongst them, were duly sat upon by a coroner's jury. But this was not the worst. In order to complete his terrible invention the late Mr. Lauriston had spent all his savings, had borrowed money on his furniture, and had even mortgaged the half-completed machine. The result was that his unfortunate widow, as she reluctantly informed me, was entirely thrown upon her own resources. She had not been brought up to any business, but she thought, if she could raise a sufficient sum of money, of entering on a stationer's shop and circulating library, and in this way getting bread for her poor little innocents. The last three words were her own, and I thought the expression was very properly applied to the children of such an artless and lady-like young person. She observed that she might have taken a situation as governess, but most people were heartless enough to consider her dear children incumbrances, and, besides, she feared that any salary she might receive would not be sufficient to maintain her interesting family. Under these circumstances nothing beyond the stationer's shop project appeared to be open to her; but even here the want of cash stood in the way, and she had no alternative but to endeavour to induce a few kindhearted persons to lend her, say £150, amongst them, so that she might get a fair start in the world. Provided that she had health, strength, and life she would repay the loan in two or three years at the outside, and she should feel eternally grateful to all who might assist her. She had forgotten to tell me that that estimable young man, the Rev. Charles Faddle, curate of the parish, had recommended her to call on me; and now, having stated her sad case, she trusted I should pardon her for encroaching on my valuable time.

Well, I am not a hard-hearted if I am a hard-headed man. I felt sorry—I don't think I need be ashamed to say it—for the unfortunate young person before me. I begged her, as she looked fatigued, to take a glass of wine and a biscuit, and, pressing a ten-pound note into her hand, requested her to accept it as a trifling testimony to her worth and her misfortunes. She thanked me in a manner which brought the tears into my eyes, and made me wish to get back to my treatise by way of escaping from a very embarrassing position. But this, in common politeness, was impossible as long as my visitor stayed, and she seemed, singular though it may appear, in no hurry to go. We therefore entered into conversation on general subjects, and I found her a remarkably sensible and well-informed-woman. She agreed with me in every-

thing; expatiated with much force and clearness on the various arts employed by the Arabs of society to defraud the rest of the world; and pointed out, in a most impressive manner, the necessity for some large and comprehensive organization which should have for its object the nipping of vice and crime in the very bud. At the same time she said nothing in an arrogant or dogmatic manner. She appeared to feel her inferior position as a woman, and spoke, as it were, under correction. I found it quite a pleasure to talk to her, and, after a bit, sir, it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to secure her as a wife. I have told you already that I was never in love, and that there is no sentiment or humbug about me; and I repeat the assertion. It struck me that it would be pleasant to talk to Mrs. Lauriston of an evening, and that she would look well at the head of my dinner table. Besides, I am getting old—I can't disguise the fact, and don't intend to try—I have had some twitches of the gout already, and I may soon want a nurse. Mrs. Grumpy is old and deaf, and constitutionally rough, and, altogether, I would rather, in case of illness, have a younger woman to take care of me. These thoughts passed through my mind in the course of our conversation, and induced me to make a certain proposal. I offered Mrs. Lauriston my hand—I didn't talk any stuff about hearts—and assured her that if she accepted it she should always have a comfortable home. I was surprised at the result; she covered her face with her handkerchief, and her frame shook so that I supposed she was crying. She thought of the late Mr. Lauriston's proposal, no doubt, and the reminiscence overcame her. At any rate, the display of emotion was highly creditable to her; but you see it made my position rather awkward. I endeavoured to console her, and she at once—admirable woman—restrained her feelings, and, looking up at me with a pensive smile, asked whether I had forgotten her encumbrances. To tell the truth, I had; but I replied, on the impulse of the moment, that I was ready to take the children with their admirable mother. She then thanked me for what she was pleased to term my kind offer. So much goodness, she said, overcame her. I should not expect her to answer me immediately, especially as her late husband had not been six months' dead, but if I would allow her a week for consideration, she hoped to be able to show she was not insensible to my kindness. She would give me her address, and if I chose to call on her in the meanwhile, she should be very happy to see me. She trusted I should now excuse her, as she had been somewhat overcome by my goodness.

After she had kept her promise about giving me her

address, I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lauriston to the door, and, in parting squeezed her hand in a warm, but, I hope, perfectly respectful manner. I then hastened upstairs, for my habits are regular, and it struck me that it was a quarter past ten, the time at which I invariably have my glass of grog and biscuit before retiring for the night.

But where was my watch? A gold repeater, by Bennett, and worth thirty guineas! It was before me on the table when my visitor entered the room. At least that was my impression, but it was not there now. True, I did not recollect placing it on the table, but it was always my habit to do so when at home, and also to keep it on my desk in the counting-house. Ah! that probably explained the difficulty. I had twice or thrice left the watch in the city, and, no doubt, I had done so on this occasion. Much comforted by the reflection, I went to bed.

On reaching the counting-house on the following morning, I went straight to my desk, but the watch was missing. I turned sharply on the errand-boy, and asked whether he had seen it. No, sir, he hadn't. Was he sure of that? Quite sure. If he had taken it he had only to confess to be forgiven. He hadn't taken it, he had nothing to confess, and he didn't see what he had to be forgiven for; and, having made these observations, the young gentleman began to cry.

I heard nothing of the watch all day, and was much disturbed by the inexplicable circumstance. I left the counting-house an hour earlier than usual, with the view of calling on Mrs. Lauriston, but here again I was disappointed. In her agitation and excitement the fair creature had given me the wrong address, and when I knocked at the house indicated, I was informed that no such person had ever lived there.

When I reached home I found a letter awaiting me; the superscription was in a lady's hand, and I made no doubt that it was from Mrs. Lauriston. Nor was I mistaken, but the epistle was a strange one, as you will say, for on breaking the seal I read as follows:

My dear old Benefactor,—You are one of the most verdant old boys it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Your simplicity is as charming as your views on social economy are profound. I cannot say how much I admire you; and that your years may be as long as your ears, will ever be the earnest wish of

Yours most faithfully,

Adelaide Lauriston.

P.S.—I find that last night I took your watch away with me by mistake. I at first intended to return it; but, on second thoughts, shall cherish it as a *souvenir* of a very delightful interview. I am sorry circumstances oblige me to decline your kind offer.—A. L.

On the following day the errand-boy's father waited on me to ask what I meant by aspersing his son's character, and I had to give the man a pound, and promise to promote the boy's interests, before I could get rid of him.

But more remains behind. Sally—it was surely very wrong of her—applied her ear to the keyhole on that eventful evening, and thus learned the particulars of the interview I have endeavoured to describe; and she threatens to make Grumpy and the rest of the world as wise as herself unless—Well, Sally has promised me her hand, and we are to be married next month at the church of St. Curmudgeon Without. *That* is my secret. Keep it if you please for the present. Even Grumpy doesn't know it.—J. S. L.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

LE QUARTIER PAYS BAS.

LIKE most old-fashioned towns, Cape Town seems to be in a transition state. But while this process of change is usually no more than a natural order of growth and progressive improvement, the old Dutch town is undergoing positive transformation. New social systems, new institutions, new principles of thought and action are usurping a supremacy over old usages, quaint and picturesque, though foreign to English ideas. It is needless to say that whatever is not English has, sooner or later, to give way. No people in the world, not even the French, more ruthlessly trample out all that is distinctive of national peculiarities which are not their own; and this not by central systems and government edicts, but by the mere force of individual character. Everything must sooner or later become English where Englishmen make their dwelling-place.

The social process of this nature which is in course of operation at the Cape may be illustrated, not inaptly, by the geological phenomena to be observed along the shore of Table Bay, in the direction of Sea Point. The rocks against which the Southern Ocean chafes and thunders are formed of a black clay slate, placidly reposing in long and massive parallel layers. The angle at which the strata dip is not always exactly the same, but in general the hard black rock exhibits an aspect of immovable solidity which no disturbing causes have hitherto affected. By degrees, as you advance further from the town and harbour, the stratification is seen to assume more and more of a vertical position, but still

without actual disturbance. Then, here and there, a white thread of quartz may be observed streaking the dark jagged slate-rock. A little further, and the regular angle of inclination becomes lost in an uneasy confusion and distortion of the lines of the strata. Soon a bare rounded peak of granite shows itself out of the midst of a shattered and convulsed mass of the slate-rock, like the smooth head of a sea-otter rising out of an eddy in a tideway. Then ensues a long space of dire confusion and discord. The superincumbent rock is heaved and tossed in every direction. The old tranquil uniformity is broken up utterly; and through every chink and cranny of cleavage pours the granite, pliant as melted wax, hardening to adamant. A mile or two further on, and the slate-rock is gone, broken into little pieces, ground to dust, washed away by the sea. The granite reigns alone, hard, inflexible, pitiless.

Very much in this manner have English ideas and customs been forcing themselves through the old placid Dutch usages; and, it is to be feared, with some such uncomfortable results to those affected by the change. And in making acquaintance with the country, and people it is not always with a pleasing effect that the evidences of a transition state are forced upon the attention. The double capture of the Cape, the alteration of the currency, the emancipation of the slaves, have been to the social strata of the colony very much what the protrusion of the quartz and the granite have been to the slate-rock. The language, the trade, the offices of Government, the tone of society, have been affected and altered; and with these alterations everything else that is distinctively national will soon follow. Already two of the boasted buttresses of the English constitution—trial by jury and representative institutions—have become naturalized at the Cape. Monthly steam communication unites the population of the Cape every month in closer bonds with England. An English literature is growing up in the colony spontaneously, while that of Holland has to be taught to students side by side with the dead languages. English is the conversational tongue of the rising generation; and in another quarter of a century there will be little other memorial of the early colonists than the names of families and localities.

Cape Town itself perpetually suggests to an observant eye the nature of the transition which is in progress. The heart and centre of vitality and energy to the town is, of course, Adderley-street. And the very names of the old Heerengracht and Keizersgracht changed—and changed by a municipality especially conservative of Dutch interests and

prejudices—to Brummagem English ones is a significant fact which serves as an index to further observations. Here we find the queer old-fashioned houses metamorphosed into smart modern offices, chambers, counting-houses, and shops with prodigious plate glass windows. The old stoeps have disappeared, swallowed up by the modern fronts; their huge bulk replaced by two or three modest steps within the entrance hall, and a straggling attempt at a foot pavement. The kiosk of the Electric Telegraph Company rears its green pagoda roof at one corner of the old parade ground—improved into Alfred's Square!—and at another a "hoarding," familiar sight to English eyes, still hides from the profane gaze the mysteries of a pert wooden railway terminus. Across the square are seen goods-trucks, cattle-trucks, break-vans, first, second, and third class carriages, on which the mystic cypher of the C.T.R. makes the old stagers of the colony rub their eyes to ascertain whether they are oppressed by some nightmare dream, or whether they do really stand before the "rolling stock" of a Cape Town railway!

Eastward, up Caledon-street and its parallels, towards Zonnebloem, you pass through an entire settlement in which the brogue of the Emerald Isle, the Doric of the North Briton, and the "language of Cockaigne," have utterly supplanted and rooted out the patois Dutch. It is a rambling, untidy locality. The houses and streets have a newly-settled appearance; and the prevailing idea suggested is that of a busy, striving, energetic population having thrown themselves upon the soil, converted into bricks all but a small portion of it, and built houses of every shape and kind on the narrow remainder. Streets there cannot be accurately said to be any; drains there are positively none, unless it be allowable to regard the whole surface of the earth in that light. It is emphatically the quarters of the English immigrants, too busy, and too much in a hurry just now to think of anything beyond working and building, to which they devote themselves with feverish energy, but with little system or order; while a feeble and paralyzed local government is powerless to enforce the most ordinary regulations necessary for the well-being of a rapidly-growing town.

But if you take the opposite direction to this, and proceed along the streets westward of the centre of the town, those that slope down from the Signal-post Hill, then you find that you are leaving gradually behind you the stirring English life that throbs about the heart of the city, and advancing into a region where the remnants of the old Dutch system hold bravely out, though driven by the advancing tide of social

invasion to remote strongholds; just as the Cymric race, driven from the fertile plains by the Saxon, still maintains its footing among among the mountain fastnesses of Wales, or Cornwall, or Cumberland.

Little by little, the evidences of active business fade away. As you cross, one after another, the main streets which intersect the town, the English aspect of its centre perceptibly gives place to something antiquated and foreign-looking. The houses have less of architectural pretension about them. Shops languish visibly; existing only in a very precarious condition at street-corners, and evincing a tendency to subside into mere dwelling-houses. The feeble attempts at a foot-pavement cease hopelessly. Stoeps of every height and shape have it all their own way. Suddenly you emerge upon a broad, open space, which looks as much like a piece of Rotterdam as a town without water and built on the side of a hill can be fairly expected to do, and you are in the heart of the *Quartier Pays-Bas.*

An air of repose, not to say of lethargy, pervades the locality. The struggling endeavours after improvement visible in the lower parts of the town have no existence here. The gutters stagnate at their own sweet will. A wide open drain in the centre of the road forces the fact of its existence a little obtrusively upon the senses. The air is largely infused with stercoraceous odours. A little heap of refuse, black and loathsome, lies in front of every house, and bears its testimony to the cleanly habits of the occupants. No slanderous tongue can accuse them of being a dirty people. It is patent to the most obtuse and the least credulous that the back premises and yard, and the alley and gutter leading thereto have been duly swept; and the heap of refuse is a witness to which the good folks within may appeal in triumphant vindication of their character for tidiness. And there the silent witness remains; until, having fulfilled its mission, having proved beyond the shadow of a doubt the fact of its presence to the whole neighbourhood, having exhaled its fragrant tribute to the mingled odours of the spot, having been duly investigated by the dogs and fowls of the locality, it is at least borne slowly and sorrowfully away by the munipal functionaries, and contributes with vast quantities of the same material to form "reclaimed ground," which, being duly sold in building lots, will form a salubrious site for future dwellings.

Here and there are indications which may lead to a conjecture that there may be something to be sold within some of the houses: but the total indifference of the inmates as to

that fact being generally understood leaves you in some degree of uncertainty. At one end of the stoep of such a house you may see a large heavy man seated, but there is not the faintest trace of an expression visible in his broad sallow countenance to assist you in your speculations. He does nothing, says nothing, apparently thinks nothing; but he sits firmly and resolutely—sits with an intense and concentrated energy on a solid seat of brickwork painted in imitation of rare and costly marbles. If you were to enter his winkel he would rise slowly with something like a sigh, and having ascertained what you wished to purchase, would calculate what he must charge for it by some ponderous process of mental arithmetic, and then renounce all further interest in the matter with the air of a man who had washed his hands of an intricate and troublesome business, and who would really be best pleased by your cutting short the embryo transaction, and leaving him in peace.

The prevailing architectural embellishments of the *Quartier Pays-Bas* are whitewash and paint. The houses are perfectly dazzling in the brilliant sunlit atmosphere of a summer day. There is no visible roof, no overhanging eaves, even the windows are built in flush with the face of the walls; so that not a line of shadow breaks the flat, white, blinding surface, and relieves the wearied eye. There are no chimneys perceptible; no porches or verandahs, no climbing plants trained up the bald front of the houses. The most rigid economy reigns over everything but paint and whitewash. Green seems to be the favourite colour. Green doors, green windows, green shutters, green-painted slabs of malachite between the lower windows and the stoep, green-painted marble seats. Whatever is not painted green is painted red. If only one half of the trouble were taken to make real bricks, and to lay them properly, that is expended in imitating brickwork in red and white paint, this part of the town would be exceedingly well built. Not only are stoeps and steps thus adorned, but even warehouses are painted throughout with the most minute precision, to make the plaster surface look like brickwork. Philosophical inquirers must determine whether there be any peculiar features in the Dutch character which incline it to this attention to detail, to the neglect of grandeur in design or boldness in outline. Certain it is that this peculiarity is strikingly apparent in the towns of Holland, and that it is a marked and recognized distinction of the Dutch school of painting. It might be fairly and reasonably argued whether the physical circumstances of Holland—the monotonous landscape, the limited

horizon, the fog-dimmed atmosphere, the general poverty of durable material—have not had their influence in creating something of a corresponding tone in its inhabitants; forcing into a minute attention to little details the skill and genius to which a wider and grander field is denied.

What is it that strikes a stranger as wanting in comfort in the appearance of these Cape Dutch houses? The buildings themselves are spacious, and lofty, and lighted by numerous windows; their situation is open; there is an air of competence if not of affluence about them: and yet they do not convey the idea of comfort. Partly, I suppose, it is the absence of any visible roof and chimnies. But this must be the case necessarily, to some extent at any rate, in all street architecture; yet all street houses do not look so cheerless as these. Something there may be, too, in the absence of those accessories which add so much to the appearance of the street houses in warm countries—verandahs, balconies, jalousies, and bright-coloured sun-shades. All this is wanting, certainly. But there is a more serious want even than this; one more destructive of the expression of comfort, and yet one which might be easily and inexpensively supplied. The windows are never opened, and they are furnished with no curtains. The massive, immovable windows, with their small panes of glass, and thick heavy frames, tightly closed, and affording no evidences of taste and neatness within, have a ghastly, death-like appearance.

> "There is no speculation in those eyes
> That they do glare withal."

They look as if nobody cared to make the old house cheerful, and smiling, and home-like. It may be true that a fastidious taste might object to a free circulation of the peculiar atmosphere of the streets; and in this way the fact of the hermetically-closed windows may be accounted for. But it does occur to the inquiring stranger that if the inhabitants of this quarter had attached a greater value to abundance of fresh air and pure water many of the existing evils would never have existed. And with reference to the admission or exclusion of light, few will be disposed to allow that it is an improvement to substitute for a pair of pretty muslin curtains a framework of wood and canvas filling the upper half of the window, and painted green.

The ground-floor, if one may call it so, of the houses is generally raised several feet above the level of the street, and in the basement thus formed are dark cellars, which the thrifty houseowner frequently lets to coloured people—

Malays especially—who carry on therein a business of green-grocery, or cane basket-making. Men, women, children, fowls, dogs, goats, vegetables, fruit, fish, all huddled together in a low apartment, to which light and air are admitted only through the open door, create an atmosphere of peculiar pungency not agreeable to strangers, and not generally considered perfectly wholesome. Indeed, there are grounds for an impression that it does not tend to the robustness or longevity of those who inhale it. Their general appearance manifests a sad deficiency of stamina, which betrays itself when such epidemics as measles, small-pox, or diphtheria breaks out among them.

Nor do the occupants of the respectable residences above their heads escape altogether scathless. The rising generation are not of such stalwart mould as their tall and portly parents. There is a lathy, listless, sallow appearance about them, as if they had not vital energy enough to drag their large bony frames through many years of existence. And we may see too many cases where, at the critical period of life when the boy is passing into the man, there comes a collapse of the system. The appetite fails, the listlessness increases, a hollow cough sets in. The doctor's buggy is very often seen waiting before the door. On fine mornings or cool evenings the tall, pale, hollow-eyed lad comes and sits on the stoep—a welcome exchange, one would think, from the little close, fusty, sick-room, whose window cannot be opened, and if it could would only mock the poor panting lungs with the effluvium arising from a yard twenty feet square, the universal sink of the house.

For a few days he is missed from the stoep seat; and then one morning there is a great distribution of black-edged missives, which are found to be printed invitations in Dutch issued by the undertaker, and requesting the company of friends and relations to the utmost bounds of consanguinity to attend the funeral. And on the following afternoon a large assembly, duly habited in mourning, gathers about the stoep and within the house; and a sort of bier, fashioned something like an antique state bedstead, and drawn by two horses in black trappings, arrives before the door; and the coffin is carried down the steps,—an easy load it seems to the four bearers; and the bier moves off, preceded at a solemn pace by the undertaker in a court mourning coat, shorts, and black silk stockings, with a great fore-and-aft cocked hat upon his head, from which a crape scarf depends half way to the ground. The company follow, two and two, striving as well as they may to banish the

gloomy thoughts suggested by the occasion with cheerful chat, in which matters of traffic occupy a prominent part. Arrived at the burial-ground, the coffin is borne to one of a number of brick-and-plaster structures, more or less ornamental in character, something like the temple summer-houses in old-fashioned English gardens:—the vaults in which the remains of former generations might repose if they were not so often disturbed by fresh arrivals. A slab of blue flagstone let into the pediment of the structure announces for the behoof of what family it was erected, and in what year. Beneath this is a doorway some three feet square, and a few steps lead down into the vault, where the coffins, with funereal decorations tarnished and mouldy, lie resting one upon another in two piles, one on either hand,—an arrangement by which the more ancient and decayed ones at the bottom must often be seriously incommoded.

The coffin newly brought in is placed in its proper position; the more inquisitive of the near connections take a peep at the faded resting-places of relatives who were deposited there before they themselves were born; the undertaker doffs his cocked hat, and in set terms thanks the assembled company, in the name of the family, for their attendance, and invites them to return for some refreshment to the house which they have just quitted; and it is all over! No holy words of hope or consolation—no humble reverent thanksgiving for the removal which the faithful heart must, even in spite of itself, believe to be in mercy—no blessed assurance of meeting again, to warm the chilled breast with the glow of joyful expectation!

THE BEAUFORT WEST AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The provincial societies in the Western Province are nearly all branches of the Parent Society. The object of this arrangement is to add strength to the whole by the connection; and by constant communication with each other to glean and give such information as may enable these societies to work with greater certainty than they could otherwise do. The Beaufort West Agricultural Society (like that of Oudtshoorn, and all others which have earnest and vigorous direction) has made a very laudable amount of progress during the last three years.

When it commenced operations, in 1859, the originators set about the work with their whole hearts in it. There was the stamp of success about the movement. The first exhibition

was held on the 3rd of February in that year, by which time the committee had raised, by subscription, £58 2s. 6d. The prizes were as liberal as the funds would admit, and the committee reported that they had every reason to be satisfied. By working away the whole of that year and the early part of the next more funds were raised, and a better exhibition still was held. The exhibition this year, which is represented in the photograph given, took place on the 27th of February. "A number of young farmers made their appearance for the first time, and this, in conjunction with other circumstances, shows that the objects for which agricultural societies are established are beginning to be attained." So says the report.

Beaufort deserves all this success, and it may be accounted for by the fact that on the morning of an exhibition at Beaufort West it is really quite inspiriting to see the activity exhibited, and the forwardness and completeness of the arrangements. Usually, when a local exhibition takes place it is advertised that "no stock will be received after ten o'clock in the morning;" whilst at nine no one in the town or village, as the case may be, has ever thought of coming to the ground to do the least thing in the way of providing pens, or stalls, or any other requisite. Soon after nine you very likely see some one or two of the most energetic of the inhabitants strolling towards the exhibition ground with pipes in their mouths, a piece of strong cord in their hands, and a hammer, and, maybe, if they are very thoughtful, a crowbar. They come and select a spot for the cattle, horses, and sheep, and resolve that some stakes must be driven. Then they decide that tables must be put up for fruit and vegetables, if there are any, and Dantje and Jan, two stout farm-labourers, who have been hired to "fit up" the show-yard, are ordered to begin at once. This is about a quarter after nine. To begin to cut down the stakes it needs a saw; to shape them ever so roughly a hatchet must be had. How to put the tables up without nails is rather puzzling, if not impossible; but the saw and the nails have been left behind in the eager haste to get away from the breakfast-table to begin work, and the hatchet was never thought of. Everybody starts to fetch everything, and, to take care that nothing is left behind, they do not hurry this time. Just as they come back the cattle begin to come in, and the drovers ask where the horses, the cattle, and the sheep are to be placed. "*Wacht en bietje;* it will soon be ready," they are told, and all the committee begin to work, and in about an hour, with the aid of ropes and sticks, the cattle are tied up after a fashion, and the sheep, by dint of squalling and driving, are kept in distinct lots, as far apart as possible, for about a quarter of an hour. The

horses, of course, can either be ridden or driven, which is a great comfort and a saving of labour that adds to the economy of the thing, and this economy is greatly valued by those on whom the work devolves. The judges are told that they can *begin*. Begin they do, but the beginning is the easiest of it, especially to those whose decision upon the merits of the sheep are final. If they are really good judges (which they too frequently are not), they generally take an interest in the work that is set them, and make up their minds that the best animals shall have the best prizes. The first pen they come to is generally filled with sheep, no three of which have the same mark. The directions to the judges state that there must be ten ewes to compete for a certain prize, and here there are but three. Where's the drover, whose duty it is to look after them? He's gone to the nearest canteen, perhaps, or some other equally attractive place, and one or two others have joined *him*, as they couldn't keep the lots of sheep apart if they had tried, but they didn't try very long. The owners of the sheep are, of course, not permitted on the ground whilst the prizes are awarded. The regulations prevent that, if there are any regulations; but if the owners of animals were allowed to come and stand round the judges they could be asked no questions, or else the judges would know to whom the sheep belonged, and decide according to the merits of the owners, regardless of the animals.

Judges who work for the Royal Agricultural and the Highland Society at home, hard and thankless as you sometimes feel your task to be, it is comparatively light when compared to that which Cape judges have to perform! The animals you have to examine and to decide upon are snugly before you. They are all under cover, and you take it quite cool and comfortable. You are not driven to do your work in a limited time. The animals are as cool as you are. They await your decision patiently; have slept where you find them the previous night, and are quite at home. You take stock at leisure, and consult with each other as long as you like, the animals all the while standing quietly before you. Judges at the Cape have quite a different work. The sheep are never "at home," but always making a rush, with the judges and half the committee at their heels, to be there. Before seen they have to be caught. Your cattle are so stalled that you can walk all around them. Here they are generally tied up so that you can see their heads and tails only. Your exhibition lasts a fortnight; ours one day. For every pound we spend you spend a hundred or two, at least. But do not despise "the day of small things," because they are past with

you and we are just reaching them. The time will arrive when we will afford a few more days for our exhibition and give the judges longer time for their work. We are only just beginning; your societies have almost attained perfection. That "Rome was not built in a day" is a great encouragement!

Upon the committee of the Beaufort West Agricultural Society there are several active and very intelligent gentlemen, who, when there is an exhibition to be held, take care that nothing in the way of arrangement should be left to be completed on the day of the exhibition that can be done previously. The sawing and cutting and fixing are all performed before the morning of the exhibition. The sheep, as shown in the photograph, are all comfortably penned, instead of left to the care of drovers. The cattle are driven to their respective places directly they arrive, and the horses—and there are some well-bred animals in Beaufort West and vicinity—are not allowed to mix with the crowd of spectators, but sent at once to the enclosure, into which no one but the judges is permitted to enter.

The judges find the only difficulties of this well-regulated exhibition to be the nearly equal merits of many of the animals competing. It is quite a pleasure to be a judge here. And, best of all, the gentlemen selected are for the most part quite equal to their task. It is an agricultural district in which some of the best breeds of stock and most successful of our flock-masters are to be found. It is a labour of love with earnest, skilful agriculturists to bring their critical powers to bear upon horseflesh, sheep, and wool. As a matter of course, they do not please everybody. What judges ever did? But then they leave off work and hand in their decision to the committee, certain that the best prizes are rightly awarded, and hoping (if it is stock that they have been engaged with) that the prize animals will be copied, and that, on the next exhibition day, there will be many more such. The judges of wool, who look to "getting up," do their best to encourage greater attention to this.

The quality of the wools exhibited at the last exhibition can be seen at the Commercial Exchange, in Cape Town, where they are still on view, and have been the topic of much conversation in the Chamber of Commerce, and amongst the subscribers to the Exchange.

The finishing up of a good exhibition is a good dinner, and in this particular Beaufort West has beaten all the societies in this province, with the exception of Oudtshoorn's last attempt. The charge is by no means high, but the dinner is

a substantial one, as an agricultural dinner should be. There is a very old saying about eating like a farmer, which is taken to mean the heartiest eating of the fat of the land known of. It applies to these dinners. Nothing is wanting that a man with a good appetite can desire. Then they have a famous lot of capital speakers, who do not attend the dinner for the mere sake of making a speech, but to give and to get information. When the chairman has disposed of what reporters call "the usual loyal toasts," they rush into the thick of agriculture and give each other good, sound, practical advice. Every year the farmers have something new to tell and to hear, and when the winners of the prizes return thanks for "the very kind way in which the chairman proposed the toast, and the equally kind manner in which it has been responded to," they not only admit that the judges fulfilled their duties "on this occasion" like honest and sensible men, but also tell "the reason why." The best breeds and the proper treatment of sheep and horses is a very favourite theme. Glanders, horse-sickness, scab, and rot amongst horse and sheep-breeders, and lung-sickness, stall-feeding, and such like amongst cattle-breeders. Beaufort West has sent us a photograph of its last exhibition, and it deserves the place here that is given it. It is rather to be regretted that it is not accompanied by a portrait of the chairman of the dinner. Oudtshoorn must come next, and we hope in due course to give photographs in this magazine of the exhibitions of every agricultural society, not only in the Western, but in the Eastern Province also.

ON HOSPITALITY.

Dr. Isaac Barrow, the eminent divine and mathematician, of whose preaching the merry monarch, King Charles II, was wont to say that it was unfair, as every sermon exhausted a subject, remarks in one of his most eloquent discourses that "in the story of our father Abraham his benignity to strangers and *hospitableness* is remarkable among all his deeds of goodness, being propounded to us as a pattern and encouragement to the like practice." It is certainly a matter of regret that our spiritual guides do not now-a-days enforce upon their flocks so frequently as was once the custom the importance of these minor social virtues, which, in their development, are the great means of refining the commonplace course of our daily existence.

Seeing, however, that topics of a higher significance are the themes deemed most appropriate to the pulpit, let us in all humility take up the deserted position, and, without trenching, save in allusions which are historical, upon the religious aspect of the question, exhibit to our readers the moral obligations and the social advantages which are involved in the exercise of hospitality.

In the widest sense of the expression, hospitality may be termed the sacrament of universal brotherhood. Although, in common with every virtue which belongs to man, it has been most brightly evolved under Christian influences, it is still honourable to humanity at large to pronounce that it has flourished in almost equal vigour among barbarous and savage communities. Indeed, in the early life of the world, it sometimes happened that primitive virtues were dimmed when civilization limited the intercourse of the various classes of society, as when the polished Athenian learned a practical lesson of courtesy from the ruder Lacædemonians. The simple sense of what may be called household virtues was often lost amid the confusion of artificial restraints, and conventionality obscured their natural expression. All who are familiar with classical literature will readily call to mind the lamentations of many a philosopher and poet over the falling away from patriarchal virtue which characterized both Romans and Greeks, when luxury and effeminacy had exerted upon society their baneful and degenerating domination; and will agree with them, and with us, in ascribing the departure from the stern canons of social duty to the insidious and enervating promptings of individual selfishness. So, in later times, travellers to distant and savage climes have been surprised on finding that hospitality (among other virtues) was practised in its truest liberality by those on whom graver moral liabilities had no restraint.

It cannot be denied that civilization, when carried beyond a certain point, often engenders corruption, and that it is possible for men to become so VERY refined as to ignore the authority of plain and common laws, which are so implicitly observed by those less embarrassed by rapid advancement. Hospitality, like courtesy,

> "Oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
> With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
> In courts of princes, where it first was named,
> And yet is most pretended."

It is generally granted to Oriental nations that amongst them courtesy to strangers is practised with the most perfect suavity. The hospitality of Arabia is proverbial, and we

may infer that the example of the Egyptians and Chaldeans had a very powerful effect upon the manners of the ancient Hebrews. In Palestine, to this day, inns and taverns, properly so called, are unknown. Caravanserai, indeed, exist, but they are only places of shelter, not of refreshment. In countries thinly populated, and where the means of transport and of communication are slender, the advent of strangers is hailed with gratification, more especially where, as in the East, the pastoral occupation of the inhabitants leaves leisure for conversation and social intercourse. The exercise of hospitality, like mercy, is twice blessed under such circumstances, "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It was consequently esteemed a virtue of high order to entertain all travellers, without distinction of rank, with every possible mark of attention and respect.

Niebuhr tells us that in many villages in the East, where the accommodation to private houses was circumscribed, it was the custom to erect and furnish houses at the public expense, where travellers might lodge and be provided with all necessaries without cost. This is still the case in many parts, for the very unchangeableness of Oriental manners proves a safeguard to the preservation of such customs. Throughout the Hebrew Scriptures, which contain many maxims applicable to the conduct of family life, and in those works which, though not considered inspired, were yet read in the Temple, as the Church of England reads the Apocrypha, "as Hierome saith, for example of life and instruction of manners," will be found exhortations to hospitality urged upon every one according to his means.

Mahomet, whose preaching of fatalism has contributed so remarkably to arrest the progress of Orientals, and the strength of whose creed was tradition, encourages hospitality in almost every section of the Koran; and those adult readers of the "Arabian Nights," who view that work rightly as a collection of novels illustrative of Eastern society, will remember how constantly the practice of courtesy to strangers is enforced. It is taught by the religion not alone of the Mussulman, but by the creeds of the Buddhist and the Hindoo. Where not expressly enjoined as a religious duty, it is recognized as an incumbent virtue upon all, and necessary for the preservation of social well-being. It is the life and essential principle of Freemasonry. Its exercise has been a universal requirement. In Christian lands, and among the rudest savages, hospitality is asked and is afforded.

Of the hospitality of European nations in modern times it is not necessary to say much. Perhaps it does not equal the charity and unostentatious benevolence of ancient manners. We must, however, bear in mind the social and religious changes which have occurred—changes which have affected the very constitution of society—and the influence of commerce upon the usages of nations. Before the Reformation the entertainment of strangers and the care of travellers was one of the functions of the monks. In all religious houses there was a staff of persons upon whom devolved duties in connection with this service. For instance, the ostiarius was the guardian of guests, who took care that previous to their departure their beasts of burden were prepared for the journey. The eleemosynarius had charge of those who travelled on foot.

In addition to the daily distribution of alms (which, indeed, was the sole means the poor had of subsistence) at monasteries, they were thrown open as places of rest and refreshment to all comers, and in times of trouble and warfare, when barons and nobles were cautious regarding the admission of strangers, the monks offered a safe asylum to the wayfarer.

Generally, however, the castles of chivalry were ever open to those who needed hospitality. The pictures given in modern novels of the high-bred politeness and open-handed liberality of the English and French nobility are warranted by the accounts which are furnished by writers of those romantic times. Of many a crusader might it be said:

> But as abroad in war, he spent of his estate,
> Returning to his home, his hospitable gate
> The richer and the poor stood open to receive;

and the picture drawn of the houses of that class who are now the resident squirearchy of our land may also be cited as exhibiting national hospitality in her most alluring guise:

> No surly porter stands in guilty state
> To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
> And haply, too, some pilgrim thither led,
> With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Froissart and Chaucer, Spencer, Drayton, and Sydney afford many beautiful instances in their works of the wide-spread beneficence which was the characteristic of their countrymen.

In our own day, the political circumstances of England have rendered her an asylum for foreigners of every language who by unhappy circumstances have made her the country of their adoption; and though their surface peculiarities have

been often the theme of good-humoured satirists, misfortunes such as theirs ever meet with ready sympathy and hearty assistance. As Bishop Horsley said, in the House of Lords, the storm of anti-christian persecution which recently raged on the Continent has caused numbers to take refuge in England, which, by the natural generosity of Britons and the influence of the benevolent principles of the Protestant religion seems destined to be considered the safest haven of the persecuted and the distressed. If this was true at the end of last century, how has the sentiment been endorsed by those who have experienced national liberality during the last twelve years!

Here in this land we can only apply the general principle which is thus exemplified to the regulation of individual conduct, and, we say it with regret, hospitality is by no means so openly shown among ourselves as our traditions and antecedents would warrant strangers to expect. Exclusiveness in a small community is ridiculous. Perfect, easy sociality is rare amongst us. Why is this? With appliances unknown to early settlers on these shores, there is less freedom, less interchange of courtesy than was formerly the case. In our towns there is too much formality. We have balls and parties at set intervals, where we vainly try to imitate the conventionalities of the great European cities, but there is little of that genial heartiness, that unpretending welcome, which gave a charm to the English homes we have left. Who does not sigh with regret when he contrasts the solitariness of life here with the elegant refinement and the charming frankness we remember in the quiet old houses which are scattered in every county at home.

> Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
> Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
> Domestic life in rural pleasures past!

And even without the accompaniment of rural pleasures, so dear to the retiring disposition of Cowper, we may be sure that the insight into domestic life, its pure delights and innocent pleasures, which is afforded by the unrestrained exercise of hospitality, will ever prove the best preservation for the youth of both sexes against the seductions of dissipation and frivolous pursuits. We should like to see houses thrown open more generally to our young people. Dancing and and music are certainly attractions, but we doubt whether they are not exceeded by the *entrée* to quiet family circles, where an opportunity is given, not only of being amused for an hour, but of forming those friendships for life which would be a natural result of a freer companionship. We

English are essentially domestic in our habits, and in a community like this, where a large number of young men are isolated from their own relatives, exclusion from that private life from which they have drawn their highest principles and their best aspirations has a strong tendency to make them selfish, or confirm them in a yearning for excitement which must bear bad fruit in the end.

There are many in this town with ample means who are somewhat neglectful of this the first of social duties.

We remember that, when our French allies paid us a passing visit, it was remarked as strange that beyond a public ball, no demonstration towards their entertainment was made by those who claim to be considered as our merchant princes. The expense of throwing open houses and grounds would have been very trifling, and the impression produced by such a step would have raised our reputation to its proper level.

It is the poverty of spirit of individuals which depresses the tone of our society at large. Let each one of them cultivate urbanity of manner abroad, and large-hearted, magnanimous hospitality at home. We should then soon witness an intercommunity of feeling which would bind together classes who are now at variance, and raise the majority of those who are now the victims of an indirect social ostracism to the standard of the better few, by an *entente cordiale* which would break down the barriers of dissociability.

Let us bear in mind that hospitality, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and that true benevolence is the best wisdom.

> He is no fool who charitably gives
> What he can only look at while he lives,
> Sure as he is to find when hence he goes
> A recompense which he can never lose.

Let us be worthy of our ancestors, and, according to our means, "use hospitality without grudging."

SANDY'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK.

INTRODUCTION.

It was a scorching afternoon in January when we left the town of U——, on our way to a farm about twenty-seven miles from Port Elizabeth. The sun fiercely glared on the unrippled waters of the Zwartkops, and the air, which was "still as it could be," seemed desirous, by a species of hazy screen, to protect us from the heat. We had not accomplished

more than half our journey, when we were startled by a few heavy drops of rain, while a dense black mass of cloud on the edge of the horizon warned us that a severe thunder-storm was at hand.

As my friend and I were strangers to this part of the country we could not tell how far we might be from the next farm, and had just determined to push on as fast as possible when our attention was attracted to a horseman pursuing his way along a by-path which diverged from the main road some yards before us. No sooner did he see us than he hailed us with the usual good morning, and in the accents unmistakably of the mountain tongue, invited us to "stap up to his bit place and bide a wee" till the storm was over. No sooner said than done, and a canter of ten minutes brought us to his humble mansion, and in another quarter of an hour we were all cosily listening to the uproar of the elements outside. Time passed, but so did not the storm, and we found the conversation of our host so full of quaintness and keen observation, illustrated by anecdote, that we scarcely regretted our detention. We found that he had arrived in the colony about six years previously, had spent some time in Cape Town, and been in Port Elizabeth and Graham's Town, as well as in Lower Albany and Uitenhage. To our inquiries regarding his colonial experiences, old Sandy pulled out of a cupboard a small packet inscribed "Letters hame," and remarked that in default of better amusement perhaps the reading of some of these might help to wile away the time. We gladly accepted the offer, and found so many passages so entertaining that I afterwards prevailed on our kind old friend to give them over to me in full and free possession. Private portions are, for obvious reasons, suppressed, but many sketches of places and anecdotes, showing "how it strikes a stranger," will be found in Sandy's letters to his kinsfolk:

LETTER II.

Cape Toun, Cape Colony.

My dear Faither,—I had only time in my last to tell you of our pleasant passage and safe arrival, and noo maun commence the string o' letters anent this guid land o' hope you a' expec' me to write. Surely, surely, it's mair a land o' hope than o' promise, for frae the time I hae planted my foot on its sod, or rather its sand, till I indite these presents, there has been the maist awfu' ritherin ditherin blast screechin' in my lugs. Every noo and thin I gie a keck frae the window to watch the paving-stanes (what you'd ca' chuckies at hame) fleeing aboot the streets, and I wakened last night in an awfu' fright dreamin' that the big kirk had been moved frae its place, and was chargin' doun the toun

to my ludgins. Warst of a', twa pair o' Sunday breeks and my guid white hat hae been destroyed betwixt this and the Post Office.

Speered at Dugald McFarlane, who you may mind kep the tripe shop in the Gallowgate, and is a gran' hide and skin merchant here, hoo lang this tempest lasted. Aff and an, he said, for aboot eight months in the year, and whiles during the ither four, but at the same time, says he, mind you it's a great frien' to the municipality, by preventin' cholera morbus, and is ca'ed the Cape doctor. I didna quite understand him at the time, but ye sal see I cam soon to ken what he meant.

Walking doun the toun the ither night I felt it unco queer to hae to loup whiles aff and times an the side walk, noo as heigh as your heed and then laigher than my thick soled shoon, so thinks I if ever there was a type o' human life this is, for there's mair ups and douns than on a hielan muir, and just as we were passing along a street the folk hae the sense to ca' Loup-street, Dugald remarked that every man here has his stoep. "Doubtless," said I, "liquor is plenty in this land o' wine." At this he roared, and explained that he meant the heep o' stanes, weel cemented, afore every door, on which folk drink coffee, and the lasses show aff their braws; and braw and bonnie lasses they are tae, my certes, there's nane like them exceptin' maybe the Glasga' anes.

Sic mantles and sic bonnets, and o guid guide us sic skirts. But I'm forgetting mysel; it's to my mither and Jessie the soft goods and fancy department, as cheap Jack would say, belongs.

We hadna gone far on my first walk when we encountered a strange, sort of smell, not like that wewould expec' from Afric's sunny fountains and jist then Dugald said we were in Long-street, and that afore us was the remains o' one o' the auld Dutch canals. "Lord bless me," says I, "do folk leeve in thae hooses." "Aye," says Dugald, "and dee in them too; I mind the time mysel' when open drains were along Adderley-street and on a' side o' the Gran' Parade." Says I, "The scavenger has muckle need to be abroad as weel as the schelemaister." "Faith, that's true," said Dugald; "but I hae nae doot a guid time is comin'; that 'el ne'er com tho' till the present municipal system is gone. Cape Toun has great natural advantages; built on a gentle incline, it can be cleansed easier than maist places, and there's as muckle water flows frae thae gran' mountains ahint as would amost wash the niggers o' this country clean, and sartinly mair than is needed for a hunner thoosan folk."

We then sauntered doon to the Gran' Parade. A fine square, along three sides o' which there are rows o' fir trees, and where the volunteers —"black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey"—mingle in review, cavalry, artillery, and rifles, a first-rate corps. It does a man's heart guid to see thae fine strappin' fellows chargin' to the music o' the big guns. Hurra' for the Cape volunteers. I'll hae plenty to tell ye aboot thim.

Crackin' aboot the Parade minds me that happenin' the ither mornin' to see a crowd near the Exchange, I must een ken what was goin' on. There was a wee fellow singin' oot "Stivers, skillings, rixdollars, goin', goin', gone." "Weel," thinks I, "this passes me; folks hae aye taen my half-crouns, shillins, and saxpences wi' nae scruple, yet it seems rix-dollars and ither forrin like things are the coin o' the realm." As I wanted some wee things, I speered what a stiver was, and on hearin' it was only tippence farthing went on noddin', till a sportin' lot, which was as charmin' as variety could mak it, became mine. I axed a dacent-lookin' man for a sight of some of the coins, but he laughed, and said something aboot nominal currency. It wasna lang till a clerk gi'ed me what he ca'ed my wee bill. Hech, sirs, wee bill! It was sae lang and cruel as to mind me mair o' a vulture's beak. Rixdollars, and skillings, and stivers; stivers, and skillings, and rixdollars. When I showed it to Dugald, he telt me it jist cam to £3 5s. 11¾d., and grinned at what he said was my simpleecity. Oh, faither, but I was angry; simpleecity you may ca' it, if you like; but at ony rate it's better than juggling plain folk wi' humbuggin' "nominal currency" that only leeves in the ledgers o' sellers, and maybe in the memories o' some o' your "auldest inhabitants." Why not buy and sell in the coins of the land. "Aye aye," says Dugald, "everything in time, ye ken, as weel as a time for everything. Folks here are getting on by degrees, as the lawyers gang to Heaven; dollars and stivers will pass awa' wi' the steuches and dirt we talked about yestreen."

Noo, faither, dinna rin awa' wi' the notion that this is either an ill-favoured or ill-flavoured land, for there's bonnie spots as well as bonnie lasses in plenty at the Cape; and ane o' the grandest sights I ever saw is no three mile frae' the Toun-hoos, on the lovely road roun' the Kloof, frae a part o' which ye can see Table Bay, its toun, and its gardens, in a valley smilin' before, and anither flood, Camp's Bay, like a grau' jewel half set in emeralds, on the ither side. Then there's the shady walk, 'atween hearts o' oak, thro' the Government Gardens, and the airy scene, as I ca' it, in the Botanical. Perhaps, on a day, the ban' plays, it's mair like what I've seen in Alexander's Theatre Royal, in Glasga', wi' sic a name as "village festival, grand procession, brilliant tableau." The sun shines as bright as three Scotch anes, thro' half-tropical luxuriance on a verdant plain, frae which every hoos and sign of a hoos is shut out by foliage, and the stirrin' music seems to gie life to the gay-dressed actors, I mean leddies and folk, who, in their noble braws wi' their blooming faces, luik like competin' wi' the roses and geraniums in a grau' show.

The gardens is the oasis o' the toun—a shady refuge frae' the wind and dust. There's nae doot muckle thanks are due to the auld Dutch Government, wha ordered the plantin' o' trees in private as weel as public lans throo'oot the thin colony. I hear there's enormous tracts

o' fine land in the eastern districts and mony a hill-side as bare as the Kafirs near them, which might form baith a treasure and a beauty to the country if planted. I fear me there's mony ways in which the auld Dutch example might be followed wi' profit.

Jist at the end o' the Government walk, at the tap o' Adderley-street, I saw a great muckle hoos, and on my speerin' whether it was a barrack, Dugald said, wi' an unco' glowre, that it was the public buildins, and ca'ed on me to stap in. Here we saw the office o' the Honourable the Treasurer, Auditor, and Attorney-Generals, wi' their front sides to us and their backsides to the public. The Supreme Court itsel', which muckle needed a coat o' whitewash was the centre ornament o' the yard, while a few side places, mair for use than ornament, decorated the corners. "Weel," said I, "ye had muckle need to tell me thae places had sic gran' names, for by my certie, I would ne'er hae guessed it." It seems high time this colony should show its progress in and by its public offices.

Talkin' o' the buildins I must needs say a word about the kirks. O thae there are some fine anes; but I'm no, I must say, an admirer o' St. George's Cathedral. It was built by subscription, and luiks as if the folks were in mortal dread o' breakin' the commandment agin idolatry, for they've fairly succeeded in makin' a steeple which is no the likeness o' anythin' in the heavens above, the earth below, or the waters under the earth. Every man o' the committee, maybe, brought a plan, and the union o' thim a' was required for the union o' the members.

As I'm still only on the surface o' my subject I'll tak ye wi' me on a wee drive to Rondebosch, ane o' the lungs o' Cape Town. We get up on a really guid omnibus, and for a shillin' are drawn by four horses at a spankin' pace along a dusty road, wi' patches o' pavement here and there till we reach the toll, which marks the toun's bounds on this side Jist afore ye cam to it there is a pavement o' blocks, which the municipality put their heeds together and made, and which, I hear, is so slippy as to hae nearly cost the lives o' a few folk, includin' the Colonial Secretary, who drives a gran' equipage himsel'.

The trees atween the toll and Mowbray a' seem makin' a profound bow to travellers; the south-east wind has garred them to bend sae muckle towards the road. The Rochester Castle Arms is the name o' a public hoos on the road. Sirs, what gran' names prevail in this land. There are nae shops but lots o' warehouses and a guid mony stores. Every man that sells drams is a hotel-keeper, and to hae a few bags o' rice and yards o' ribbon for sale maks ye a merchant. I was startled to see sic signs as General Smith's Store, and Huid and Oo Pakhuis, which I thocht the maist curious names for men I ever saw. It luiks weel, tho' to see nae pawn-shops anywhere nor sic signs as the ane in Traveston, on ae side o' the door, "Rags and bones bought here," and on tither, "Broth every day."

Mowbray, Rondebosch, and Claremont are, ye may say, *trio juncta in uno*, and form a beautiful range o' villa residences "embowered in green leaves," jined thegither by a road like an avenue shaded by majestic lords of the forest. The oak, the tree o' liberty, grows weel, and what doesna grow weel in this favoured land! And noo, faither, I must halt, as paper and time are baith done, sae nae mair maun at present frae your affectionate son, SANDY.

SONGS OF THE VOYAGE.

I.—IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Old Ocean seemeth sore displeased
That I have dared to cross his realm,
And rolls huge waves as if to whelm
Our ship, and will not be appeased.

Why art thou angered so, great sea?
Not wantonly I left my home
And all my well-beloved to roam
In idle quest of novelty.

I come a pilgrim o'er the main
For their dear sakes as for my own,
And journey forth to lands unknown;
Heaven grant us it be not in vain.

Or wouldest thou to me unveil
All thy sublimest majesty?—
A glorious vision that shall be
Remembered until memory fail.

I thank thee, Ocean, who to-day
Hast shown to me the hand divine.
Lord, as the lands the seas are Thine;
Thou keepest me in Biscay's Bay.

II.—WISHES.

She said, "O would I were a fish,
To swim about the ship, close nigh;
Or else a bird, that I might fly
For ever near you!" Pretty wish!

For which when sea-birds hover o'er,
Or fish beneath the wave-tops gleam,
I think of her, and waking dream
She nestles by my side once more.

Most loving wish of loving heart!
And if my will could have its way
My darling should be here to-day,
And no wide seas us twain should part.

But to the higher, wiser will,
Beloved, be it ours to bow,
Glad in the thought that I and thou
Are and will be each other's still.

Yet, bowing, for the happy day
Of our reunion we must long,—
Ah, how intensely! Is it wrong?
Nay, dearest, still we'll hope and pray.

C. L.

SONG.—SLAVERY.

I love a maiden young and fair;
Alack! why do I love her so?
Her happiness is all my care,
'Tis her delight to cause me woe.
She vexes me both night and day,
And evermore she drives me mad;
When I am grave then she is gay,
When I am merry she is sad.

All this I well could bear, and more,
But honest truth she loveth not;
She in her heart deceit doth store,
And love is grieved by lies, I wot.
Yet still she holds my heart in thrall;
In vain I struggle to be free;
She keeps me, body, soul, and all,
A captive to her witchery.

I threaten, rave, entreat, complain,
I reason with her by the hour;
Threats, reason, prayers alike are vain,
Too well the tyrant knows her power.
Ah me! most miserable wight,
'Twixt hope and fear tossed to and fro!
How shall I 'scape my wretched plight?
Alack! why do I love her so?

C. L.

LITERARY REVIEW.

It is a noticeable fact, and one which demonstrates very plainly the great value of many contributions which are made to periodical literature in the present day, that a great demand exists for the republication in so many instances of papers originally intended only for the pages of serials; but which are adjudged by the public to be worthy of a more permanent place in our libraries than is generally given to Reviews and magazines. The "Traveller's" and the "Railway Library" are for the most part a re-issue of fugitive pieces—and we need only refer to Longman's list to convince our readers that nearly all the essays and reviews which were first brought to light in the *Edinburgh Review*, and which treated of matters of other than ephemeral interest, are now considered as works of standard importance. So it is with regard to

the "Quarterly" and the "Lesser Lights," which illuminate our bewildered judgments whilst endeavouring after knowledge amid the clamour of so many conflicting teachers.

The practice is one which we strongly commend. The circulation of reviews (more especially of the higher-priced ones) is limited, and the character of the criticism with which they abound is so valuable that it ought by no means to be confined to a small circle of readers. To go so far back as the writings of Lord Jeffrey, we may remark that, although in some instances the predictions of that arch-censor have been falsified (particularly upon the fate of the two or three poets who are still popular, despite his denunciations), a careful study of his canons, and the analytical reasoning which he employs in their enunciation, will be most useful in guiding the taste and strengthening the judgment of any young student who really desires to derive profit as well as pleasure from literary pursuits.

Who, in reading Lord Macaulay's Essays, Stephen's, Rev. Sydney Smith's, or those of Dean Conybeare, is not impressed with the conviction—as true as it is strong—that these writers really know more about the various subjects of which they treat than the authors whom they professedly are reviewing; and that the names of the authors are only introduced by a literary fiction to afford them—the talented reviewers—the opportunity of instructing the world upon the topics in which they are so well versed? And yet who would think, now-a-days, of furnishing his study with a complete set of the reviews which contained these essays, upon the recommendation of his grandfather; and with the laudable purpose of disinterring them from the mass of uninteresting matter with which they are surrounded?

This labour is happily saved us, and the present generation is richer for the profits that have accumulated from the legacies of the last by the judicious system of re-issues, which we are glad to see becoming popular.

We would particularly recommend a volume of most valuable biographical essays from the pen of Mr. John Forster, the author of two very important historical works, which originally appeared in the leading reviews, and which are now collected by Mr. Murray. They may be called studies of the individual characters and of the social and political circumstances which influenced the development of men whose names are landmarks of English history, though their relative positions present striking contrasts from every point of view. When we mention that those names are Oliver Cromwell, De Foe, Steele, Charles Churchill, and Foote, we conceive that at least a majority o readers will feel interested in a series of papers which, written, as they are, in a style at once charming and elaborate, present a feature of personal information regarding the private life of these heroes which it would not be possible to study in the graver pages of general history.

We believe that Mr. Forster has been at great pains to make these portraits truthful, and that the sources from which he has gathered his knowledge have been varied and authentic.

The lives of Cromwell and Steele are perhaps those which are more widely known, thanks to the painstaking labour of Mr. Carlyle and the brilliant sketch of Mr. Thackeray; but the papers upon De Foe and Foote will prove a most important addition to biographical literature, and here Mr. Forster's merits will be more apparent as he gleans from comparatively barren ground.

Another very delightful volume, of which, indeed, on account of its wisdom, simple earnestness, and lofty morality we cannot speak too highly, is a small, unpretending book, called "Brimley's Essays." Mr. George Brimley was the librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, and being unfortunately, from bodily infirmity, unequal to the task of undertaking works for which his intellectual qualifications indisputably fitted him, he was thrown upon fugitive anonymous writing as a resource; and the essays bearing his name have been collected as a tribute to his reputation by those who rightly estimated him as one of the most discriminating critics of the day. We recollect, when his essay upon the Poet Laureate appeared in the Cambridge Essays in 1855, that it was considered to be one of the most perfect critiques ever penned, and now that Mr. Tennyson has added to his laurels by that crowning masterpiece of his genius, the "Idyls of the King," and the few voices which detracted from his fame have been drowned in the din of acclamation which hails him as the Poet of the Century, it is still more instructive under the guidance of Mr. Brimley, to trace the steps by which the Laureate has attained to the pinnacle of his greatness.

We would also call attention to an article, contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* in the year succeeding upon Mr. Coventry Patmore's exquisite poem, "The Angel in the House;" in which some of the purest and best thoughts which are accorded to our fallen nature are clothed in delicate and appropriately graceful language.

We welcome with gratification, tinged with a feeling of sadness at the thought that the distinguished authoress is now where no echo of earthly praise can reach her, Mrs. Jameson's "Memoirs and Essays," illustrative of art, literature, and social morals. The writings of this lady, who, during her lifetime, was regarded as unquestionably the most cultivated woman in Europe, charm us ever by their freshness, and by the devotion to all that is great and good, which is the more striking characteristic of her many valuable expositions of subjects upon which few of her sex are heard with attention. At some future time we trust to be permitted to undertake a lengthened examination of her works. Suffice it at present to say, that in the little volume just published will be found evidence of refined taste, and a catholic reverence for the beautiful wherever it exists, as indicated in the chapters headed "The

House of Titian" and "The Xanthian Marbles." The memoirs, personal and critical, of Adelaide Kemble and Washington Allston are labours of love rightly bestowed, and the papers upon "Woman's Mission" and "Governesses" breathe a spirit worthy of her who wrote "Sisters of Charity," and was the friend of Miss Nightingale. As a specimen of her style, which is graceful and feminine, as well as brilliant, we take a few sentences in which she records in Venice, the sea-girt city, where light, and colour, and beauty are, and where she feels the presence of Titian, the bright informing sun of that enchanted world, her impressions of his master-pieces.

And so it is with Titian's pictures: *they* make children of us again; they surprise us with the feeling of a presence; they melt us with a familiar sympathy; we rejoice in them as we do in music, in spring-tide, in the fresh and morning breath of flowers. It is long before we can bring the intellect to bear on them, for the faculties of judgment and comparison are lost in the perception of beauty, in admiration; in faith unbounded. In them we acknowledge *that* "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." And where but at Venice could Titian have lived and worked? I know not well how or why it is, but colour, which seems elsewhere an accidental property of things, seems to be here a substance, an existence, a part of one's very life and soul:—colour vivid and intense, broken by reflected lights flung from glancing waters, and enhanced by strange contrasts of wide-spread sunny seas and close-shut, shadowy court-yards, overgrown with vines, or roses, or creeping verdure in all the luxury of neglect, each with its well and overhanging fig-tree in the midst. These court-yards, haunts of quiet seclusion and mystery, in which I should think is concentred the Venetian idea of a *home*—how few who visit Venice know of their cool, silent, picturesque recesses! Yet to understand and feel Titian aright, we ought to know Venice thoroughly,—its *cortili* as well as its canals; for it is precisely these peculiar, these merely local characteristics—this subdued gloom in the midst of dazzling sunshine; this splendour of hue deepened, not darkened, by shade; this seclusion in the midst of vastness; this homeliness in the midst of grandeur; this artlessness in the midst of art; this repose in the midst of fullness of life; which we feel alike in Titian's pictures and in Venice.

And then his men and women—his subtle, dark, keen-eyed, grand-looking men, and his full-formed, luxuriant, yet delicate-featured women—are they not here still? Such I have seen, as I well remember, at a *festa* on the Lido; women with just such eyes, dark, lustrous, melancholy,—and just such hair, in such redundance, plaited, knotted, looped round the small delicate heads—sometimes a tress or two escaping from the bands, and falling from their own weight,—so like his and Palma's and Paolo's rich-haired St. Catherines and St. Barbaras, one would have imagined them as even now walked out of their pictures,—or rather walked *into* them,—for the pictures were yet more like *life* than the life-like pictures.

From Venice as a museum of art the transition is easy to Rome, and we are impelled to refer to Mr. Hawthorne's "Romance of Monte Beni" as a book which, though a work of fiction, is the vehicle for some very delightful sketches of the scenery and the principal art-features of the Eternal City and its environs. Coming from the pen of

the author of the "Blythedale Romance" and "The Scarlet Letter," we are not surprised at meeting with an occasional tinge of New England realism when the story brings us to a statue or a picture which usually surprises the sternest of us into unreasoning admiration. But it is very refreshing to meet with a book which we can trust as accurate in it descriptions of Rome, and loyal to her external beauty. Eustace's "Classical Tour in Italy" is discovered by Mr. Matthews, in his "Diary of an Invalid" to be dishonest and likely to mislead; Mr. Macguire, who lately raved about "Rome: its Ruler and Institutions," would fain have had us believe that an ecclesiastical was the best form of government in the world; that social and sanitary reform were alike superfluous in the late Mistress of Nations, and that no Englishman could tell the truth about her. Then we have had to listen to cynical epigrams of M. About, and now "Rome in 1860," is described to us by Mr. Dicey in quite a new light. This is, of course, very bewildering.

Fortunately Mr. Hawthorne is content to be filled simply with the beauty of Rome: save for the sake of dramatic effect he does not introduce us to the debatable ground occupied by religion, and then only in a manner which does not suggest a reference to "The Great Tribulation" or "Wiseman's Last Four Popes."

Listen to his description of the Faun-like hero in the grounds of the Villa Borghese.:

The scenery amid which the youth now strayed was such as arrays itself in the imagination when we read the beautiful old myths, and fancy a brighter sky, a softer turf, a more picturesque arrangement of venerable trees than we find in the rude and untrained landscapes of the western world. The ilex-trees, so ancient and time-honoured were they, seemed to have lived for ages undisturbed, and to feel no dread of profanation by the axe any more than overthrow by the thunder-stroke. It had already passed out of their dreamy old memories that only a few years ago they were grievously imperilled by the Gaul's last assault upon the walls of Rome. As if confident in the long peace of their lifetime, they assumed attitudes of indolent repose. They leaned over the green turf in ponderous grace, throwing abroad their great branches without danger of interfering with other trees, though other majestic trees grew near enough for dignified society, but too distant for constraint. Never was there a more venerable quietude than that which slept among their sheltering boughs; never a sweeter sunshine than that now gladdening the gentle gloom which these leafy patriarchs strove to diffuse over the swelling and subsiding lawns.

In other portions of the grounds the stone-pines lifted their dense clump of branches upon a slender length of stem, so hi h that they looked like green islands in the air, flinging down a shadow upon the turf so far off that you hardly knew which tree had made it. Again, there were avenues of cypress, resembling dark flames of huge funeral candles, which spread dusk and twilight round about them instead of cheerful radiance. The more open spots were all abloom, even so early in the season, with anemones of wondrous size, both white and rose-coloured, and violets that betrayed themselves by their rich fragrance, even if their blue eyes failed to meet your own. Daisies, too, were abundant, but larger than the modest little English flower, and therefore of small account.

These wooded and flowery lawns are more beautiful than the finest of English park-scenery, more touching, more impressive, through the neglect that leaves nature so much to her own ways and methods. Since man seldom interferes with her, she sets to work in her quiet way and makes herself at home. There is enough of human care, it is true, bestowed long ago and still bestowed, to prevent wildness from growing into deformity; and the result is an ideal landscape, a woodland scene that seems to have been projected out of the poet's mind. If the ancient Faun were other than a mere creation of old poetry, and could have reappeared anywhere, it must have been in such a scene as this.

In the openings of the woods there are fountains plashing into marble basins, the depths of which are shaggy with water-weeds; or they tumble like natural cascades from rock to rock, sending their murmur afar, to make the quiet and silence more appreciable. Scattered here and there with careless artifice stand old altars, bearing Roman inscriptions. Statues, grey with the long corrosion of even that soft atmosphere, half hide and half reveal themselves, high on pedestals, or perhaps fallen and broken on the turf. Terminal figures, columns of marble and granite porticoes, arches, are seen in the vistas of the wood-paths, either veritable relics of antiquity, or with so exquisite a touch of artful ruin on them that they are better than if really antique. At all events, grass grows on the tops of the shattered pillars, and weeds and flowers root themselves in the chinks of the massive arches and fronts of temples, and clamber at large over their pediments, as if this were the thousandth summer since their winged seeds alighted there.

What a strange idea—what a needless labour—to construct artificial ruins in Rome, the native soil of ruin! But even these sportive imitations, wrought by man in emulation of what time has done to temples and palaces, are perhaps centuries old, and, beginning as illusions, have grown to be venerable in sober earnest. The result of all is a scene, pensive, lovely, dream-like, enjoyable, and sad, such as is to be found nowhere save in these princely villa-residences in the neighbourhood of Rome; a scene that must have required generations and ages, during which growth, decay, and man's intelligence wrought kindly together, to render it so gently wild as we behold it now.

The final charm is bestowed by the malaria. There is a piercing, thrilling, delicious kind of regret in the idea of so much beauty thrown away, or only enjoyable at its half-development, in winter and early spring, and never to be dwelt amongst as the home-scenery of any human being. For if you come hither in summer, and stray through these glades in the golden sunset, fever walks arm and arm with you, and death awaits you at the end of the dim vista. Thus the scene is like Eden in its loveliness; like Eden, too, in the fatal spell that removes it beyond the scope of man's actual possessions. But Donatello felt nothing of this dream-like melancholy that haunts the spot. As he passed among the sunny shadows, his spirit seemed to acquire new elasticity. The flicker of the sunshine, the sparkle of the fountain's gush, the dance of the leaf upon the bough, the woodland fragrance, the green freshness, the old sylvan peace and freedom, were all intermingled in those long breaths which he drew.

The ancient dust, the mouldiness of Rome, the dead atmosphere in which he had wasted so many months, the hard pavements, the smell of ruin and decaying generations, the chill palaces, the convent-bells, the heavy incense of altars, the life that he had led in those dark, narrow streets, among priests, soldiers, nobles, artists, and women; all the sense of these things rose from the young man's consciousness like a cloud which had darkened over him without his knowing how densely.

Mr. Hawthorne has lived amidst Italian scenes until his mind has

become thoroughly imbued with their loveliness, and the weirdlike beauty of his descriptions sets the fancy in a glow. The story itself is told with marvellous effect. It is truly a romance, and in our opinion more evidently a creation of genius than any of his earlier tales. An opportunity is also afforded by the very nature of the situations for putting into the conversations of the actors in this mysterious life-drama criticisms of art, and a reflection of current opinions in Rome upon art, which are not only valuable in themselves, but eminently suggestive to those who have had opportunities of testing their theories by study and personal examination.

We must close our notice of this fascinating story by an extract from a description of a scene in the studio of the sculptor, who is the Mentor of the party.

Kenyon is submitting his work to Miriam, the artist and friend of the dove-like Hilda.

He drew away the cloth that had served to keep the moisture of the clay model from being exhaled. The sitting figure of a woman was seen. She was draped from head to foot in a costume minutely and scrupulously studied from that of ancient Egypt, as revealed by the strange sculpture of that country, its coins, drawings, painted mummy-cases, and whatever other tokens have been dug out of its pyramids, graves, and catacombs. Even the stiff Egyptian head-dress was adhered to, but had been softened into a rich feminine adornment, without losing a particle of its truth. Difficulties that might well have seemed insurmountable had been courageously encountered and made inflexible to purposes of grace and dignity; so that Cleopatra sat attired in a garb proper to her historic and queenly state, as a daughter of the Ptolemies, and yet such as the beautiful woman would have put on as best adapted to heighten the magnificence of her charms and kindle a tropic fire in the cold eyes of Octavius.

A marvellous repose—that rare merit in statuary, except it be the lumpish repose native to the block of stone—was diffused throughout the figure. The spectator felt that Cleopatra had sunk down out of the fever and turmoil of her life, and for one instant—as it were, between two pulse-throbs—had relinquished all activity, and was resting throughout every vein and muscle. It was the repose of despair, indeed; for Octavius had seen her, and remained insensible to her enchantments. But still there was a great smouldering furnace deep down in the woman's heart. The repose, no doubt, was as complete as if she were never to stir hand or foot again; and yet, such were the creature's latent energy and fierceness, she might spring upon you like a tigress, and stop the very breath that you were now drawing midway in your throat.

The face was a miraculous success. The sculptor had not shunned to give the full, Nubian lips, and other characteristics of the Egyptian physiognomy. His courage and integrity had been abundantly rewarded; for Cleopatra's beauty shone out richer, warmer, more triumphantly beyond comparison, than if, shrinking timidly from the truth, he had chosen the tame Grecian type. The expression was so profound, gloomy, heavily revolving thought; a glance into her past life and present emergencies, while her spirit gathered itself up for some new struggle, or was getting sternly reconciled to impending doom. In one view, there was a certain softness and tenderness—how breathed into the statue, among so many strong and passionate elements, it is

impossible to say. Catching another glimpse, you beheld her as implacable as stone and cruel as fire.

In a word, all Cleopatra—fierce, voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment—was kneaded into what, only a week or two before, had been a lump of wet clay from the Tiber. Soon, apotheosized in an indestructible material, she would be one of the images that men keep for ever, finding a heat in them which does not cool down throughout the centuries.

"What a woman is this!" exclaimed Miriam, after a long pause. "Tell me, did she ever try, even while you were creating her, to overcome you with her fury or love? Were you not afraid to touch her, as she grew more and more towards hot life beneath your hand? My dear friend, it is a great work! How have you learned to do it?"

"It is the concretion of a good deal of thought, emotion, and toil of brain and hand," said Kenyon, not without a perception that his work was good; "but I know not how it came about at last. I kindled a great fire within my mind, and threw in the material—as Aaron threw the gold of the Israelites into the furnace—and in the midmost heat uprose Cleopatra, as you see her."

In the magazines, the several serial stories are gradually being developed in plot, and a dramatic personality is becoming more marked in the mob of fictitious individuals who have recently been introduced to our notice. This is well, for in the earlier stage of serial novels, such as crowd the lesser periodicals, a danger exists that our readers may become confused in the complicity of events, and fancy, ere the succeeding mail arrives, that Dr. Firmin tried to strangle his wife with sea-weed, that Philip was jilted by Miss Porter, or that Tom Brown's confidential adviser was Father Mackworth.

Framley Parsonage is happily ended, and poetical justice meted out to all. We shall speak more fully of Mr. Trollope's work at some future time. Tom Brown has turned Chartist, and is just now maundering on so clumsily that he may safely be discarded for awhile until his conscientious struggles after the right path become a little more practical.

Mr. Henry Kingsley's novel is one of great promise. The characters are drawn with masterly spirit, and the descriptions are truthful and amusing. There are light touches of humour, too, now and then, which tell of an exuberant fancy. One most absurdly laughable sketch of a night visit to the game-keeper's lodge, by Charles Ravenshoe and the priest, appears in chapter 12, and, in closing our paper for the month we feel sure that, by transcribing it, we shall leave a pleasant impression regarding our appreciation of animal sportiveness:

In one instant, night was hideous with rattling chains and barking dogs, who made as though they would tear the intruders to pieces: all except one foolish pointer pup, who was loose, and who, instead of doing his duty by barking, came feebly up and cast himself at their feet on his back, as though they were the car of Juggernaut, and he was a candidate for Paradise. Finding that he was not destroyed, he made a humiliating feint of being glad to see them, and overthrew the priest by getting between his legs.

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ELSDALE.

CHAPTER VII.

On the further side of the Mersey from Elsdale, and much higher up the river, stands the Knoll. A little old-fashioned cottage, that scarcely deserves to be called a farm-house, crowns the summit of a gently-swelling hill, clothed with rich grass, and sloping away in a succession of broad terraces to the river, which flows round its base in a wide, circling sweep. The opposite bank is lofty and rugged, feathered with wood, and broken into wild fantastic cliffs. But on the side of the Knoll, it seems as if nature would compensate for her more harsh and forbidding mood, by contrasting with it a scene of unusual peace and softness. The hills are green, and softly-rounded, and fringed with belts and clumps of native wood; and the quaint little house looks out on all sides on to as lovely views as the eye could desire to rest upon. In front lies the broad, green, park-like slope, bordered by the deep dark river; on one side is the rocky gorge where the Mersey makes its way from the mountains; on the other, the eye could range down the broad vale, and along the length of the Lake right out to the distant Mersey Heads, where the blue ocean is ever breaking in a line of snow-white foam.

The sun had been up a couple of hours, as a young man of tall and powerful frame cantered up the slope to the house,

"With the lordly look of the master."

He dismounted from his rough steed, took off the saddle and bridle, leaving him to roll and graze at his pleasure, and entering the house, reappeared with a towel thrown over his shoulders like a scarf, and was in the act of striding off towards the river, when he caught sight of two figures approaching on horseback. They were our friend Maurice Johnstone and the faithful Klaas, who, readily comprehending

his master's mistake, had set off at daylight from Van der Merwe's, in search of him, and had met him about an hour after he had left his night's quarters. In another minute Johnstone rode up, and raising his black felt hat, said inquiringly, "Mr. Warren?"

The other drew himself up with something of stately dignity, and replied, in a remarkably soft and pleasant voice, "I am Mr. Warren."

Johnstone produced a little note of introduction from the clergyman of Glenelg, and in half a dozen sentences told the tale of his previous night's misfortunes. The other looked at him with the faintest possible trace of a smile at his undoubtedly seedy appearance; and then said, with frank cordiality, "I think, Mr. Johnstone, the best thing I can offer you just now is your choice between a tub of water in the house and a swim in the river, where I am just going to take my bath."

"The river, by all means, for me," said Johnstone eagerly. "Every pore in my body seems to be thirsting for cold water. I feel as if nothing but a plunge fathoms deep could restore me to my natural self again."

Warren quickly brought him a towel, and the two walked down to the river, chatting as they went with that kind of cordial unreserve with which two congenial natures go out to meet each other. They reached a large dark pool just without the rocky entrance to the mountain gorge, where the water swirled slowly round, and spent the headlong fury with which it rushed forth into the sunlight; and here Warren threw his towel on the ground and began to strip.

"You must keep away from the upper part of the pool; there are rocks there. All the rest is clear."

As he spoke, he flung aside his remaining garment, and running a few steps to the green margin of the river, threw himself clear and far over the dark waters, with hands joined above his head and feet thrown upwards. Like a glistening arrow he clove the brown tide, his white form plainly visible beneath it until he rose again, shaking the water from his short close hair, and stemming the mimic waves with his broad chest as he urged his way with powerful strokes across the pool. Johnstone quickly followed with a similar "header," feeling as if he never could have enough of the cooling, invigorating element. And when his companion had quitted the water, and he struck out at last for the shore, and wrung the wet from his hair, and walked with dripping limbs over the fresh dewy grass to the place where he had laid his clothes, he laughed as he thought of his previous night's

discomfort, and felt that he was indebted to that in some measure for his keen enjoyment of his bath.

"You must be a very powerful man," he said, regarding Warren with the eye of a connoisseur, as he stood drying his muscular limbs. "If I were ever to be stroke of an eight-oar again, you are just the sort of man I should like to have in the middle of the boat."

Warren laughed. "I pulled No. 5 for three years at Eton, and for one season in the First Trinity at Cambridge."

"Were you at Eton, and were you in the First Trinity?" asked Johnstone eagerly; "then you must know Holmes, and Bradshawe, and Aylmer, and lots of men whom I know. But it is odd that I don't remember you. You were not in the boat when we rowed against them at Henley!"

"I left Cambridge when I had been there a year," said Warren drily. And then there was an awkward little silence. Johnstone was sorry he should have touched upon what seemed tender ground. He began to fear there might be something connected with his leaving Cambridge which his companion wished to conceal; and he felt regret that what seemed to give promise of being an opening friendship should be brought to an untimely close. They finished dressing in silence, and in silence proceeded to walk up towards the house.

Suddenly Warren stopped, and turning to Johnstone with a rather heightened colour, but with a very winning expression of frankness in his eyes, said, "I know you are wondering what made me leave Cambridge without taking my degree. It is very natural that you should do so, especially finding me here in this out-of-the-way corner of the world. There is nothing that I need be ashamed of in it; but I suppose I am shy, or proud, or something of the kind,—and I live a good deal by myself, and have become unused to taking people into my confidence, and I don't choose to gratify mere curiosity. The fact of the matter is, that my poor father, who had very valuable preferment in the Church, and was connected with all the principal people of our county, thought it necessary that my brother and myself should be brought up in a manner suited to what he considered to be his position. We were both sent to Eton, at no end of expense; and I had been about a year at Cambridge when my father died suddenly, and then the whole thing collapsed. Everything that he had died with him; and the sale of all his property produced only a few hundred pounds apiece for us. My brother was young enough to procure a commission; and I, thinking that my thews and sinews fitted me for a

colonist's life, turned my mind to emigration. I was tempted by the cheapness of land to come to the Cape, and after wandering about some little time in search of a place, I lighted on this property, which was just then in the market. I bought it, and mortgaged it to buy stock. And here I am," he concluded, with a shy but very pleasant smile.

All the frank cordiality of Johnstone's nature was won by this little exhibition of confidence.

"My dear fellow!" he said, holding out his hand, which the other grasped warmly. "My dear fellow, you are not wrong in thinking that I was wondering why you should have left Cambridge without taking your degree. Any university man would, you know," he added, apologetically. "But, indeed, I did not require your explanation to assure me that it was for nothing of which you need be ashamed."

"I am not much given to talking about myself," Warren went on, as they walked up the slope to the house. "And I don't know why I should have said anything about this to you, except that I thought it likely we might come to know each other better. It is rather a lonely sort of life this, and I couldn't afford to run the chance of losing a new friend, just to save my pride or my shyness, or whatever else I am to call it. At any rate, I do not think you will say that I am ashamed to tell why I left Cambridge."

A very small matter is enough to cement two dispositions which have already much in common; and the little incident of Warren's frankness, the more gratifying as coming from a man of naturally reserved character, served to confirm the liking which each of the two men had begun to feel for the other. They seemed to understand one another intuitively. And by the time they had finished breakfast—a substantial repast, which was brought in by Warren's factotum, an old man-of-war's man, who wore his shirt rolled up above his elbows, and exhibited arms tattooed in a variety of elaborate designs in blue and red—they were talking together more like old friends, than strangers who had met for the first time only an hour or two since.

"Here's Parson Beveridge a-coming," said Tom Bowline, the factotum,—putting his head in at the door; and the two new friends rose, and went out on to the stoep to meet him.

Mr. Beveridge, a small, quiet, very precise man, scrupulously dressed in exact clerical costume, rode up and dismounted. Johnstone rapidly remarked two or three little peculiarities about him, which struck him as not usual in the colony,—he wore gloves, he took off his hat formally, when introduced by Warren, he called him "Sir." Mr. Beveridge,

on his side, glanced a little nervously at his new colleague, looking out for traces of "Jemmy Johnstone." He was not dressed with the strictest clerical accuracy, it is true. His clothes were of a serviceable dark grey, and had something "knowing" in their style, evidently the work of some master of the craft. And yet it could hardly be said that they were unsuitable to the profession of the wearer, and they were undoubtedly better adapted to the kind of service for which they would be required than Mr. Beveridge's own long skirts and black cloth trowsers. He wore a white neckcloth, and a black felt hat like his own; but the one was tied loosely once round his neck, and the other had a leather strap and buckle, instead of a band, in which was stuck a sprig of delicate pink heath. He could not make up his mind about him. He was disposed to give him up altogether, when, at Warren's invitation, he lighted a cheroot; but when he sat down beside him on the stoep, and began to talk about his future work, it was with a depth and earnestness that restored his confidence again. Johnstone, on his part, though he felt in an instant that there was a barrier between them in total difference of mind and character, yet saw much to respect, and much to like in his new acquaintance.

They had been engaged in close conversation for about an hour, when Warren, who had been absent on some farm business, returned, and proposed that, as they were all going to Eastbourne, they should sail down the lake in his boat, and send the horses round by the Mersey ford.

"Oh, dear! I had almost forgotten," said Mr. Beveridge. "My brother Henry particularly begged me to bring Mr. Johnstone and yourself to tiffin at Elsdale. You will both come, will you not? And we might send the horses to Elsdale, and sail to the Beacon Point."

Mr. Beveridge had once met with a ducking, or, as he expressed it, an immersion in the Mersey drift, and it was a source of amusement to his acquaintance to watch the simple manœuvres by which the good gentleman sought on every occasion to avoid riding through it. This point was soon settled to his satisfaction; and while the boat was being got ready, Mr. Beveridge went to pay a visit to an English labourer's family residing on the place, and Warren took Johnstone to see the homestead. There was not much for him to show, poor fellow. It was plain that, however contented he might be, he was not making a fortune out of his farm. He was explaining to Johnstone how it was that, with an estate of six thousand acres, heavily timbered and abundantly supplied with water, he was absolutely at a

dead-lock from want of capital, when Mr. Beveridge met them with the exclamation, "Why, Mr. Warren, what have you done to the old wing of the house? I could scarcely persuade myself that I was at the Knoll, you have made such a pretty thing of that side!"

Warren laughed awkwardly, and looked very much confused; and Mr. Beveridge took Johnstone off to see the improvement, giving him as he went an account of the tumble-down condition in which it had been on the occasion of his last visit. Whatever it might have been formerly, that end of the house which looked into the ravine of the Mersey, was now in course of being brought somewhat more into harmony with the very beautiful scene which it overlooked. The two old gables had been rebuilt and newly thatched, and furnished with ornamental verge-boards; the space between them had been covered in with a light verandah; and French windows, not yet glazed, had taken the place of two old-fashioned door-ways. A little lawn of turf, with flower-beds tastefully designed, stretched from the edge of the stoep to a deep bank and sunk fence, below which the ground fell away abruptly, giving to the site on which the house stood that peculiar, mound-like appearance to which it owed its name. Everything betokened the greatest care and attention, and the exercise of no little taste, though the work was still far from being finished.

"Did you ever see such a transformation!" exclaimed Mr. Beveridge, quite forgetting in his eagerness that Johnstone had seen the place for the first time that morning. "I declare he has even got creepers—*Kennedia rubra*—growing in green tubs, ready to be trained up the verandah as soon as it is finished!"

Poor Warren, with his hands plunged deep in his pockets, was puffing away at his short pipe with quite unnecessary energy, and looking very like a schoolboy detected in the enjoyment of some forbidden pleasure during schoolhours.

"I don't see what there is to make a fuss about," he jerked out between his puffs, as if endeavouring to retreat under cover of the smoke. "The old wing of the house was tumbling down, and I had to build it up again. And it's cheaper, in the long run, to do a thing well than to do it badly. And I always was fond of a garden, from a child. And as for these tubs," giving one of them a kick, "why they are only the ends of an old half-aum cut in two. And the carpenter's work I did myself—for amusement, that is—because, you know, I have hardly anything to do with myself all day long on this place."

He turned to Johnstone appealingly, but Mr. Beveridge was too much engrossed with the discoveries he was making to pay much heed to poor Warren's rather ludicrous distress.

"Look here, Mr. Johnstone!" he called out from within, "I declare he is making this more like a lady's boudoir than a rough frontier farmer's room. Look at that tasty little book-case of red elswood, in the recess between the two windows. And upon my word," taking up some pieces of joiner's work from the carpenter's bench in the middle of the room, "I believe this is a part of a lady's work-table that he is making!"

In vain did Warren assure him that he would cut his fingers, or upset the glue-pot over his black clothes, or do himself some other damage; Mr. Beveridge was indulging in a little quiet mischief, of which he took care to apprise Johnstone by sundry very knowing glances, and nothing would stop him from making a thorough examination of the improvements and alterations; which being at last ended, to the great relief of the master of the house, he said, with an air of mock gravity and sorrow, "I am afraid, Mr. Johnstone, we must be about to lose our friend from this neighbourhood. This house is becoming far too comfortable for a bachelor of his remarkably simple habits. I fear he must be intending to dispose of it to some unfortunate Benedick."

"Come along, come!" shouted Warren, striding off towards the river. "There's Tom Bowline been waiting in the boat this half hour, and it is as much as we shall do to save this tide!"

"I hope I was not too severe upon him," said Mr. Beveridge to Johnstone. "I am afraid I am sometimes too much inclined to be satirical."

Johnstone, with a smile, assured him that he did not think his friend could have winced much under his irony.

"He is our best friend," he continued, "a very excellent young man, and most valuable to me in the parish. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to hear that he was likely to be well married. I wonder now whether he has any idea of that kind. And I wonder who it can be!"

And the worthy gentleman fell into a sort of reverie, which lasted during the whole period of their sail down the river; smiling blandly and with an absent expression, and answering not at all, or a little wide of the mark, when he was addressed.

The little voyage down "the river-lake" surpassed, in beauty and variety of scenery, all Johnstone's most vivid anticipations. He had caught a glimpse of the broad blue

water, dotted with islands and fringed with wood, from the high ground behind the Knoll; but beautiful as it seemed at at a distance, it was only to a close inspection that the charms of the spot were fully revealed. The boat glided on before a soft and steady breath of air, between banks clothed thick with fern of richest green. Here and there a crimson candelabrum stretched out its clusters of bright flowers over the dense green bed, and here and there a great yellowwood tree sheltered it with its giant arms and sombre foliage. A willow waved its long green tresses half way across the river, and at the end of the slenderest twigs there hung a colony of grass-built bottle-shaped nests, just swaying over the surface of the water. A couple of wild ducks went squattering out from beneath the hollow bank, and a bushbuck started up from his deep lair under the thorn tree, gazed for a moment at the intruders upon his solitude, and then went leisurely off, clearing the high fern with graceful, noiseless bounds. The banks became more open, the river became wider, the cliff of red rocks faded away into a wooded bank, and rounding a low green point, the boat slipped out into the lake. Then Warren, who was steering, stood in close under the thick dark wood that overhung the road along the lake shore. And then it seemed to Johnstone as if the hill and the wood were slowly parted by some enchanter's spell; and for a brief moment he had a glimpse of a little river, and a pretty stone bridge, and a lovely valley, rich with cultivation and set round with soft wooded hills, and a fair house with many gables, and a curling wreath of blue smoke, and over all a mountain-peak, light and blue and airy, in the remote distance, with a single bar of silvery cloud crossing it just below the summit; and then the wooded bank as slowly closed in again, and the fairy scene had vanished!

"What a lovely glimpse!" he exclaimed, starting up in the boat as if to catch sight of it again.

"Yes," said Warren, in a low deep voice, running the boat in beside a little wooden landing-place. "Yes; it is very lovely. That's Elsdale!"

CHAPTER VIII.

It would not be easy to find a more bright, pleasant, cheerful, thoroughly home-like spot than the drawing-room at Elsdale. A large bay-window, at one end of the spacious room, looks down the little vale, and between the wooded points that close it in, on to the lake. Two French windows

at the side open on to a broad verandah, from which steps descend into the terraced garden. At the end opposite to the bay-window is a large, hospitable-looking fire-place, over which hangs a full-length portrait of General Thornton, in the stiff uniform and high stock of five and twenty years ago, with his charger pawing the ground just behind him, and a very smoky battle-scene in the distance. The walls are covered with a variety of other pictures, photographs, engravings, and water-colours, distributed without any attempt at harmonious arrangement, but producing a general effect very agreeable and cheerful. The furniture is good and abundant, though simple. A grand pianoforte occupies the side opposite to the French windows, between two doors, one opening from the entrance hall, the other from a very cosy and well-filled little library.

Mrs. Thornton was sitting in a low easy chair, near one of the windows, with a book in her hand. But her eye wandered, with an absent dreamy expression, from the page before her to the shady verandah, where a curly-headed boy of little more than a year old was toddling about, dragging after him a miniature Cape wagon; while his brother, advanced beyond the infantine stage of drawing a wagon, was qualifying himself for driving one, with a mimic wagoner's whip and a very vociferous and tolerably correct imitation of the sharp, shrill cries to the oxen. And through the verandah, she gazed on to the pretty landscape, that lay like a picture set in a frame of the dark foliage and golden balls of the grenadilla which clothed the trellis; and still her face was pensive—almost sad.

It was not without reason that Mrs. Thornton had gained the reputation of being the belle of Cape Town. She had inherited, in the richest profusion, the warm sunny beauty which her ancestors had brought with them from the south of France. Her complexion was of that rare, but most lovely brunette, in which the richest colour glows in a skin of velvet softness, and gives to the whole face such a peculiarly brilliant radiancy. You scarcely cared to examine what the features were; there was something in the dazzling brightness of the eyes, the colour, the smile, that held you spell-bound. You could only gaze and wonder. But the features would bear the most careful examination. The eyes were large, dark, and soft, and were overarched by distinct but delicately-pencilled brows. The nose was small. The lips partook of the general brilliancy of colouring, and their rich crimson, contrasting with the glittering white of the small teeth, was one of the features which gave such a resplendent brightness

to her face. A profusion of black glossy hair, twined in thick braids round the small head, encased it as in a rich dark setting.

She had lost none of her charms during four years of married life, but something like a shade had passed over that peculiar brightness of expression that had been so captivating in her girlhood. Her face had assumed a more pensive cast, her manner had acquired a kind of listlessness. Her movements were still full of grace, her voice was still low and soft; but there was something in both the voice and the movement that seemed to express weariness and langour, not of bodily health but of mind and spirit.

The truth is, that Mrs. Thornton's life was not altogether a happy one. She was barely seventeen when she had married, giving her whole heart with her hand to the frank, good-looking, high-spirited Henry Thornton. But she was still little more than a child. Her mind and character had still to be formed. And she was of that facile disposition which could be easily moulded and developed by a more vigorous nature than her own, but which lacked the power to grow unaided. The first year of her married life more than realized her most glowing dreams of happiness. Her husband was all affectionate attention; the General became warmly attached to her, and exhibited towards her all the chivalrous politeness of the old school. She felt that she was loved by those among whom she lived, and that knowledge was enough for her happiness.

But the General died, and Henry Thornton became the master of Elsdale; and with this change in his position there grew up, or rather there developed in him, that kind of hard keenness to which allusion has been already made. He became engrossed with his plans and speculations, fond of money, eager after gain; and his wife and child, and his home life, occupied less and less of his attention. Not that his affection had really cooled towards her. He was fond and proud of her as ever. But he seemed to think that she did not need now all that attention which he had bestowed upon her when they were newly married. She had her duties to attend to, and he had his affairs of importance to look after, and they had no time now to give to mere trifling. And so he had come to leave her very much alone. He never cared to inquire how she employed her time, or whether the day seemed long and dull to her. Once only she ventured on a gentle complaint; but he had only been angry, and told her she was childish, and she resolved that it was easier to bear anything than harsh words from him, and so she went on

silent and uncomplaining. But though she bore up bravely and lovingly, his growing neglect did cause her much secret sadness. Her character was one which needed to lean upon one stronger than herself, and without that prop she seemed to droop and languish. Her mind ceased to expand, her life seemed aimless, her daily round of occupation became a monotonous wearisome routine.

The signs of this change did not escape her husband's eye; but he ascribed it to a silly dislike to the inevitable quiet of a country life and a longing for gaiety and excitement. And while he blamed her in his heart for this discontent, he held out to himself and to her the prospect of passing a winter in Cape Town, as the cure for these disordered fancies. Thornton had made that mistake which is not unusual with very busy men, of supposing that his wife's path and his own through life were two distinct and separate roads, which each must tread alone; that they had diverse interests which could not be, perhaps ought not to be, twined into one; and that when a woman became a wife and mother, and mistress of a family, her husband might be fairly considered to be relieved from any further care either as to the development of her character or the mode in which she occupied her time. But all this was what his wife was craving for. She wanted him to feel that their life and daily interests were not apart from each other. She wanted her husband to be to her a guide and a helpmate in those respects in which she felt her own weakness; and to make her, in his turn, more a participator in his own thoughts and feelings. It was from want of this that a little estrangement was growing up between them, not perceived by themselves, but none the less real, or the less fraught with danger to the peace of mind of both of them. And it was the sense of this want that made Mrs. Thornton's face look sad as she gazed dreamily through the shaded verandah, across the bright garden and on to the sunlit valley beyond.

She was aroused from her reverie by a shout of "Aunt Katie!" from the children. A merry laugh and a light quick step were heard on the stoep outside, and Miss Thornton entered by the window in her riding habit. The youngest child was in her arms, with his fat mottled hands clasped round her neck, kissing her furiously. The elder boy had already possessed himself of her riding-whip, and, as soon as she seated herself, he scrambled up the back of her chair, and proceeded to appropriate her hat with its long drooping feather.

"Harry, you little rebel!" she cried, laughing and vainly

endeavouring to seize him; "you have pulled down all my hair!" And the beautiful ringlets of golden brown came tumbling about her shoulders, and almost covering her glowing face.

Ah! if poor Bob Ormerod could have seen her, as she shook them over the laughing child upon her lap, and looked through them at him with eyes sparkling with health and fun, and then parted them off her broad pure brow and fresh rosy cheeks!

"Well, Katie dear," said Mrs. Thornton, "what have you done with Mr. Ormerod?"

"Oh, he has forsaken me utterly. Henry took him to see the stud-farm, and showed him the Chanticleer colt, and he raves about him, and I believe has never thought of me since," in saying which Miss Kate was not adhering quite strictly to the truth. "They have gone now to look at the sheep, and I suppose Mr. Ormerod will stay to tiffin."

"Somebody else is coming to tiffin," said Mrs. Thornton, with a sly look at her sister. "George is coming, and Mr. Johnstone, the new clergyman, and perhaps they may bring Mr. Warren with them."

Kate did not seem to hear this last name: she was very intent on picking up her glove which had fallen on the ground near her.

"Well, I suppose I had better go and change my dress," she said presently, as she raised her head and shook her curls back from her face, which was rather flushed—possibly from stooping. She put the child on the ground, and rose to leave the room, when the door opened, and the old negro servant announced "Mr. Monro!"

Poor Kate gave one eager glance and made one hasty movement towards the window, but it was too late. Mr. Monro had entered the room, and was gazing at her with undisguised admiration as she stood in her tight riding habit, with her beautiful hair hanging loose to her waist, and blushing with shame and vexation.

Mr. Monro was not very ready with his ideas nor with the words which are the ordinary vehicle for conveying them. He was struggling in the throes of uttering a compliment when Kate swept past him, throwing back her long locks with a toss and shake of her proud head, and passing swiftly through the open door, walked majestically up to her own room. And when she had reached her room, her first impulse was to be very angry; her next was to laugh at the absurdity of being angry about such a trifle; her next was to glance, half curiously, through her curls at her image in

the glass. Then she took a thorough survey of her appearance; then her mouth and brow gradually relaxed, and she begun to think that, perhaps, she had been rather unnecessarily indignant with poor Mr. Monro.

"After all, what had he done? It was not his fault that her hair had fallen down, nor that he had come in at an unfortunate moment. To be sure, he was generally very much in the way, poor man! but on this occasion he certainly could not help it. And as for his standing in that absurd way, looking at her and sputtering out compliments,—why, as for that,"—and the fair Kate stepped back a little from the dressing table, and turned her head to one side and then to the other, and drew herself up, and put her little collar straight, and pulled down the jacket of her riding dress. —"Why, she did not know that there was any very great harm in that."

And so she began to think rather kindly and remorsefully of Mr. Monro; and determined that, when she went down stairs again, she would take an opportunity of letting him see that he had not hopelessly offended her,—in fact, she resolved to be on this occasion unusually gracious to that gentleman.

And then she caught sight of three figures walking up the road to the house. The short one she knew, at a glance, was Mr. Beveridge; the other in black was Mr. Johnstone, she supposed; there was no need to conjecture who the third was—the tall figure in the centre—with his old drab felt hat and grey shooting jacket and white trousers. We have already almost reached the furthest verge of propriety in thus intruding upon Kate Thornton's bedchamber, with its pretty French bed and muslin hangings, and tasteful toilet apparatus, and her own particular book-case and books, and her own writing-table; we must allow ourselves only one more peep. She has laid aside her riding habit, and with her long white rounded arms raised gracefully above her head, is gathering up, with nimble fingers, the glossy locks which had so provoked her by having fallen down. But as she does this she is not standing before her glass; she has drawn well back into the shadow of the room, and her bright soft glance is fixed on something or somebody on the road below, approaching the house. She pauses in her work to listen to a well-known footstep, and then to the tones of a well-known voice, and a glow of pleasure lights up her beaming face.

And a few minutes afterwards, Miss Thornton, looking cool and quiet, in the freshest of muslin dresses, came floating

airily down stairs, and walked into the drawing-room with so perfectly composed an air that you would never have guessed what a fluttering and thumping there was going on at her heart!

CHAPTER IX.

Kate Thornton, in spite of inclinations which drew her in other directions, or perhaps in consequence of those inclinations, did not allow herself to forget her gracious resolutions towards Mr. Monro. Such was her natural energy and resolution of character, that her consciousness of a liability to weakness in any respect would only have the effect of rousing her to greater efforts to follow out the course which she had marked out for herself. She rather piqued herself upon her inflexibility of character; and I am not at all sure that she was not allowing this quality to degenerate into something very near akin to obstinacy. It is not for ordinary women, hardly perhaps for any women at all, to exhibit themselves as realizations of the heroic virtues. Minerva, Britomart, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Saragossa, may be admirable subjects for the painter or the sculptor, but, somehow, one never thinks of falling in love with such exalted personages. One may admire them, but it is with much the same feeling that one admires a thunderstorm; with an awful sense of its grandeur or vastness, but with a secret acknowledgment that the further off it is the more comfortable you feel, and that you shall be very glad when it has rolled and rattled by, and quiet is restored, and the sun shines out again.

I do not mean that Kate Thornton had as yet exhibited the virile virtues in the stilted caricature or stunted deformity which one sometimes sees in strongminded young ladies. But she was not out of danger of doing so. Her temper was naturally inclined to be a little imperious. She had acute perception, quick decision, and strong will. And in all this she stood out in such bold relief to the more soft, yielding, impressible character of her sister-in-law, that she was a little too much disposed to regard these features as so many positive and incontestible advantages on her side, and to look down upon the milder nature of the other with a feeling which scarcely deserved the name of pity. Her brother unconsciously supported her in this. His temper exhibited in a more marked manner the peculiarities of her own. He was quick, and impatient, and resolute, and was latterly becoming a very hard and not very amiable man.

"Annie! what in the world are they about that we have not had tiffin yet?"

"I am, sure, Henry dear, I do not know. I dare say it will be ready directly."

He turned from her impatiently. "Kate, just go and see what Pedro is about. That's a good girl!" he added approvingly; as Kate, not altogether displeased at being thus appealed to by her brother, was in the act of leaving the room. She had not reached the door when it was opened by the old negro servant, who announced that tiffin was served, and the party moved off to the dining-room. Mr. Monro esteemed himself fortunate in securing Kate, and Ormerod, by what he would have called a rush at the finish, obtained the other place by her side.

Professor Houdin, in his very curious account of himself and his education in the mysteries of White Magic, tells us how he laboured for years to acquire the art of doing well a number of different things at the same time, and by this means became a great conjurer. But Kate Thornton, whatever else she might be, was no conjuror; and as they sat chatting after tiffin, it was not long before she found that she had more matters to attend to than she could well command.

Mr. Monro, on her right, gratified by her gracious conduct, and feeling himself restored to favour again, was discoursing fluently of poetry and poets. Ormerod, on her left, was still full of their morning's ride, and the Chanticleer colt. Her brother, in boisterous good spirits at this unexpected meeting with a school friend, was talking to Johnstone about old scenes and old school-fellows in a loud tone, which she could not help hearing; while she was intent on catching what it was that Warren and Mr. Beveridge were debating so earnestly on the other side of the table. And the consequence of this was a rather bewildering confusion of topics. What the regulations of the Jockey Club had to do with the proceedings in Synod was her first puzzle. Then she had to disentangle the Lake school of poets from a town-and-gown row at Oxford. By a strong effort she recovered herself so far as to answer coherently to one or two remarks on either side; and then she felt herself being overwhelmed by a perfect Babel of confusion, as mingled sentences dropped upon her ear to the effect that the Corsair, so full of passion and tenderness, was very strong in his quarters and hind legs, and would look much better with his tail cut square; that it was much to be regretted that he had not been at all steady lately, and had been negligent in his attendance at the night-school; that with his ability he might have distinguished

himself at the bar; and finally, that his name was Flint, and that he should have some dinner on the stoep directly!

Poor Kate was glad when they rose from table, and she could get out into the garden, where Warren came to ask her some important question about transplanting bulbs; and Mr. Monro, taking Thornton by the arm, told him he wished to have a little conversation with him, and led him off to a retired part of the lower terrace. There he paused a little, cleared his throat with the air of a man who has something of importance to communicate, and then began.

"You will doubtless understand me, Mr. Thornton, when I say that I am now taking my furlough after twenty-two consecutive years of service under the Honourable East India Company; and that at the expiration of that furlough —which extends to three years—it will be at my option to return to India or to retire from the service."

Thornton nodded assent.

"My inclination prompts me to adopt the latter course. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that should I do so, I am possessed of means sufficient to place me in a position of affluence in whatever part of the world I may determine to make my abode. I shall be in a position to invest about twenty thousand pounds in the best available securities, and my retiring allowance will be, as you are doubtless aware, a thousand a year."

Again Mr. Monro paused, and again Thornton nodded, wondering to what all this was intended to lead.

"Many circumstances have combined to attract me to this spot. The climate agrees with me, I admire the scenery, and there is a repose about the whole mode of life which suits my tastes and disposition. In short, I may say that I have almost determined to purchase property and to settle at the Mersey.

"We shall be very glad to have you for a neighbour," said Thornton, still a little bewildered as to the final end of this communication.

"I have ventured to hope that my neighbourhood will not be disagreeable to the members of your family. Indeed, I may say I have promised myself much future satisfaction in fixing my abode in close proximity to your own. In the arrangements which I trust to carry into execution, it will be of advantage to all parties. I think, Mr. Thornton, it will hardly be necessary for me to enter into any explanation as to my feelings towards your fair sister."

Here it was, at last; the solution of Mr. Monro's mysterious address! Thornton elevated his eyebrows and screwed

up his mouth as if about to whistle. Mr. Monro turned towards him as if for an answer to his last observation, and Thornton said he had sometimes thought Mr. Monro admired her.

"I do admire her," replied Mr. Monro emphatically. "Her personal charms, her mental gifts and accomplishments, her tastes and disposition are all such as I should wish to see exhibited in—in—in my wife."

"May I ask, then, whether it is upon this subject that you wish now to speak to me?"

"It is."

"And what does Kate say to it?" asked Thornton, stopping and turning to Mr. Monro a face from which all traces of amused astonishment had not yet departed.

Mr. Monro noticed this apparently, for he assumed a more dignified tone and bearing.

"I have not thought it necessary to obtain Miss Thornton's formal consent. But the remarkable similarity in our tastes and habits of thought and reading leave little room for a doubt in my own mind as to what her reply will be. But it is not altogether on that point that I wished to speak to you. I think it right and desirable that matters of this kind should be conducted with mutual understanding and confidence, and it is on that account that I put before you, as the young lady's guardian, my own present position and future prospects. With the one I have now made you acquainted; the other shall be stated in a few words. I should wish, as I have said, to settle in this neighbourhood. I have doubts whether, after an absence of so many years, the climate of England would be suited to my constitution, and I think that I should find in your sister a lady whose well-regulated mind would indulge in no idle hankerings after change of scene, but whose wishes and desires would be moulded by those of her husband."

Thornton drew down the corners of his mouth, and gave a queer sidelong glance at this confident wooer of the bonny Kate.

"It would be my wish to become the possessor of a property which has many attractions for me, and which I have no doubt could be made, with the outlay of a little capital, exceedingly valuable—I mean the Knoll."

Thornton now looked at his companion with undisguised amazement. "The Knoll! What, Warren's place!"

"The same."

"But does he want to sell it? Has he offered it to you?"

"He has not. But from what I have observed, I have

come to the conclusion that Mr. Warren is incapable, from want of capital, of availing himself fully of the advantages which his property presents. And I have reason to believe that he would not refuse a suitable offer. I should, of course, invest a considerable sum in improvements, and I have no reason to doubt that I should, in a short time, derive from it a return which would largely increase my present income. And in whatever plans I might propose, I should feel it of the greatest possible advantage to me if I could secure the advice and assistance of Mr. Thornton by the claim which the tie of brother-in-law would confer upon me."

Astute Mr. Monro! However mistaken he may have been in his estimate of Kate Thornton's mind and character, he had touched her brother precisely on his most accessible point. Thornton's character, indeed, was not a difficult one to read. He was too blunt and downright to offer many doubtful traits, or puzzling contradictions. He had his inconsistencies, like the rest of us, but they were of a very simple and explicable nature. And among these, evident enough to an observant eye, was that of being, in spite of loud professions to the contrary, fond of playing the great man. He was vain of the position in which he found himself, while he affected to think lightly of it. No man would bluster more loudly at public meetings about the equality which should reign among colonists, and no man was more reserved and exclusive in admitting others to his house. And to those who were thus favoured he would exhibit his handsome *ménage*, with some remark about these things not being much in *his* way—it was the style in which his poor father had been accustomed to live—but with a secret self-complacency at the thought that there was no such establishment as his throughout that part of the colony.

Mr. Monro's words had suggested a whole train of thought in keeping with this dominant feature of his character. It flashed across his mind that if his sister became the wife of a man with such a handsome income, and settled on the adjoining property, it would tend greatly to enhance his own dignity and importance. Mr. Monro had already hinted that he should look to him in everything, and his own consequence would be thereby rendered more conspicuous. There had been some talk of something between his sister and Warren; but no doubt that was all nonsense. Warren was a poor man, and his farm was almost useless without capital being laid out upon it. And being thus poor, and his prospects so dubious, it was really rather presuming in him to aspire to the honour of marrying his sister. And if he sold

his place to Mr. Monro, as it was likely he would do, why he would go away, and then the whole thing would die out and be forgotten. The more he revolved this new idea the more desirable features it seemed to present.

But Kate? How would her proud selfwill consent to this disposal of her fair self? That was a question to which it was not easy to find an answer. But the more he thought of Mr. Monro's plan, as they walked slowly up and down the terrace walk together, the more he found to approve of in it.

"My sister has three thousand pounds charged upon this property," he said at last; "or interest at the rate of six per cent. On her marriage, it is at her option to receive the principal, or to continue to draw only the interest"

"In any arrangements of that nature, in which I might be permitted to have a voice, I should wish that course to be adopted which was most convenient to yourself. I should, by my own settlements, place my future wife in such a position as would render the mode in which she received her own fortune a matter of no immediate moment."

This, again, was in exact accordance with Thornton's inclinations. He had engaged in undertakings which, though they gave promise of yielding a very large profit, demanded the outlay of a considerable amount of capital. General Thornton had built a small corn-mill on the little river Els, finding it necessary, in the primitive days of the Mersey, to provide as far as possible for the wants of the people whom he employed. His son's views were more ambitious. He came to the conclusion that a much larger corn-mill could be made extremely profitable; that a saw-mill would enable him to turn his forest property to much more advantageous account; and that steam would be a much more certain, and, on the whole, a cheaper power than the slender and variable stream of the Els. Visions of yet bolder speculation passed across his ardent imagination. But all these things demanded money, and plenty of it; and he had looked to the probability of his sister's marriage with so poor a man as Warren as a circumstance which would necessitate the payment of her little fortune, and the consequent postponement, for a time, of his schemes of advancement. Mr. Monro's last words had perhaps even more weight with him than anything he had previously urged.

"Well, Monro," he said, after a little silence, "All this must, of course, rest ultimately on my sister's own decision; and I am glad to find that you are able to speak with so much confidence on that point. I shall not attempt to bias

her judgment in any way. But I may say so much as this, that should she give her own consent, I, as her brother and guardian, shall add my hearty concurrence."

And so they returned to the house. And as they reached the stoep, they both paused a moment to look at two figures in another part of the garden. Kate, with a broad straw hat shading her face, and the sunlight glancing on her waving curls of golden brown, and Warren, with his stalwart frame clad in undeniably well-worn garments were intently engaged in discussing some point of interest connected with the garden; both looking excessively happy, and little dreaming of the arrangements which had been made for their respective future.

I wonder what thoughts were passing across the minds of the two others as they looked at them.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.—No. 2.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

My dear ———,—In a land like this, where nothing happens except a "nachtmaal" or a fall of rain, the little circumstances of births, marriages, and deaths excite far more attention than in those over-populated countries, where, as statistics tell us, so many are born every second of time, and where people die by the thousand. A case in point happened no later than yesterday. Walking in a retired lane down among the water erven, I met three very small children, who, almost bursting with the importance of the news they had to communicate, pointed to a house at a short distance, and cried at the top of their voices "Mynheer—daar onder." I inquired what was the matter, and was met by the reply, "baviaantje;" smiling at the evident glee with which the children—of course they were girls—entered into the matter, I called immediately to congratulate the friends of the "little monkey," which had just been ushered into existence.

"Baviaantje," the word implies a great deal, and has its equivalent in many languages. It implies how useless, troublesome, and yet how very dear is the little creature that has come amongst us. By-and-by, we shall laugh at its antics, and shall come to understand why it is the ladies in "Sir Charles Grandison" are eternally corresponding about

their "marmousettes." This, by way of digression—you make your call—the jufvrouws are in high delight; being a man, and unmarried, it is thought scarcely proper for you to say much about the matter, but maternal and great maternal avuncular and cousinly pride are a match for this artificial propriety, and you are dragged at length, amid some giggling, into the presence—see the object of interest very red, and, like all boer babies, somewhat Herculean in its proportions; and find the mamma calmly eating broiled mutton, with half the village in her chamber.

From births to marriages, although a retrograde, is nevertheless a natural transition. The weddings of the poorer boers are very characteristic. I have often been much amused whilst watching the progress of a courtship among my pastoral friends. You meet the rustic Cœlebs, some fine day, washed, shaven, and dressed with unwonted care, upon a journey apparently objectless, to a distant part of your district; you find that some one else has seen him in the same neighbourhood a fortnight earlier perhaps, but under similar circumstances. Putting things together, you conclude there is a lady in the case, and rumour confirms your surmise. Tradition somewhat sarcastically describes the interviews which are supposed to take place. The beau has been painted to my imagination, sitting very awkwardly, and cramped up as if by rheumatism, close to the belle, who remains, with the more graceful awkwardness of her sex, silently beside him. By-and-by, beau ejaculates a prolonged "ya," shakes hands, and takes his departure, much comforted, and on the high road to matrimony. Two or three weeks later he comes again, and has another silent interview, compared with which I should think the sitting on thorns to be a particularly pleasant performance. He calls perhaps a third time, and matters being so far satisfactory, consults the parents. If they approve his courtship, he makes his offer, and on the Sunday following, the "eerste gebod," or first publishing of banns, takes place in the Dutch church. You can see the pair in the afternoon, seated side by side in a room hastily decorated for the occasion, when friends come to offer their congratulations. Extempore groomsmen in white waistcoats, and with cockade in button-hole, and extempore bridesmaid in snowy muslin, attend visitors to the presence. Everyone kisses the lady, drinks coffee, and eats little cakes. The house is thronged; there is much quiet pleasantry, and jokes, in which the Englishman, satiated with punch and Joe Miller, cannot discover the shadow of a point, are heartily laughed at in the "voorhuis," as the central chamber

of a boer residence is termed. The wedding and its attendant festivities follow two or three weeks later. How the bride in coloured clothing, and the one bridesmaid in white muslin, and the bridegroom in orthodox white waistcoat, and the groomsman, a second bridegroom to all appearance, and all invested, as to their hands, with unwonted white kid gloves, take their places in church, perform their parts, and go home again to breakfast, I need not tell you. This home is oftentimes far out in the country, and the road becomes living with carts, wagons, and horsemen, for friends and quidnuncs set forth to share the sports and pleasures of the bridal. This journey, if not too long, is one of the most enjoyable events of the day. Say, you are in a car, with a friend or two. A box under the back seat is filled with bottles of suspicious aspect, while a non-alcoholic fellow has brought a supply of ginger beer. Your driver, as usual, of ambitious nature, urges the horses on, in attempts to outspeed the other vehicles on the road. Other vehicles are also governed by ambitious persons. This you learn to your sorrow, as you go bumping and jumping over the stones and bushes by the wayside, with a perfect whirlwind of dust in your face, and a fair chance of being overturned. You have proceeded two miles perhaps, when a gastronomic individual proposes refreshments, this is seconded with acclamation. You stop and dismount, the suspicious bottles are brought forth, but it is found that glasses have been forgotten. Necessity knows no law, so you drink out of the bottles themselves. Non-alcoholic fellow tries this with the ginger beer, which, what with the heat and shaking has become positively explosive. A little brandy is found to calm this effervescence, when half has been lost in the air and half jerked over the face of the adventurous drinker. Non-alcoholic fellow rather likes the mixture, which is generally acknowledged to be not so bad after all. You start again, in excellent humour, but the sun is hot, so much so that when you have gone two miles further, your gastronomic companion discovers that the bottles are loose in the box, and in danger of being broken. The concern at this announcement is wonderful, the horses are pulled in, cart stops, the bottles are taken out (of course you drink a little) before re-arranging them, and resuming the journey, this time with renewed vigour. I should think non-alcoholic fellow must be appalled at the manner in which we now dash on, through ruts, over stones, and down steep hills. By-and-by the journey becomes tedious. At length the farm-house is seen in the distance; the occasional report of a gun is heard;

your ambitious driver, reanimated by these sounds, makes frantic efforts to overtake the carts in front. You come to your journey's end, and amid a dozen or more of other vehicles, commence to outspan your own.

And now, you mount the stoep, where a party, shy but merry, is assembled; you enter the "voorhuis," it is thronged with guests—thronged as to its chairs, pressed with the dainty weight of blooming "jufvrouws"—thronged in corners and on tables, where stand or sit the sterner sex—thronged in all available interstices by more juvenile life, cramming itself with gingerbread, or the boer representative of gingerbread. In one angle, a musical genius is playing saltatory airs upon an accordeon; amatory youths flirt and kiss in others. In the midst, shaven and grinning, stands groomsman, resplendent in his white necktie, waistcoat, and gloves; and bridesmaid, a mass of filmy muslin, resting upon crinoline, with plump, rosy-cheeked girl in the midst—both ready to conduct visitors into the snug little chamber, where, sitting in state, the newly-wedded pair, with *pater et mater familias*, are ready to receive you. Being a man, bridesmaid accepts your arm (of course you squeeze it) and leads you in state. You congratulate the bridegroom, wringing his hand, and kiss the bride. Perhaps she has a penchant for you, and salutes you pleasantly enough in return; perhaps she is a disagreeable creature, bored already with superabundant desoculation, and only offers her cheek. There is the mamma, too, radiant with smiles, elderly perchance, but certainly more or less *passé*, for boer ladies wear badly; but you kiss her too, after slight coyness on her part, much to the general delight. A vacant seat is then found, you take it, drink coffee, eat cakes, and then make your exit to the "voorhuis," to give place to others. An open doorway now attracts your attention. It is a kitchen, where a merry group of middle-aged jufvrouws is making coffee and cutting up sponge-cake, when who should you see but gastronomic fellow sitting beside the family grandpapa, listening to the old man's stories and eating a second edition of the confectionary. Through an opposite doorway you discern faces, more or less swarthy, grinning with delight. In the "voorhuis," a game is in prospect. Perhaps you remember in those glorious old Christmas parties, when we were children, what fun we had with "twilight," as it was called. It consisted mainly in catching a plate, twirled in the middle of the room, before it fell to the ground, and in forfeits for awkwardness. As played here among these children of larger growth, it seems sadly deteriorated; but I

fear it is *we*, my dear, who have become old and tame, rather than this simple amusement. Here, however, as ever, little episodes occur—plate falls, a forfeit is incurred, and there are shouts of laughter. Ambitious individual meets with signal failure, and becomes angry on the strength of it. Amorous hind calls his buxom inamorata; who, in her turn, calls amorous hind to take the gyrating plate, each the other, two or three times. Quiet girl, secretly in love, comes blushing at the summons of the youth she admires, and stammers the name of some other jufvrouw in return. An Englishman, fond of children, or snubbed perhaps by the belles of the evening, calls the little girls out, who rush forward, delighted at the unexpected notice. Elderly man names, as he twirls the plate, the wife of his many years with a tone of respectful affection. While bride and bridegroom, in seat of honour, look on, pleased, but somewhat bored I should think, and occasionally join in the sports. As the penalty consists chiefly in kissing, forfeits are rather popular, and the plate comes many times to the ground. When penalties have sufficiently accumulated, the game concludes, and the kissing begins. It is almost interminable. When this ceases, they play again, more forfeits are incurred, and then comes more kissing. There is another, but by no means better game, in which the guests sit, so far as is possible, all round the room, while a stalwart boer, who acts as fugleman, holding a knotted handkerchief or leather strap, names some amorous person who is sitting beside a lady, and offers him the choice of giving up his place, or of receiving a smart thwack upon his extended hand. Amorous person takes the blow, wincing more or less. There is always an unpopular wight who gets more punished than the rest, and an irascible youth who flies into a rage when he is hit. In fact, the whole thing is barbarous—blood is not unfrequently drawn, and one is reminded of those savage festivities at the coming of age among certain American Indians, where ingenuous youth has unmurmuringly to suffer torture, as an evidence of hardihood and bravery.

As evening advances, there are indications of supper; the "voorhuis" is cleared, and open-air games follow. Our gastronomic friend is found, a little later, by a party of similar temperament, eating unripe apricots in the garden. The sports are various—leap-frog, for example, played by huge boers, grenadiers in height, but clumsy as Bruin in their gait: or nameless games, in which you join others in forming a ring, and are beaten with knotted handkerchiefs, or tossed up high into the air, upon slight, and so far as

myself is concerned, unintelligible pretexts. As twilight deepens, supper is announced; you approach the forehouse, a stream of light shines from the open doorway; savoury smells greet you, and, in a second more, a table, groaning beneath the generous but rude feast meets the eye.

Shall I sing the pleasures of this board? I have eaten daintier fare which pleased me less than the solid viands of a boer bridal. Mirth and laughter reigns around. You see gastronomic fellows in full force. An alcoholic man takes wine with every person at the table. The two form a well-matched pair, and as they sit side by side, eating and drinking, long after the rest have finished, a humorous "jufvrouw" pins them together by the coat tails. By-and-by they perceive themselves alone at the table, rise simultaneously, and discovering their situation by a jerk which nearly tears their coats asunder, calmly take wine together on the strength of the joke which has been played them, and then, amid loud laughter, evaporate as quietly as possible into the back ground.

While supper is clearing away, boer wedding guests saunter outside. Say it is a bright moonlight, silvering the peach trees in the garden, and the poplars by the water-furrow; lighting softly precipices and peaks, and casting ebon shadows over glen and ravine. Little flirtations ripen now into something warmer, in the dusk of the night—groups of twos and threes wander up and down, some straying from the rest with much innocent forgetfulness, some gathering around indigenous wit and beauty. It is pleasantly cool. Perhaps you feel your hand pressed gently by boer girl, and in that pressure forget the disadvantages of the ruder manners and imperfect education of the land.

Tables and chairs are cleared away; "twilight" is resumed; the room more dimly lighted by candles placed on window-seats, or held by young men who stand at the sides of the room, more useful than their analogues—the "wall-flowers" of our social life in England. One or two couples of saltatory inclinations make abortive attempts at dancing, which, upon the whole, is not much encouraged among these Puritan colonists. Thus the night wears on. Children have, long ago, been put into a room by themselves, and are quietly sleeping. Wearily, upon the whole, works away musical genius with his accordeon. Wearily proceeds the game of "twilight." Wearily, sleepily in fact, perform their parts "strooijonge" and "strooimeisje." At length dawn, as yet scarcely rosy-fingered, lights up the sky, and amid drinking of coffee, guests think of departing. Carts are

inspanned, and the sun, who seems, to say the least, seedy and as if he had been up all night, gilds the mountains as we ride home.

Amongst these farmers, then, who are more or less illiterate, it will be seen that matrimony, although encumbered with much that is tiresome, is by no means difficult in the main. But your man of education is much to be pitied in these lonely villages. There's Peregrinus, intelligent and energetic, who goes some hundreds of miles over execrable roads—traversed by ever varying torrent beds, washed away by overwhelming rain-falls, and constructed in pit-fall fashion at the top of precipices. He braves the scorching heat of mid-day, and the still more pernicious frost at night. Dragged by excitable horses, he passes a succession of barren mountains and arid plains, whose only variety consists in being more or less ugly, unfruitful, deserted, and monotonous. He reaches the farm or village where dwells the lady of his choice. Ten chances to one if he has not to sleep in his wagon, or to take up his quarters in some out-house. In a short time the entire neighbourhood knows why he has come. If he cares for the girl, he is in a state of more or less uncertainty. Perhaps he makes an impression, perhaps not. He carries on a correspondence (and what a nuisance, my dear ———, a correspondence is) and sees well enough that in so small a district the postmaster *must* know the two hand-writings and their purport; and feels a certain dislike to looking that calm official in the face. In a little time he takes his journey over again, knowing beforehand how fagged he will look when he comes to his destination. As likely as not, he finds the lady flirting with some brainless fellow, whose good looks or merry small-talk, have, according to the old fashion, gained her affections. Perhaps, at this stage, he returns, assuring himself that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and cursing alike his folly, the roads, and the Hottentot boy, who having an inkling of the matter, grins behind bushes at outspan times, and talks suspiciously enough to any other Hottentot whose ear he can catch. Supposing the course of true love, roads excepted, runs smoothly, he goes through all the bother and ceremony of marriage; has to be congratulated, féted, addressed; has to face the rifle corps, be "at home," and so forth. Thanks to energy and determination, Peregrinus endures all this manfully. He is rewarded for his trouble, and so leaves others, to whom he stands as a beacon and a warning, to conceive the gladsomeness of the reward that can requite such trouble.

There's Domesticus on the other hand, a mild man, who likes ease and detests bad roads. He wants a home. Within a hundred miles, perhaps two, there is no suitable person to be found. He takes the best he can get, which is conveniently philosophical after all—a rather heavy lady, who plays her three tunes upon the piano, with only seventeen mistakes, speaks a broken English, dresses a little methodistically, cooks in a manner that does not torture his European stomach much, and makes him happy enough in his honest way. But time passes—the dream and ideality of love are over. Mrs. Domesticus washes without soap and spits upon the floor. He finds her some fine day, sitting with a dozen handkerchiefs tied about her head, in a general state of despondency and "naarheid." He finds her in this attitude a great many fine days. Their tastes too differ most unaccountably. She seldom or never takes a book in hand. Her little world is confined to the Herbet Schaller or Barend Augustuses, who with unsparing liberality have been bestowed upon the pair.

Like all good easy fellows—I should say lazy, but must confess I like such characters too well to be hard upon them—Domesticus is a philosopher. If not clever, his wife is good, and far too proud of her English husband to be indifferent to his merits. And then his children—those toys which a kind Providence gives to be the playthings of our middle age—are a never-ending source of—well, if you must have it—of botheration perhaps, but of wholesome pride and household merriment as well. But no philosophy can stand that fellow Snapp—who makes periodical visits for the very purpose, it would seem, of bringing out the disparities of the union in their strongest light. He invites himself to dinner, and groans as he is eating it; shudders at your coffee, and is in agony when attempts at pastry, which the good Domesticus eats with relish, are placed before him. He talks, allusively of course, of Mrs. L.'s charming conversational powers; Mrs. M.'s sweet figure (Mrs. Domesticus by-the-by, is of cylindrical or globular conformation); Mrs. N.'s brilliant musical performances, and Mrs. R.'s most lady-like deportment. Domesticus is ready, of course, to kick or to storm—but Snapp, who has a perfect genius for avoiding the last straw that breaks the camel's back, comes to spy, and departs to sneer—with the completest venom and the most entire immunity.

Joyful subjects to write upon, my dear ——, births and marriages; but I turn now to a solemn one,—Death, ever associated with strong emotions, is oftentimes very sad, and

even tragic, in this half inhabited desert. I speak not of the quiet boer funeral, and the almost apathetic manner in which the destroyer is regarded by the descendants of the older settlers; but of the lonely dyings of strangers scattered amongst them. One peculiarly sombre, I may say fearful, comes to mind. There was a young artizan, strong and healthy, he earned money easily, and drank; they all drink freely. I have met him in the village, when he has arrived at the "devil-may-care" stage, and he has offered, much to the disgust of my offended pride, a "hail-fellow-well-met" salutation. I have met him at a later period, with reeling gait, and bloated face, offering a drunkard's insults to the passers-by. I think I have seen him at the acme of intoxication, carried off to the gaol, amid the mockery of a ribald crowd. Nevertheless, he was young, strong, and good-looking. Well, this man was working at some building far away in a mountain kloof, where a large supply of Cape brandy came into his possession. Of course he stopped work and commenced drinking. He drank with Kafirs and Hottentots; he drank for days together; indeed, as he had never drank before. Then came madness, the frenzy of long-continued inebriation. He was seen to run at the top of his speed down the glen, and was soon lost in the bushy veldt. They followed him for a time, but without effect. He was missing for a day or two, and then search was made.

Far distant from any homestead, there is a valley lined with dreary rocks. It is salt and barren, save at the torrent side, where stunted willows glimmer feebly with their whitish green foliage. Hither the searchers came, directed by carrion crows. On a muddy ledge, just above the bed of the river, a body, which the birds had in many places eaten to the bones, lay rotting in the sun. It was surmised that, burning with thirst, the inebriate had tottered to the bank, had fallen headlong into the waters then swollen with recent rains, had struggled with helpless fury for a moment, and then sunk. You may see his grave by the roadside. I have passed it myself, not without emotion. Indeed, when I think of the terrible death of the drunken man—alone, at night in this rock-bound glen—I am powerfully affected. But when I remember him uncared for—for there was no kinsman to inquire his fate, and unwept, for there was no fonder heart to lament him—I pray God that I at least may die in my bed, and that tears, if they be only those of an outcast like this man, may fall beside my remains.

R. S.

IN THE TEMPEST.

"Faint not, O heart, faint not, nor fear,
Though terribly the tempest beat,
And heaven and earth embattled meet,
And all is darkness dread and drear.

"No light, save when the lightning's flash
But makes the danger seem the more,
And ceaseless sounds the deafening roar
Of winds, and waves that o'er thee dash.

"And thou art drenched and weak and worn,
With watching and long striving spent;
The vessel leaks, the sails are rent,
But courage still, and wait the morn."

Thus spake my angel to my heart;
"Alas!" my sickened heart replied,
"I cannot stem this fearful tide;
'Tis over—life and I must part."

Then, 'midst yet louder, wilder din,
I heard another voice that said,
"'Twere better numbered with the dead;
Some men must lose, and some must win."

And then I laid me down to die,
But death came not; and as I lay
Again I heard the angel say,
"What madness makes thee there to lie?

"Where is thy manhood? Was it given
For hours of idle ease alone?
Where is thy faith? Hast thou not known
That God for ever sits in heaven?

"Storms come and go at His decree;
Full soon this hurricane may cease,
And thou may'st steer thy bark in peace
Across a tranquil, smiling sea.

"But if it cease not, still be brave;
Faint not, hope on, and play the man,
Let thy right arm do all it can:
Prove coward, then what power can save?"

I heard, and at my post again,
Of home and all dear ties I thought;
Strength came, and welcome daylight brought
A blessed morrow o'er the main.

C. L.

THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION TEST.

(CONTINUED).*

THE pride and prejudices of nationality, though emanating from feelings creditable in themselves, often partake not a little of the ridiculous. It is said that our English education in our sea-girt isle is largely fraught with an ungracious, unsocial feeling towards those whom we are prone to consider have less claim to nobility of race than ourselves. Be this as it may, we cannot fail to observe that when Englishmen come to the colonies they see everything through English spectacles, and are decided on applying an English measure to all the affairs of life, and reproach us merely because they are unable to command that collapse of mind necessary to a due appreciation of the limited extent of colonial resources; everything we think, everything we say, everything we do, is strained to the proportion of English means. This often leads to unfavourable pecuniary results and wrong conclusions. The Anglo-Saxon who boasts that his race is subduing the world, in a lordly and domineering spirit, refuses to his brother Saxon, colonized in a distant land an equal participation in the right of sound judgment and active citizenship, which he so arrogantly claims as the privilege of his race. Every "Great Britain" looks down with unspeakable contempt upon his fellow-citizen whose arrival in the colonies has preceded his own by a few months or years, insomuch that it is almost become a mark of reproach to have been for any time a respectable resident in the colonies, when placed in competition for merit with the last loud-sounding "Great Britain" that has arrived, clothed with the pride and prejudice of the old country.

Among the unhappy effects which are said to result from the examination test in England, it is stated that it draws a large number of young men from industrial pursuits; and it is thence inferred, indeed broadly stated, that with us it draws them away so, that they will not do anything else. But in this inference cause and effect have been jumbled together by a mental indolence that jumps to conclusions to avoid the labour of thinking. The truth is, they never did do anything else, simply because we gave them nothing else to do. In England, this effect is caused by a redundancy of population and of wealth, resulting from

* Excluded from our last number for want of space.

industry. With us it results from a scarcity of employment; and, before we cast this reproach upon our young men, it will at least be only just to give them something else to do, by opening up to them new channels of respectable remunerative employment. We have no manufactures, and our social state has been such that a stigma is attached to all kinds of mechanical pursuits; and we have no right to expect them to take up that which we look upon, if not as degrading, certainly with no degree of respect. Our merchants cannot employ the half of them, and what then are they to do? Surely, we cannot blame or reproach them if they seek with avidity an honourable competition for an employment, of all others open to them deemed the most honourable. If any reproach is merited, it is the aged men that are to blame, not the young men; it is the parents that are the sinners here, and their sons the sufferers. Are we to expect them to crouch quietly at our feet, with their hands across, if when they ask for bread we give them a stone? We have reason to believe, from our own experience, that too little attention is paid to the care of that most important part of society—our young men; and if they are neglected, we have rendered the stream of future development irregular, impure, and turbid in its most hopeful channels. How often have we observed ministers of the gospel estranging themselves from this most interesting and important part of their charge, from a certain sickly sentimental *finesse* which holds itself aloof from the rough, aspiring element, and avoids assembling them together for either advice or confidence, and giving all their attention to the more plastic sex. We cannot condemn such estrangement too strongly. Nor are parents free from blame in this respect, for whilst the daughters are cherished in the exclusive and carefully-preserved atmosphere of the drawing-room, the wild turbulence and headstrong passions of the sons, in the midst of the strongest temptations, are abandoned to almost total and hopeless neglect. Until, therefore, we have placed within the reach of our young men something else affording a moderate prospect of respectability, we cannot regard their diligent seeking of a successful competition before the Board of Examiners as anything but respectable. We would not wish to overrate it, but we cannot despise the day of small things, but take it for what it is worth, as exhibiting a very satisfactory result of the first attempt to apply a comparative measure to the colonial mind. Return we, however, from this partial digression to a more direct consideration of our subject.

Among the weak points of Cape society is the want of a knowledge of men, arising doubtless, from our limited intercourse in so small a community, insomuch that we are become proverbial for our simplicity in this respect. A handsome person, a plausible address, a good share of assurance, and great pretensions will always secure a large amount of attention in Cape society, and go far, if well handled, towards ensuring an introduction in life, without regard to industry, moral character, or even common honesty. This want of knowledge of man is even more conspicuous among the officers of the Government civil service than it is in ordinary society. There are a few remarkable exceptions; still a want of this world-knowledge, as distinct from book-knowledge, is a marked feature in their character. Its correction does not come under the supervision of the Board of Examiners, but it would unquestionably be very much improved by raising the maximum age of the young men who have passed, and by requiring from every one before admittance a certificate of character, showing that he had got his living by honest industry for full two years. This indeed would not ensure all that is desired, but it would ensure a great improvement in business habits, and a comparatively large acquisition of knowledge of the world in which we live; it would, in fact, be the addition of a two years' experience in the most inquiring period of life.

The question has sometimes been asked, Are the Government bound to give situations to all the young men who bear the certificate of the Board of Examiners? We remark, in reply, that the public believe generally that they are, and have believed so since the Board of Examiners was first formed; and many are influenced by this belief in the education of their sons; and if the Government are not bound to do so, then no time should be lost in giving publicity to this and making it as extensively known as is the belief that they are, for if when a father has educated his son to compete for the Examiners' certificate, in the belief that it would secure him a Government situation, he should find that it would not, it would be an act of cruelty to parents, injustice to the young men, and of violence to the cause of education, in all respects injurious.

It is necessary, perhaps, for the business character of the Government service that men of mature age, of strong business habits, and sound knowledge should be admitted into its ranks, to keep it up to the level of the progressing character of the age, for it is the character of all good government that it is rather protective than active, and it therefore

follows that Governments are very likely to be, in activity, a little behind those who cultivate so exclusively the active faculty, and will require to absorb into its ranks a sufficient amount of mature business ability; but this ability itself requires to be variable in its character. Active English mercantile life, where an intense attention to one sole object, an undivided interest, has been the ruling passion, affords excellent men of business, but not sufficient for all purposes. A man may be a very good accountant, yet be but a technical man after all; perfect and stringent in formality and routine, but deficient in the comprehensiveness of mind necessary to guide, to group, or to classify in detail, and quite unfit to rise to the headship of a department, or to a magistracy and to sit in the seat of judgment. Having conceded thus much, however, the interests of education and of the civil service require that nothing more should be conceded. No young man should be admitted without passing an examination, and no man of more advanced years without special business qualifications and character which peculiarly fit him for the office. If this rule is not observed, it is in vain to profess to give encouragement to education in this special form, for in our busy world it will not pay beyond a certain low point. Education is not merely a question of political economy, which may be left to adjust its own interests. It has to contend with the powers of darkness and ignorance, with indolence and extravagant habits, and the tight-handed prejudices of the time-honoured sons of Mammon; and without encouragement in competitive struggles for honours or rewards, would soon be deteriorated and crushed beneath the weight of our grosser passions. The Government have, in this instance, given it a stimulus. They have made it our temple of fame, have placed it on a conspicuous elevation which is to us rather difficult and expensive to ascend, have constructed it with such materials and workmanship as shall excite the admiration and ambition of many, have narrowed its portals of admittance to a certain course of instruction, and have made a niche within its walls a privilege much coveted. But if when the candidate has ascended, at considerable cost and labour, he should find that the best niches are preoccupied by young men more fortunate than himself, it will not lessen his disappointment to be told the astounding truth that some of these young men have been educated at Oxford! It would be in vain, if things were so, to pretend by this means to encourage education,—in vain to introduce a more active head, an improved class of teachers, and a better system. These are all means to a great end,—

insufficient of themselves if that end is not honoured, esteemed, and fairly remunerated.

There is a much closer analogy between the position of clerks in the merchants' service and those in the Government service than people are at first sight willing to allow; but the advantages, in reference to salary, are in favour of the merchant's clerk, who enters at sixteen years of age, over that of the Government clerk, who enters at nineteen; yet the education of the latter will cost £150 more than the former. This it would be easy to show in detail if it were necessary. Industry in a merchant's clerk always meets its reward. Salesmen and bookkeepers are as well paid as the highest class of Government clerks; whilst the management of a branch of business or a junior partnership is attained with more certainty than the head of a Government department. The junior merchants' clerks meet with good salaries in the country, and in a few years, if prudent, are able to succeed in establishing themselves in business. It is true, none but the industrious succeed. In the Government service, all are certain of a measure of success, but the industrious not always more than the idle.

That self-love which a wise and benevolent Creator has implanted in man's nature for a good purpose, which we distinguish by the name of selfishness, and are so prone to abuse, is a principle so unceasing in its operation, so universal in its action, that we may calculate on its constancy as a basis in all our transactions in life; and, indeed, this we generally do, to such an extent that its inordinate and uncontrolled exercise does not create in our minds that detestation which it merits. We regard it with the indifference with which we generally look upon such quiet vices as do not immediately affect our own comfort, and are apt to forget the connecton that there is between the seed sown and the crop to be reaped. To observe closely the workings of this great and active principle in our own hearts, in the conduct of our own acquaintances, and in communities is, says an eloquent writer, "like standing in the engine-house of the world," and having within our view the moving power of its intense action. In communities selfishness acquires extension and intensity; commercial rivalry and rapacity gives it embodiment in the character of nations, insomuch that communities which have given themselves entirely and intensely to mercantile pursuits, develop this principle so fully as to dry up the fountains of genius and liberality, and absorb all the better feelings of our nature. The youthful generosity of early days in behalf of art, and science, and literature, and

philosophy, and political liberty, and Christian charity, deserts the petrified channels of selfish cupidity, which in the end defeats its own purpose, and produces national cunning and dissimulation, degradation and decay; and in like manner, education becomes degenerated, and ultimately, as a principle, dies out in the degradation of national character. If we limit it to the mere requirements of the counting-house, and give it no higher aim, the mind will seek gratification for its higher aspirations, in small peculations, magnificent frauds, reckless speculation, and extravagance,—types of which, if we mistake not, will be found rather too plentiful in the insolvent courts and penal gangs of our time. Now, we would simply ask the question, Is there none of this spirit of cupidity and selfishness in operation amongst us? Have we given to the subject of education that settled application which it demands at our hands? Has it any position in public opinion and in the minds of individuals that will ensure it respect and honour? If we ask any lady to whom we can intrust the education of our daughters, what are the greatest difficulties which she has to contend with in education, we shall be told that it is the unprepared state of the children up to nine years of age, or that time at which they usually go to school. If we ask any gentleman engaged in education what are the greatest difficulties he has to contend with in his school, he will tell us that it is the unprepared state of mind of the pupils, the want of home influence and home interest in education; yet in the face of this reproach the time is scarcely passed when juvenile theatricals commanded among us popularity and the applause of parents. We do not attempt to pronounce any opinion on the abstract principle of theatrical performance; this is a question which concerns more those who are able to judge for themselves; but, at the same time, we do not hesitate to say that to initiate our children into this kind of amusement as a substitute for a domestic education, at the time of life when the mind is prepared to receive its deepest impressions from outward influences, and the principal enjoyment of which is connected with the unbounded applause it elicits, is to inoculate them with a spirit of selfishness and conceit and to close the mind against the admission of good. We do not profess to be prophetic, nor to lift the curtain which conceals the future, and draw a picture of what may be the probable progress in life of the men who have received their early impressions in this school,—we leave this to parents and guardians; but should be very glad if we could confidently say, with one of old, that "the curtain *is* the

picture," and at the same time be satisfied that nothing worse was behind. There is no father of a family in Cape Town who has taken an interest in the education of his children but must have felt more than ordinary difficulty; that mediocre point which is considered the minimum of respectability is gained by ordinary effort, but a further pursuit of the subject beyond this point is almost impracticable; nor are we certain that parents whose sons are intended for ordinary business have any right to expect them to go beyond this, nor to give up that leisure time which is universally accorded by society to young men of the same standing. The fault rests with the low state of education and of public opinion on the subject, and what we have to do is to raise the character of that education and to strengthen that public opinion; and as competitive examinations, when well managed, conduce to this end, we give them our cordial support.

If we attend to the influences which modify and impress their character upon the political and social condition of communities, we shall not fail to remark that in the conquest of a strong people over a less civilized and weaker community, if the smaller become absorbed in the greater, as is generally the case, the effect of conquest, though producing much individual hardship, may still be beneficial to the less civilized community, as a whole; but when the smaller community, in order to avoid the hardship of conquest, submit by capitulation or by treaty, and ensure the safety of their property, their laws, rights, privileges, and religion, these rights the strong are bound to respect, and will respect in proportion to their sense of justice; and with a view of creating and securing an attachment, favours will under such circumstances be bestowed, perhaps lavished, on the more influential classes, who will be invited to participate in the government, to share its cares, it remuneration, and its honours. But in all revolutions and amalgamations of peoples, it may be regarded among the disadvantages of the weaker that the almost stereotyped position which every man in society held is now changed. New competitors and new rivals have come in, with all the advantages that a higher state of civilization and industry can give, and wealth and its influences deserts the old channels and finds new. A constant sense of inferiority and of weakness will take possession of such a people, a common sympathy will give embodiment and expression to their feelings, and an anticipation of injustice where nothing of the kind is intended will become an abiding belief in their minds, prompting them to a closer combination for the mutual protection of interests against imaginary dangers, and closing the mind against the admis-

sion of positive good. That a people so situated should, as long as possible, resist amalgamation, and seek to remain a people within a people, and seek strength in a closer combination, seems natural enough; that they should seek Government employment and the permanent interests which it is supposed to confer in preference to a contest in the competitive field of industry seems but a common-sense decision; and when they are in Government service, if they should combine to assist each other, work and plan for each other, and intrigue for each other, having a secret understanding as a code of laws and a code of honour which it is disgraceful to violate running through their whole body, seems to follow almost as a matter of course, and seems based upon much more natural and reasonable grounds, and more respectable in its character than the concealed principles which prompt many other combinations of men. But the conclusion we must necessarily draw from this is the almost impossibility of men so situated being impartial and just; they become regardless of public opinion, or rather consider it honourable to brave it, and are pleased with a certain amount of petty martyrdom in their own cause, become blinded to any comparative degrees of merit, and utterly incapable of giving due weight and importance to truth. But as Governments are compelled to give consideration to the advice and recommendation of men of influence among a community so situated, it will at once be seen that unless some test of merit and fitness be adopted for admission into the Government service, the authority dispensing the patronage will be annoyed, perplexed, and confounded, and compelled to admit many whom he believes to be unfit and unworthy. Surely, then, we cannot for a moment doubt the necessity of a test of qualification. We may differ in opinion as to what that test should be. The one set before us may not be the best possible; this we can admit, because nothing human is perfect. If it is so, it may be remedied; but of the necessity of a test, if the subject is fairly considered, there cannot be the possibility of doubt.

Competition is the active blood which gives vigour to our business life. If it were possible to withdraw it, society would be an inert mass. It is the great principle of life and vigour in our recreations,—our horse racing, our cricket matches, our rifle matches, are all conducted on a competitive principle; and we have as yet seen no argument to convince us that it is not equally applicable for admission into the public service. One effect, however, we expect it to produce, of more value to society than any to which we have

yet adverted. We hope the time is not distant when young men will seek the certificate of the Board of Examiners to give them a position in society, without any reference to or intention of entering the Government service; but before they can be induced to do this, education must take a higher stand in public opinion, its importance must be felt and acknowledged by all, and it must be esteemed and honoured. When communities having distinct nationalities require to amalgamate, everything for a time takes the form of party. We may, and do endeavour to keep down its outward development and to persuade ourselves that it is not so; but, in doing this, we ignore a fact to cherish a pleasing fiction. Party feelings of nationality are injurious under such circumstances. Competitive action is also based on party principles, but of a very different kind, and beneficial in its action; and no social influence with which we are acquainted is better adapted for producing an amalgamation of classes and a fusion of feeling than competition on equal terms. We cannot treat with contempt the man who has put us on our best mettle to surpass him, nor can we help but respect the man who has surpassed us. We do not hesitate, therefore, in giving our warm support in behalf of a fair stage and no favour, and a competitive struggle for whatever is in itself worth struggling for.

Some observations on the field of view opening up before us will close this paper. We cannot fail to observe, in the history of civilization, wherever commerce has found a peaceful channel, cities and commercial marts have sprung up, and population, and wealth, and refinement, and all the elements of civilization have rapidly increased, and have drawn around them the art, and science, and learning, and religion of the age, from whence it has been disseminated and reflected, as from a common centre, to illuminate the dark places of the earth. The history of commerce and of great cities in all ages of the world illustrates this; but to this general law of civilization there appears to be one exception, the city in which we live. When the passage to India was discovered, which drew the trade of hemispheres around the Cabo Tormentoso, and made this favoured spot the halting-place,—literally, a house of call on the highway of nations, few travellers could pass it by. The favourable geographical position, plentiful supply of water, goodness of the soil and climate, were such that few desired to pass it by without a call. How is it, then, that circumstances so favourable should not have produced effects as noble as in other parts of the world? There may be hidden causes that we see now

but imperfectly, but principally it is because the early colonists were not free. They were the representatives of an age of despotism and monopoly, of worn-out old feudalism, and were deficient in that enlightened free energy which is essential to complete success. A conquest of the country was gradually made, and the language of the conquerors became the vernacular tongue; but in other respects the country remained a howling wilderness, and the men barbarous, and the consequence has been two centuries of mental degradation and wretchedness, remarkable for nothing so much as a steadfast, unprogressive, immovable apathy, under an iron age of bondage, selfish and detestable in its origin, cruel and debasing in its progress and destructive in its results. But now all these things have passed away; we have acquired the noblest, safest, and happiest form of government under which men can live, equally free from the turbulent ambition of individuals wielding the will of factions and from the concentrated despotism of one man crushing a nation's intellect, liberty, and will in the hollow of his hand. The highest offices in the Government are now open to u, and respectable remuneration is given, to the utmost freedom of action, in honourable competition and intellectual development; and it is for the young men of the present generation to show, by persevering industry, that they are sensible of their new position and new privileges, and are determined to remove the stigma of apathy in industrial pursuits, of helplessness and purposeless life which has in past times been attached to their character. They cannot pay a higher compliment to the enlightened minds which have been the means of introducing such happy changes than supplement these changes by persevering industry. The examination test of scholarships opens up a new era, and will become a landmark in our educational history. It marks a decade replete with great events in our social, political, and moral progress,—representative government, railways, the improvement of our ports and harbours, and the royal visit; an enlarged immigration, and a great impulse given to education, a large accession of Christian help and usefulness, carrying Christianity and civilization into the very heart of the continent, the natives on our border, deprived of the power of hostility, and making progress in education and civilization. Much of this, there is no doubt, we owe to the enlightened efforts of many intelligent men, but much of it to the personal character and persevering efforts of his Excellency Sir George Grey. To him the young men of the Cape colony owe a debt of gratitude, and

the best way of showing their sense of this—and we believe the most congenial to his feelings—will be by persevering industry. The examination test places those who pass it in a respectable position as regards scholarship; but if the diligence which has been necessary to acquire this position is not continued, and a pursuit of industry and moral improvement is not made the rule of life, the examination has been passed in vain, our greater privileges will be our condemnation, and the certificate of the Board of Examiners will be a reproach.

If we look on this great continent of which we are so small a fraction, what a wide and noble field of view presents itself for the pursuit of knowledge. Its geology is almost a closed volume of which we have scarcely examined more than the lettering and the gilding. Its botany, from the gigantic palm to the tiniest lichen that adorns its sterile rocks, is a volume of which we know little more than the title-page. Its zoology, so rich in all its branches, presenting so many wonders in all ages, was, until a recent period, less known to us than to the scientific world of two thousand years ago. Its productive fisheries; the richness of its plastic clays, waiting to ennoble the genius of some future colonial Wedgewood; the unique, valuable, and beautiful woods of its unexplored forests; the intensity and beauty of its vegetable dies; the importance of its vegetable medicaments; and the strength, fineness, and utility of its animal and vegetable fibres; the richness of its mines; the concealed wealth of its mountains, and the value of its arid and unbroken karoos; its sandy deserts and its fertile slopes; its mountain torrents, streams, lakes, and rivers, and the flow of its underground current of waters; its meteorology and climatic peculiarities, the cause of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;"—all these, in their varied and multiplied forms of natural richness and beauty, lie open to the young men of this generation as an unread, unstudied volume, of which we know not even the table of contents. And further and nobler still, there is the man of this continent, and the human societies which he has formed. Races, and tribes, and sections of tribes, of which we know not the name, speaking languages and tongues unclassified and unknown, forming communities and cities of which we know not the geographical position, and occupying unexplored and unknown regions. Old aboriginal races, dating beyond the age of history, subject to centuries on centuries of bondage, and degradation, and misery, the tool of every despot, the commercial property of every trafficker in blood and the souls of men, and whose improvement and elevation

in moral status calls loudly for our Christian sympathy and assistance and that of the age in which we live. These, in a thousand varied forms, are but a portion of the field of view opening up to the young men of this generation. They cannot set it aside, they cannot remain neuter. The spirit in which they meet it must depend on themselves. There is no individual, there is no class, can remain neuter in education and in the progress of the present age. He must put his hand to the plough, not looking backward for the return of old things which are fast passing away; and unless he wishes to be crushed by the rapidity of progress, he must be prepared to watch the events as they arise, seize them as they approach, study them and make himself acquainted with their true character, and represent them fairly to his children and those dependent on him, so as to give due weight to domestic influences, due weight to school education, due weight to industry and outward progress, due weight to intellectual efforts, and due weight to morals. "There is no man can say it concerns not me, there is no woman can say it concerns not me;" it concerns every one of us. We cannot say to the illimitable operations of the mind, "Thus far and no further shalt thou go." It partakes of the infinity of God Who gave it, and must continue progressing onward and upward, or backward and downward, until it returns to Him again.

There is, however, another class of young men, to whom a few words may be necessary; not those that have passed, but those that have failed. Much may be written in the way of advice,—advice, perhaps, which we should not be so ready to follow as to give; but all is comprised in two words, containing in themselves an embodiment of the noblest aspirations, the highest hopes, and successful struggles of the greatest minds of all ages,—"Try again." If we were to examine the history of any number of successful men of any age or nation, we should find that almost all had failed in first attempts, and only succeeded when they had resolved to "try again." Failure is often essential to success. It checks levity and conceit, and enables us to feel our own weakness and ignorance, and if we are undeterred it teaches us wisdom, urges us on to further exertion, and resolves us to "try again." We would therefore say to those who have failed, "Go resolutely to work, and try again."

It has sometimes been said that the examination will produce pedantry. To this we reply, that probably it may, but not yet. There is a beautiful aptitude in the simile which compares social and educational influences to a plant.

We have the seed sown springing up in youthful vigour, flowering, bearing fruit, and ultimately, if not pruned and kept healthy by attentive management, falling into unproductive and impotent old age; and even a change of circumstances may render it necessary to change the crop, and to cut it down as a cumberer of the ground. And such may be the case with the examination test. Profitable channels of employment for our young men may open up in such abundance as that we may have none to spare for the Government service. Education may go on so rapidly among us that it may be unnecessary to give it more than ordinary encouragement. We hope to see it so in our day, but until it is so we need not be afraid of pedantry.

The land we live in is every day more and more becoming the home of the remaining types of many races. Saxon, and Gael, and Celt, and Teuton, unite on a common soil and mingle in a common equality, in a bond of common loyalty, and in the enjoyment of a common liberty. These privileges it is our interest and our duty to perpetuate, and to this end all our institutions should tend;—not to disunion and weakness, by the estrangement of race from race, tongue from tongue, and province from province; for we may be quite sure if we are not able to contend equally with our equals for whatever is worth competition, it is because there is no soul in us or in society, and we are certainly not likely to improve in this respect when one of the strongest motives to human conduct is withdrawn.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of man." And although philosophers and scientific men may dispute as to the causes of the ocean tides, and cast obloquy and disparagement upon the respectable old theory which attributes those phenomena to the attraction of the moon, there can be no question as to the causes which influence the ebb and flow, the spring and neap of our social system. The Mail Steamer is to our society what the moon has been so long and universally believed to be to the sea. The daily ebb and flow of our social life is regulated in intensity by the proximity of the English Mail. About a week before the Mail is due some slight evidences may be perceived which seem to indicate a tendency in

general thought and conversation, to pass beyond the low level of the average local interests of the place. As the time draws nearer, these indications become more marked and general. The tide is plainly rising, and reaching every day a higher point. People begin to discuss the probable date of the Mail's arrival—wonder what news she will bring —what tidings from distant friends—what accounts of commercial importance—what intelligence of European affairs. Day by day the current of interest flows higher. Anxious glances are cast at the signal post. Bets are made as to the day and hour of her arrival. And when the little red flag flutters out its welcome signal that the steamer is in sight, the spring-tides may be said to have set in. For a week or so they continue with unabated force and volume, rising to a climax on the day of the Mail's departure. And then commences a gradual subsidence. In a few days all the newspapers have been read, the various subjects of interest discussed and forgotten, the transient interest created has died out. We settle quietly down into the neaps, with the slightest perceptible fluctuation of ebb and flow, until the time comes round again when expectations of the next coming Mail Steamer begin to stir the still, monotonous current of our daily life.

The day on which the Mail leaves for England is a day of total exception to the normal state of our existence. If a stranger could be deposited in Cape Town from a balloon on that day, or could reach it by some other means which would totally preclude the possibility of his gaining any previous information on the subject, he would not need to be told that it was an unusual day—a day of peculiar bustle and excitement. The Post-office is of course the focus towards which converges all the unusual animation which has been excited in so many different quarters. Almost as soon as the office is opened in the morning, the stream begins to flow towards that central point. Now and then a Cape-cart, or a queer old-fashioned carriage still bearing on its panels the half-obliterated armorial device of some long since departed civil functionary or Indian visitor, stops at the entrance to the Receiving-office; and a "party from the country," not altogether familiar with the details of postal arrangements, proceeds to make sure that the missive, the inditing and transmission of which, forms a sort of domestic era, shall at least not be too late. Each crowded omnibus, as it arrives from the suburban villages, sends up its detachment, charged, for the most part, with letters of the most momentous importance, enclosed in delicately-tinted envelopes, and directed in

the recognized cuneiform of feminine caligraphy. Then the familiar equipage of some Head of a Department, pauses for a minute or two at the all-absorbing portal, on its dignified route from the rural residence to "the office." Then ensues a lull, until after the chimes of the old Dutch church have proclaimed that less than an hour has now to elapse before the post will close. From that time forth, the busy activity of the surrounding quarters is incessant and increasing. There is an eager hurrrying to and fro. Gentlemen of dignified presence and staid demeanour are seen manifesting signs of unusual hurry and excitement. Nobody has any time for chatting or for loitering; for anything more than the most hurried greeting, given sideways and apologetically, as if it were a reflection upon any man's character for business habits to suppose that he could be otherwise than occupied on Mail day. Clerks and messengers are roused to a pitch of unwonted energy. There is a perpetual eddy of them about the entrance to the Post-office, a perpetual flow and recoil of them in the streets. As the hour of closing draws nearer, the stream increases in volume, in hurry, in heated excitement. Outside the office it is all hurrying, red, and breathless, towards the universal vortex; inside it is all tiptoe straining, still red and breathless, while a forest of hands and arms, bearing aloft a dense foliage of letters and newspapers, bends forward as if before the blast of some fierce tornado, towards the mystic recess where sits the presiding genius of the hour. Calm, collected, unmoved, he faces the struggling, heated throng which, within a few inches distance, is writhing and heaving with convulsive efforts to get in or to get out. There is something that approaches the sublime in this contrast; something which might have suggested to a pagan poet the idea of inevitable Destiny ordering with wise, unswerving purpose the blind and restless turmoils of mortal men!

Poof! A dense and struggling crowd has its disadvantages under a South African sun! And one willingly falls in with a stream that is setting down Adderley-street towards the Jetty as evidently as it was recently setting up towards the Post-office. The clock has struck. The office is closed. The last letters have been written, and sealed, and posted. And the business of the day being done, the tension is relaxed at once; and while elderly Cape Town is thinking about a quiet afternoon in the garden at home, young Cape Town is preparing to go on board the departing steamer.

"'Quire a boat to go off, sir?" says a nondescript kind of amphibious animal, with his hands deep in the pockets of

that nameless garment of which Thomas Ingoldsby sings so naively—

"It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose."

No, you don't require a boat. You are going off with some friends who are going off in the boat hired for them by their agents; and while you are waiting for them you have leisure to look around you, and wonder how men and horses and wagons can have been brought into such complicated entanglement, and how they are ever going to unravel themselves again.

Here comes the cab at last! A faded antiquated cab—a cab of a dingy chocolate colour, with the dragon's-wing crest of the city of London on the panel—a cab drawn by two sorry steeds, or, more strictly, drawn by one large sorry steed, with another small sorry steed shuffling along beside him—a cab driven by an Irishman, who seems to consider his whip as the main guiding and controlling power, and the reins as mere subordinate accessories. Cabby requires to be paid at a rate that is probably intended to impress a recollection of himself upon the memory of his fare in distant lands. He demurs, though vainly, to being referred for a settlement to the agent's office. He prefers dealing with principals.

Pleasant the sensation of gliding out among the shipping, over the blue sunlighted bay; the great mountain, and the valley and the town, that straggles along the water's edge, looking more and more like a picture every hundred yards you leave it behind you. Past lofty black sterns, where the name painted in white or yellow letters reminds us of some familiar English port, and a rough face looks down upon us with indolent curiosity from the taffrail. Past long sides, with bulwarks weather-stained, and chains rusted with the salt sea spray. Past sharp bows with figure heads defiant, or commanding, or simpering, as the case may be; but ever, as they defy, or command, or simper, gazing with rapt glance into the far off horizon, beyond the scope of mortal ken. Past the ship that was dismasted in the gale off Agulhas. Past the condemned slaver that is to be sold next week. Past the ship that came in last night with news from China. And then, having fallen in with two or three other boats bound for the same point, we grapple alongside of the good ship that is ready to set forth on her journey; and while familiar faces look down on us from above, or peep strangely out of port-holes, we ascend the side, and step upon the deck.

What a concentration of intense life there is on board that trim vessel that rests so calmly on her shadow on the glassy surface of the bay! Alert officers, busy crew, hurrying

stewards, eager anxious bewildered passengers, clamorous boatmen, all jammed within that narrow space; while, over all, the escape pipe of the engine snorts hot and impatient, as if chafing at the delay. One is glad to move from the crowded deck into the neat saloon, so delicately clean, and smelling so powerfully of varnish. And here we find on the table biscuits and cheese and pale ale—such as one never gets anywhere but on board the Mail Steamers; and the mate bids us a friendly welcome—fine hearty fellows those mates—and fascinating, too, sometimes! The younger members of the Cape Town mercantile firms are here in great force. The Mail Steamer seems to be assumed as an institution peculiarly their own. They are on intimate terms with the officers, and perfectly conversant with all circumstances connected with the vessel, and the details of previous trips. The Mail Steamer is the highest development of the commercial enterprise of the place, and as such it confers something of a reflected dignity on its supporters. And so young Cape Town, in strange variety of caps and lounging coats, betakes itself on board the departing steamer, and smokes, and quaffs pale ale, and talks oracularly, with much the same complacent satisfaction as a railway director might step into a handsome first-class carriage—or, to adopt a more homely and familiar illustration, as an omnibus proprietor's lady might hail a passing "'bus."

The most pleasant place in the ship, and that which affords the greatest variety of interest during this busy hour, is the poop. And here, strolling up and down, or leaning on the railing above the quarter-deck, one may see passing in unconscious review the stirring life that throbs on board the vessel.

Here is a worthy old couple, who, having passed a third part of a century in or just about Cape Town, are now going to England; not without some trepidation at the thought of the new world into which they are venturing. There is an entire new system of things there since they came out three and thirty years ago. Then they made the voyage in a great square-headed Indiaman, in which they had a cabin nearly as large as an ordinary sitting-room; and they embarked at Gravesend, and got clear of the Channel rather more than three weeks afterwards, and reached the Cape in a hundred and twenty days—a very good voyage the captain said. Now they are looking with some dismay, as we may see through the skylight, at the narrow quarters in which they are to settle down for the next five weeks; and can hardly be dissuaded from filling every available place with small stores enough to furnish a steward's pantry. One does

not quite know whether to envy or to pity them; going, as they are, like two aged children into an unknown world, with so much to be seen and learned, and so little time or capacity for learning.

What a wide difference between them and the quiet self-possessed-looking gentleman who has just stepped on board, with as much composed indifference as he might have done into his brougham at his office door. He is no novice in these matters. He has made the voyage backwards and forwards half a dozen times, and has reduced the whole matter to its most simple and everyday aspect. For him there are no scenes, no perturbing exhibitions of foolish weakness, or vain regrets, or thoughtless hurry. Four months ago, he made his calculation that it should be for his advantage to make a run to England by this steamer. In due time he secured, with provident foresight, the best cabin; calmly packed up what clothes he calculated he should require; bade farewell to his family, equitably apportioning to each member the due evidences of conjugal, or filial, or fraternal affection; and having come on board in the best and cheapest manner, having locked up his glossy black hat, to be ready on the termination of the voyage, and replaced it with a gentlemanlike and appropriate travelling-cap, he is now in a position to survey, with bland indifference the hurry and excitement of his less provident fellow-passengers. Those two young Cape lads look at him with respect and admiration —almost with envy. They are going to see as much of the world as can be learned in twelve months of aimless and bewildering sight-seeing. If they return with ideas somewhat confused and undigested, it is to be hoped that they will have learned, by intercourse with others, to put a more just estimate on themselves, and the scenes and affairs in which they have hitherto passed their lives. They are manifestly not quite at their ease, even now. For the first time, they feel a want of confidence in themselves. They are just taking the first steps beyond what little boys call "our alley," and casting a first timid glance at the broad, thronged street, and the huge busy world that is roaring along outside.

One must not look too curiously at that little scene where the stout florid father, with his honest blue eye tear-dimmed, and his bluff manly face twitching with unwonted emotion, is taking leave of the lad, who, for the first time, is leaving home to begin his battle with the world. Some last loving words of counsel he is dropping into the listening ear and heart; while the poor boy, bravely swallowing down his grief, stands gazing up the valley at the familiar white house among

the trees, where fond eyes, he knows, are watching the vessel, and will watch her while she remains in sight. Nor, though they will not heed us, should we look too inquisitively at yonder couple, to whom the end of picnics and polkas has come in that tender pressure and long eloquent gaze. There is enough to look at without invading the sacredness of such farewells as these.

Here is the captain coming alongside, though if you did not know that he was the captain you would never learn it from his dress or demeanour. You hardly expect to find an experienced seaman in that remarkably quiet, gentlemanlike person, evidently fastidious in the matter of ties, and particular about his boots. Why, any one of these representatives of young Cape Town who are swaggering about the deck would beat him hollow in confident assurance of manner, or loud boastful talk! And who is that in such deep and earnest talk with him? A newspaper proprietor or editor, of course. Wonderful people those gentlemen of the press! Going everywhere, knowing everything, on intimate terms with everybody, full of mysterious secrets, standing out from the common level of mankind, liked, or hated, or feared, or despised with an intensity that is not accorded to ordinary mortals!

And now, with quick and regular pulsations of the oars, here comes the port-boat with the last letter-bag and the despatches from Government, and an official in the stern sheets beside the Port Captain. And the impatient escape-pipe is suddenly silent, and the boats alongside are beginning to fill with people returning to the shore. It is time to take leave.

"Good-by!"—homely, honest, old English word! "Good-by, old fellow!" with a hearty squeeze of the hand, and a straight look into each other's eyes, as eloquent and as distinctive of national peculiarities as tears, or embraces, or kisses, or rubbing of beards or of noses. "Good-by, captain. A pleasant voyage to you!" and then, jumping into the boat, we shove off, and make for the shore.

Now and then a hand is waved, from boat or ship, and now and then a cap or handkerchief, as we glide slowly away, with all eyes still fixed on the deck of the vessel. Surely she is moving! Yes, plainly moving up to her anchor; ready for a start, but not yet started. Suddenly the sound of a church clock is borne over the still water. In an instant a jet of milk-white smoke shoots from the side of the steamer; the report of a gun roars and rattles along the steep cliffs of the mountain; Blue Peter comes fluttering down from the

foremast head, and she is off! Again a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, again a straining endeavour to recognize among the dark crowd on deck the outline of some familiar form, and the steamer is threading her way among the shipping; and only the little white cloud of smoke from her parting gun marks, for a few brief minutes, the place where her form no longer rests.

Somehow, one never feels inclined to set about any steady occupation after seeing the Mail Steamer off. The day has been broken in upon, and its ordinary current turned aside. One's thoughts follow the departing ship long after she has been lost to sight; and travel beyond her, to her destination. While she is buffeting the billows, and the captain is getting sail upon her to steady her, our imagination has far outstripped her, and has already completed the voyage, and is again among old scenes and with old companions. When we have landed, the town seems far less inviting than when we quitted it two hours ago, and one's bachelor quarters utterly cheerless and detestable. One seeks instinctively for companionship and intercourse with feelings akin to one's own. And our thoughts and our talk dwell fondly on the dear old land which to an Englishman, in all lands and under all circumstances, is ever HOME!

SANDY'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK.

(CONTINUED.)

WE shall now shift the scenes, and furnish our readers with Sandy's account of his doubling the Cape and his remarks upon Port Elizabeth:

Port Elizabeth.

My dear Mither,—As I tel't you in my last, things were lookin unco bad in the colonial metropolis, and twa or three o' our chaps and mysel' agreed to mak' a pilgrimage to the East for the benefit o' our pockets.

In this ane settlement there is, you maun ken, what ane o' our Parliament members would ca' a strange anny molly—for tho' the Government sits in Cape Town, and there political measures for a' the colony are hatched, still there is a complete geographical division into twa provinces and a sort of deputy Government in the Eastern ane, which folks in the West say is a shadow and the wise men o' the East tell ye is that sort o' shade that shadows forth a substance.

O but, mither, I did suffer frae the sea in a wee steamer, which, puir

thing, seemed sair sick itsel, as it had an awfu' rumblin in its inside and trembled in every spar. But, like the eels that get used to skinnin', it soon cam natural to get pitched about and to aye hear the ritherin ditherin of the screw in my lugs.

"Judge not by appearances" is a fine text for a sermon to a lot o' immigrants comin' nigh the Cape, for it has a regular iron and sand-bound coast. Here frownin precipices and there banks, some like snaw-drifts and ithers o' golden sands.

We cam in to Mossel Bay richt early in the morning, and when the sun got up found ours the only vessel there. A few substantial-like stores and hooses forms the town o' Aliwal, the name bein a standing compliment to Sir Harry Smith. Talkin' o' the names o' towns minds me that folks here appear to hae been at a loss for names or struck wi the great beauty o' twa or three. There's a wee bittie o' a place caed Aberdeen in this country, to force folks to write Scotland after its namesake; Aliwal (Mossel Bay) and Aliwal (North), in position sort o' Dan and Beersheba; Beaufort in the Karoo and Beaufort where there is a Fort, and foreby anither Beaufort, where there's not a Fort but a Port; Somerset in the Wast and Somerset in the East; twenty Blue Krantz and a thousand and ane Riet Vleis, distributed on a system of equal representation to each province.

There are oysters at Mossel Bay, but, bless me, mair shell than fish. Man would hae to earn his breed wi muckle sweet o' the brow if he had to live on them, for there's twice as much work for the hatchet as the teeth.

We were nae lang noo in skirtin' alang the coast and cam in at nicht to Algoa Bay. When I got up in the mornin and lookit about me I can tell ye, mither, I was pleasantly surprised to see a bonnie, clean-lookin English place, stretchin for twa miles like the lang town o' Kirkcaldy, gallantly mountin the braes to the right and left and formin on the tap cantie-looking English hooses wi' fine big stores here and there, like the plums in a puddin, and noo and then a church keekin oot to shaw that Mammon is na the only worship. It was na lang till I foun' mysel in a whale-boat boun for the shore, and tho I saw a large wooden pier longer than the centre jetty, to which I thocht wee'd steer, on a suddent the men rowled up their breeks, pulled for bare life, and afore I could draw breeth, an awfu' lookin' Kafir motioned me to get on his back, sae I needs had to turn the "maun and a brither" into a beast o' burden and ride on niggerback to dry land.

Lord bless me, I mind the start Dugald McFarlane and I got, when we first landed in the colony, at seein in a *Government Gazette* (it ca'ed itsel "Extraordinary") that some o' thae chaps had eat up a hale tribe o' their neebors. O, sirs, I thocht wi' the Irishman in the novel,

> We had come where cannibals would ate us,
> Farewell the land o' potheen and potatoes;

But, like the De'il himsel', the Kafirs were na sae bad as the extraordinary paper painted them. After recoverin' frae some extortionate charges that would mak a saint sweer and drive a Scotchman mad, I got mysel' coaled sae as to luik about, and found that distance had lent some enchantment to the view. Port Elizabeth is in a rale transition state—has been a mere grub o' a toun, is now a chrysalis, and will nae doot be in time a gran' butterfly city for the colony. A big place for a town; her athenæum, library, offices, &c., &c, &c., *multum in multo*, has been commenced; and stores are being built here and there and everywhere. There's muckle need for anither main thoroughfare, and this desideratum, as my auld schulemaister used to say, the Victoria Quay noo in progress is to supply. Ane o' your polis would tak an apoplectic fit if he had to cry "move on" to the wagons and oxen in the main street here. Alice, Evatt, and Strand-streets are sae dirty as to seem no very willin' to show their faces. There are mony lang lanes wi'out turnins leadin to the sea, and what the papers would ca' a risin' town on the ither side o a wee bit burnie ca'ed the Baaken's River, on which, by-the-by, Chambers, in his new Encyclopædia, says Port Elizabeth is built, changin the name o' the stream, for the sake o' bein particular, to that o' the "Basken's River"—may be they mean the Bashee.

On ae part o' the hill and a' round the town I a'most thocht it must hae rained hooses, for they're a' at sixes and sevens,—the yard o' ane hoose forenent the back door o' anither, while the pigs o' ane guid wife are chorusing the piano tunes o' the miss that can't bear anything but Italian music.

The hills about the town are unco like a big draft board—blacks on ae side and whites on the tither; and in my life, mither, I ne'er saw, foreby the Malay hats, sic queer things as the Fingo huts, whar there's nae window nor chimney, and smoke enough, if it could be eat, to fatten ane tribe. The Hottentots hooses are like their clothes, a' made o' rags (by my certie nae lee).

They are guid hospitable folk the Bayonians, tho' there's a specie o' snobocracy here and there. The merchants' clerks, who are sae nice and intelligent, I thocht them at first a' Scotchmen, and young folk in general have na quite as much recreation o' the richt sort as they ought, and the "social feelings so to speak" might be a wee bit better cultivated.

I had a'most forgotten to tell ye' o' the monument which "lifts its head," and I hope does na "lie," on the Grey Institute Hill, that has an inscription which should be "inscribed on pillars o' brass," for its "to the most excellent o' women." Who do you think?—Lady Elizabeth Donkin, wife of a former Governor, who ne'er saw the place, and after whom the town below taks its name,

Tell Geordie that a branch o' the Accidental Death Insurance Com-

pany would pay weel here the noo, as in some o' the roads in the Eastern districts there's big holes wi'out number, as if a lot o' men had commenced to dig graves and suddenly left off, and as a land compensation lots o' rises, and rock, and stanes, and ither parts to mak up. In this very town things are good enough for the company—there's neither polis nor lights at night in the streets. We're to get a' this and muckle mair, wi the mare and new toun council. I hope the former won't say neigh and the ithers ae like asses.

Weel, if your patience is no exhausted my time is, sae nae mair at present frae your affectionate son,

SANDY.

ON COURTESY.

"It is the parte of godly menne utterly to endeavour themselves that they be at debate with no man, whether they be good or evill; they must move and allure all menne with cortiousnesse, ienttlenesse, and beneficialnesse as much as may be to love and to concorde."

IF there is one attribute of civilization which more than any other is wanting, according to our estimate of the character of young South Africa, in the constitution of the society in which our lot is cast, it is that social virtue which stands expressed in the title to this paper. Churlishness, as opposed to courtesy, is to every one gifted with observation, who may come amongst us from Europe or America, the most prominent, as it is the most disagreeable evidence that we are very far behind the rest of the world in recognising those obligations which society at large imposes upon every individual. The dearth of true politeness cannot be gainsaid. We must admit the existence of the evil ere we can hope to remedy it. Nor, although its extent is somewhat surprising, when we consider the large accessions made to our society from the better classes in recent years, can we be astonished that the tone of manners in a colony, circumstanced like this, should have been lower than that which we are accustomed to regard as decorous. We ought to bear in mind that the antecedents of early settlers in a new country are rarely favourable to the cultivation of the social amenities; and that until the work of colonization is fairly started, there is necessarily too much roughness of competitive labour to admit the enforcement of any delicate or comprehensive rule of etiquette between man and man.

Making, however, every allowance for the traditions of a rude commercial system; the brusqueness inherited from

wealthy parents, of obscure if not ignoble origin; and the selfish presumption of manner which is invariably characteristic of untravelled youth, who are inconsiderate of the claims of others, because ignorant of their nature and extent; we are of opinion that the injunction to "be courteous" is far too generally disregarded, and that the ignoring of this amiable precept is daily attended with inconvenience and discomfort, which by a very little care and forethought might easily be avoided.

Now, in Cape Town, where so many of us spend a portion of every day in travelling short distances together, opportunities frequently present themselves of observing fragrant examples of the violation of that civility of demeanour which sits so easily and so constantly upon an English gentleman. It has been said with great wisdom that you never know a man's disposition until you have taken a journey in his society. It may be stated with equal truth that one of the simplest modes of becoming acquainted with the temper of a people is to travel in public vehicles.

Let us, for instance, contrast the probable experience of a lady compelled to travel alone in this country and in America. We select America purposely, because we are too prone to pooh-pooh American customs, and it is only fair that we should concede to them superiority in social observances where it exists; and also on account of an unwillingness which usually prevails to allow a comparison between a colony and the mother country.

Public opinion, which is among our Transatlantic brothers the law of the land, secures to every woman the choice of accommodation in every conveyance and at every place of public resort. Go where she will, to no word or gesture of impertinence will she be exposed. By the received etiquette of what we may designate in its simplest sense *public* life, she expects and receives profound deference and respect from all classes by right of her sex alone. This is the great safeguard of woman in a land where travelling is so general and so cheap that a great mixture of grades and conditions must necessarily be met with. The language, manners, and deportment of Americans to women is invariably respectful and considerate. It is an understood thing that not only in railway cars and steamers, but also in theatres and concert-rooms, the best accommodation can be claimed by any woman, no matter of what station in life; and no man, however churlishly disposed, would be permitted to retain his seat to the inconvenience of a neighbour of the weaker sex. Surely this chivalrous code of behaviour is most exemplary and admirable.

It does not need much reflection to make us abashed when we remember the boorish selfishness which is so often manifested here under similar circumstances. It is an event, we blush to say, of by no means unusual occurrence, for women to be refused a seat in omnibuses, crowded by so-called gentlemen; and we lately heard of an instance of a lady, whose errand was of urgent importance, being, by the doubtful charity of a conductor, thrust into a vehicle where every available inch of room was taken up by men, among whom she was *permitted* to *stand* until too faint to pursue her journey.

In the theatre, and at concerts and public meetings, it is disgraceful to be compelled to state that women are annoyed to the last degree by the selfish rudeness of men, from whose position, at least, they are entitled to expect consideration. Observe the behaviour of young South Africa in the public streets. He takes the wall of all women with imperious ruffianism. He leaves them the gutter. When he uses a pipe, which he generally does, he puffs the rank smoke into the face of everyone he meets, careless whom he disgusts. And should he be conversing of ribaldry with any son of Belial, or moved to the use of improper language by being over reached in a bargain, think not that in the hearing of a casual passer-by, he will suit his voice or moderate his expressions. There are, of course, exceptions to this unseemly conduct, but they are alas few! Those who are familiar with the writings of the most charming of English essayists will recollect his indignant protestation that he would believe in the existence of modern gallantry (which is only a synonym for courtesy as applied to women) when he should see in polite circles the same attentions paid to youth and age, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear,—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title; and we may be pardoned for introducing here the exquisite sketch by Charles Lamb of the man whom he considered justly, though he was bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, as the finest gentleman of his time: "he had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was

no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood.* I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverenced form of female eld he would yield the wall, (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age, the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks."

Another very common form of discourtesy may be experienced at the hands of men in official positions; from whom, as public servants, the public has an absolute right to *expect* a sustained habit of graciousness. It is no excuse for a man who gives an uncivil answer to a question, to allege in extenuation, that he has already answered the same question in ninety-nine previous cases: and it is very absurd to see men in public offices lose their temper because, forsooth, an unsuspecting outsider has offended against some capricious regulation of a particular department.

Mr. Dickens has already painted (certainly with rather exaggerated colours) the evil we allude to in his inimitable picture of the Circumlocution Office. The evil of which he complains exists here,—not to such an extent, it is true, but it is an increasing evil, and one which it behoves even the lowest official strictly to guard against and to check.

In the same way strangers ignorant of the routine of mercantile life are often exposed to great inconvenience by the churlish rebuffs with which they meet. There is nothing which so soon gains a man a reputation for good breeding and good nature (for it is undeniable, that a good-natured man is generally a well-bred man,—the finest tact is the result of a consideration for the feelings of others) as a habit of universal and undeviating courtesy. A rough or repulsive manner will often counteract the effect of more substantial qualities. How often and how vainly is the practice of the Golden Rule advocated!

Let us listen to the pithy and profoundly-wise remarks of one who has written so much and so well upon the whole code of social duties:

"Before quitting the subject of travelling," says our

author, "I cannot help making a remark which has often occurred to me, but which, however, has regard, not so much to the travellers, as to those they travel amongst. It concerns all those who preside over coach-offices, diligence-offices, post-offices, and custom-houses. What a fine opportunity such people have, it seems to me, to manifest a christian temper. It is tiresome to you, O postmaster, to be asked all manner of questions, of which you cannot see the drift, or which you think you have answered in your first reply; but the poor inquirer is far from home: he has but a dim understanding of your language, still dimmer of your customs; his little daughter is ill at home, perhaps; he wants to be assured by hearing again what you said, even if he thought he understood the meaning at first; and you should be good-natured and voluminous in your replies. Besides, you must bethink yourself that what is so simple to you as your daily transactions may nevertheless be somewhat complicated and hard to understand, especially to a foreign mind. You might, I think, carry in your mind an imaginary affiche, which you should see before you on the wall, which fronts you, as you address your applicants.

"ADVICE TO MEN IN SMALL AUTHORITY.

"It is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times in a day, in the course of your business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanour is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself."

Hear ye this ye tribe of Barnacle, and dwellers in public offices! And give ear all ye who flock to the Exchange, and deal in merchandise!

A little reflection would soon convince us that by cultivating a kindness of manner and a refined bearing to women, to strangers, and to each other, we should not only be enabled to make the lesser relations of social life agreeable and be in a condition to extract from little casual occurrences an amount of gratification to which we are at present strangers, but we should, by respecting others, merit respect ourselves, and assert ourselves as men and gentlemen to society and the world.

Let us therefore bethink ourselves how large a contribution to the comfort and happiness of the great human family we

can each of us make if we are so disposed. Would that every man amongst us could join

> "Each office of the social hour
> To noble manners, as the flower
> And native growth of noble mind."

And thus bear

> "Without abuse
> The grand old name of gentleman,
> Defamed by every charlatan.
> And soiled with all ignoble use."

AMMAP AND GRIET.

A LEGEND OF THE 'NOSOP.

On a huge rock of granite stone,
A dark-skinn'd maiden stood alone,
Her eyes with vengeance gleam.
'Twas in a wild and savage glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
Where 'Nosop rolls its stream.

And who is she? What does she there?
Alone beside the lion's lair!
Has she no woman's fear?
She had—but all that fear is gone,
She stands upon that very stone,
Because she knows he's near.

"Dark-skinn'd maiden come away,
Tempt not thus the beast of prey,
Haste, haste, your life to save."
"No, no," the dark skinn'd maiden cried,
"He tore my Ammap from my side,
And vengeance I will have!"

A white man stood behind a tree,
A double-barrell'd gun had he,
And steady was his aim;
She knew not that his help was nigh,
But lightly poised the assegai,
When forth the lion came.

He sees her! With a single bound,
He strove to reach the vantage ground,
But ere the rock he gained,
The dark-skinn'd maiden's aim was true,
Downwards the fearful weapon flew,
And in his side remained!

He fell, and writhing in the pain,
Madly he strove, but strove in vain,

To rise upon his feet.
"Ah, ah," the dark-skinn'd maiden cried,
"This day I was to be his bride,
He tore my Ammap from my side,
Ah, ah, revenge is sweet."

Beneath that rock of granite stone,
On which the white man stands alone,
The lion writhes in pain.
The dark-skinn'd maid is at his side,
She drew a dirk, her Ammap's pride,
He never rose again.

Some months had roll'd away, and then,
Within that very lion's den,
Was found the bones of Griet;
And to this day, who ventures nigh
That granite rock, will hear the cry,
"Ah, ah, revenge is sweet!"

But visitors are very rare,
The native seldom ventures there,
He rather turns aside.
And why? Because he fears to meet
The wandering ghost of faithful Griet,
With Ammap at her side!

S. A. M.

SONG OF THE CAPE.

They say that the Cape was the last place made;
Let him credit the story who will,
But whenever the corner-stone was laid,
It was done with a marvellous skill.
It may be, after all, that the legend is true,
That our land is the end of the earth,
And the angels had learned what was best to do
By the time that the Cape had its birth.

The youngest is ever beloved of all,
And the angels, be sure, petted theirs,
And they planned how the choicest gifts should fall
Upon it in double shares.
They gave it the sheen of the glorious sun,
They gave it the balmiest air,
And of all the bright skies in the heavens not one
With the sky of the Cape can compare.

They gave it mountains rugged and grand,
With many a beauteous vale;
They gave it winds that should sweep the land,
That its sons might be hearty and hale.
And then they spread the broad sea round,

That the nations might come and might go,
And the homeward ships and the outward bound
Are glad of the Cape, I trow.

And then, to finish the work right well,
They added a bounteous soil,
That poverty ne'er in the land might dwell,
And that all might be blessed in their toil.
Let them say that the Cape is a dreary place,
Let them prate of the land of Ham,
It will rival the countries of Japhet's race,
Or the homes of the sons of Shem.

C. L.

LITERARY REVIEW.

At the time when the last mail steamer left England, the season was at its height. In London May witnesses an influx of visitors who are influenced equally by the attractions of philanthropy and art, dividing their time between Exeter Hall and the Royal Academy: and beguiling what leisure is left to them by the perusal of the books which, in countless numbers and extraordinary variety, are cast, like bread upon the waters, by those adventurous publishers who cater for the universal appetite. Generally, therefore, we may anticipate at this period a large share in the intellectual banquet: and lovers of novelty will, we apprehend, be gratified by the selection of volumes which have been lately imported.

Few Englishmen will read without emotion Mr. Musgrave's "Byroads and Battle Fields in Picardy." Ground so suggestive of historical recollections can scarcely be trodden; and these are very vividly brought before us by an author who never tires by unnecessary detail, and whose love of the picturesque is only equalled by his candour and patriotism.

We commend also "Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1860," a very interesting collection of papers giving an account of thirteen tours made by men apparently well qualified to act on the suggestions laid down by the editor in his invaluable volume, entitled "The Art of Travel." It is most interesting and instructive to contrast the impressions made upon men at the same time in different parts of the world, who travel without prejudices, and whose determination to return improved and enlightened is everywhere conspicuous. The authors of the papers contained in this work are evidently men of that intelligence and cultivated taste which guarantee their being accepted as trustworthy guides.

Those sketches, which appear to us superior to the rest, are the one on Naples and Garibaldi, by Mr. Clark, which is likely at the present

moment to be read with enthusiasm; the account given by Mr. Galton of his journey to Northern Spain, and the paper by Professor Tyndall. The idea of combining a series of brief personal narratives may appear at first sight a little likely to lead to confusion in the readers mind; but the subjects treated of are so distinct in character, that the objection has no weight.

Readers of ecclesiastical history will be much interested in the able treatise on the "Monks of the West," from the pen of the Count de Montalembert. It has recently been translated into English, and the translation is characterized by great vigour and clearness.

The work itself is highly philosophical in spirit, and the distinguished writer has evidently brought to bear upon his subject all the resources of his fertile mind.

In the realm of fiction, the continuation of Mr. Thackeray's novel, the "Adventures of Philip," as might have been expected, bears away the palm. As the plot of this story is developed, its artistic excellence becomes more striking, and the style in which the writer pourtrays the features of his more prominent characters is beyond all praise. We must find room for one extract. Listen to this tremendous philippic against hypocrisy:

I am sorry to have to state of a respectable gentleman, that he told lies, and told lies habitually and easily. But, you see, if you commit a crime, and break a seventh commandment let us say, or an eighth, or choose any number you will—you will probably have to back the lie of action by the lie of the tongue, and so you are fairly warned, and I have no help for you. If I murder a man, and the policeman inquires, "Pray, sir, did you cut this here gentleman's throat?" I must bear false witness, you see, out of self-defence, though I may be naturally a most reliable, truth-telling man. And so with regard to many crimes which gentlemen commit—it is painful to have to say respecting gentlemen, but they become neither more nor less than habitual liars, and have to go lying on through life to you, to me, to the servants, to their wives, to their children, to —— oh, awful name! I bow and humble myself. May we kneel, may we kneel, nor strive to speak our falsehoods before Thee!

And so, my dear sir, seeing that after committing any infraction of the moral laws, you must tell lies in order to back yourself out of your scrape, let me ask you, as a man of honour and a gentleman, whether you had not better forego the crime, so as to avoid the unavoidable, and unpleasant, and daily-recurring necessity of the subsequent perjury? A poor young girl of the lower orders, cajoled or ruined, more or less, is of course no great matter. The little baggage is turned out of doors—worse luck for her—or she gets a place, or she marries one of her own class, who has not the exquisite delicacy belonging to "gentle blood"—and there is an end of her. But if you marry her privately and irregularly yourself, and then throw her off, and then marry somebody else, you are brought to book in all sorts of unpleasant ways. I am writing of quite an old story, be pleased to remember. The first part of the history, I myself printed some twenty years ago; and if you fancy I allude to any more modern period, madam, you are entirely out in your conjecture.

It must have been a most unpleasant duty for a man of fashion, honour, and good family to lie to a poor tipsy, disreputable bankrupt merchant's daughter, such as Caroline Gann; but George Brand Firmin, Esq., M. D., had no other choice, and when he lied—as in severe cases, when he administered calomel—he thought it best to give the drug freely. Thus he lied to Hunt, saying that Mrs. Brandon was long since dead in Canada; and he lied to Caroline, prescribing for her the very same pill, as it were, and saying that Hunt was long since dead in Canada too. And I can fancy few more painful and humiliating positions for a man of rank and fashion and reputation, than to have to demean himself so far as to tell lies to a little low-bred person, who gets her bread as the nurse of the sick, and has not the proper use of her *h*'s.

The publication of another novel, by the author of "Adam Bede," will at once arrest attention. Its perusal will infallibly create astonishment. We do not hesitate to say that in "Silas Marner; or, the Weaver of Raveloe," will be found indications of power of a particular kind in which "George Eliot" has no rivals. That power is the faculty of presenting to us views of life among working men and women exactly as life really is. Here we have no conventional characters—none of those pattern rustics whom Mrs. S. C. Hall in the Tupperian manner introduced to us in "Tenby." We scruple to mutilate the book by making any quotation from it. Without saying more of the plot of the story than that we conceive it to be absolutely faultless, we are rather disposed to dwell upon the manifestation of that power of observation and drawing of human character in all aspects, which made Shakspeare incomparably the greatest dramatist of his own or any age, and which, though of course, inherited in a less degree, stamp the author of "Silas Marner" as a genius.

The sketch of "Dolly Winthrop" is very natural and genial, and few readers will refuse a tribute of admiration to old Mr. Macey.

This novel is very much more charming than "Adam Bede," and it is without those features which made some portions of "The Mill on the Floss" repulsive.

A very readable book, with the quaint title "Roman Candles," has been published by Chapman and Hall. It is a collection of articles originally contributed to "All the Year Round," written quite lately by a resident in Rome, who is a shrewd observer, an original thinker, and a most amusing writer.

They are to the daily and outward life of Rome precisely what Mr. G. A. Sala's "Gas-light and Day-light" is to London. Pictures drawn with bold and vigorous hand. A dash of unsparing satire, with here and there a touch deeply pathetic, because so terribly true.

To those of our readers who may desire to imitate the artists of early and mediæval ages, in illuminating books of devotion and music, we recommend the purchase of Mr. Digby Wyatt's work upon the Art, the study of which will, we trust, do more than teach them how to excel

in a fashionable accomplishment. It will lead them to recognize truth in art, and to reverence the axiom that without truth there is no beauty.

For the younger portion of our readers we would suggest the purchase of a very charming little series of sketches, chiefly biographical, contained in a book by Mr. Hain Friswell, called "Footsteps to Fame." It is indeed in the words of Lady Jane Grey's old tutor, a book to open other books.

In the magazines and reviews, beyond a new novel by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, "Agnes of Sorrento," there is not much that is attractive. An examination of the "Essays and Reviews," seems to be the last resource of writers in periodicals, which is rather astonishing, considering how difficult they are to answer conclusively, and how very few ephemeral writers possess the talents and theological learning necessary for the task.

We must, before we close this brief paper, give an extract from a humorous piece of writing by Mr. Thackewray, in which he paints the discomfort of "being found out," with most charming *naïvete:*

Just consider what life would be, if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo!* What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealymouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? and saying so, do you believe or misbelieve it? If you are a M. S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? I say again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out.

Just picture to yourself everybody who does wrong being found out, and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the schools being whipped; and then the assistants, and then the head-master (Dr. Badford, let us call him). Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole army. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for their faulty exercises, fancy Dr. Lincolnsinn being taken up for certain faults in *his* Essay and Review. After the clergyman has cried his peccavi, suppose we hoist up a bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! (I see my Lord Bishop of Double-Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench). After we have cast off the bishop, what are we to say to the minister who appointed him? My Lord Cinqwarden, it is painful to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age; but really * * * *Siste tandem, carnifex!* The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless, apalled at the quantity of birch which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again; and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honour to move. Is it not a mercy that a many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs Longbow, who is for ever practising, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done, and is doing? There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman, and a model in society. There is no use in

saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little, haughty prude it is; and yet *we* know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box, who is so handsome, and whom they admire so? Ah me, what would life be if we were all found out, and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then, who would hang Jack Ketch?

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

The Cape Public is at this moment somewhat puzzled to understand how it is that the Government commissioners, appointed several months ago, are permitting the time to slip by so unconcernedly as they are doing. The exhibition is fixed to take place in London next May; all articles must be in the hands of the International Exhibition Commissioners in March, and we, living eight thousand miles off, have allowed the previous July to arrive without taking any steps worth mentioning towards carrying out the object for which the Government commission was appointed.

As a matter of course, the Public are indignant, and lay the whole of the blame upon the Cape commissioners. If the Cape is not properly represented, it is they who will be taunted with having lost an opportunity of bringing our colonial produce before the world; and their dilatoriness and indifference will be by-words not only to the present but to future generations, whilst the fact is that they are not censurable in the least degree.

It would be almost impossible to say who is to blame or if any one is. But here are the facts, and the Public can judge for itself.

The commission appointed by Government was, for upwards of two months, prevented from moving because nothing certain was known whether the exhibition would take place in 1862 or not. Mr. Thomson, the member for Cape Town, who was in London, ascertained, at the very earliest opportunity, the decisions of the commissioners, and forwarded them to the colony; and immediately it was known here that the exhibition was to take place next year, the commissioners met, and subdivided the general body, and gave to each subdivision a portion of the preliminary work. Beyond this they could not advance an inch. The Government, who appointed them, had no funds to dispose of for the purpose, nor have they up to this time.

The subject is before the Parliament, and it remains with the representatives of the people to say whether the Cape shall be represented in this Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, or whether it shall earn for itself the unenviable notoriety of being the only colony which refused to compete.

We cannot ourselves see that either the commissioners or the Government is to blame. The former have done all that men can do in a matter of this kind without the chief requisite—money, and the Governor would have gladly provided the funds if it had been possible.

As a matter of course, commissioners appointed by his Excellency the Governor could not apply to the Public for funds with any hope of success. If the Public, and not the Government, were to provide the money, it would expect to elect its own commissioners. Besides, this is a work to be done by the whole colony, and not by that very small portion of the inhabitants who alone put their hands in their pockets when a subscription list is taken round. The whole colony is to be benefited, the niggardly as well as the generous, and the cost should be borne by the general revenue.

The Parliament can scarcely be too liberal in this matter. Five or six thousand pounds will be well laid out in placing before the world the richest products of this colony. It will be the best commercial speculation the Cape ever entered into. We are ignorant of the value of the fibres which grow in wild profusion from one end of our colony to the other, and which may yet, in the hands of the manufacturer, be a source of unbounded wealth to us. We can send home samples of cotton of our own growing which may tempt capitalists to come out here. We have a bad name for getting up our wools, but we can show than we can do better if we please, especially if we are paid for doing it. Woods adapted for cabinet purposes abound in our forests; and the "indications" of metallic worth, which have led so many astray, may enable keener perceptions than ours to see profitable speculations yet to be entered upon.

The brief space allowed for this notice is not sufficient to enter upon this important subject in all its bearings; but the Public ought to know the position of affairs, and it is well that Parliament is told that the commissioners only wait for their decision. There will be no grudging of labour if the parliamentary vote is a liberal one, readily and ungrudgingly given. The Parliament, if it means the Cape colony to cut a respectable figure in the great assemblage of nations, must be prepared to pay for it. It is better to stay at home than to go there with a poverty-stricken appearance.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ELSDALE.

CHAPTER X.

It would be an injustice to Henry Thornton to say that he allowed himself consciously to entertain the idea of biassing his sister's mind, or of interfering in any way with her entire freedom of choice as to the important matter which had formed the subject of his conversation with Mr. Monro. Kate was a dear, good girl, he said to himself again and again, and as handsome and clever as she was good; and he, for one, would never lay any constraint upon her, or endeavour to influence her in any way in what was to make or mar her happiness for life. She should be free to choose for herself, and he would not seek to sway her inclinations, either by persuasion, or by the exercise of an elder brother's authority. As to this latter alternative, Henry Thornton might make his mind perfectly easy. Kate was of a temper too resolute, and had been mistress of herself, and, indeed, of most of those about her, too long to render it at all probable that any attempt at coercion would be productive of other results than arousing the most determined resistance on the part of that young lady. She might be led to anything by those she loved, for her warm and affectionate disposition was unselfish and generous to an unusual degree. But Henry Thornton had once, in his dictatorial way, attempted to exercise over her what he considered his authority, and had been so signally worsted in the trial of strength to which it gave rise that he had no disposition to enter upon a similar struggle. When he assured himself, therefore, that he would never exert any undue coercion over his sister, he might have been conscious, if he had thought fit to examine his own secret heart upon the subject, that he was assuming to himself a fraternal forbearance which was entirely gratuitous. But it was in keeping with his character to affect this sort of patronizing style to those about him.

The arrogant self-confidence, and thinly-veiled boastfulness of the man were flattered by thinking of himself as prepared to act with the utmost fairness and consideration for his sister, and ready to forego his own inclinations, if necessary, out of regard for her wishes and feelings. And so he assured himself, again and again, that nothing should induce him to influence his sister's final decision.

But having thus resolved, and therefore having placed it beyond a doubt that he was perfectly free from prejudice or bias of any kind, he resolved also—by way of "treating resolution"—that Mr. Monro should at least have a fair chance of urging his own suit. It would be unjust and unfriendly, after the confidence which he had so frankly reposed in him, not to afford him every opportunity of prepossessing Kate in his favour. No man could have spoken more fairly than Monro had done; or expressed more honourable and liberal intentions. He had always thought that Monro was a man of good means, but he had no idea he was so wealthy. Twenty thousand pounds in colonial securities, and a thousand a year for life. It certainly was a very pretty fortune. There were not many men with that income who would be content to settle at the Mersey. He was quite sure he would make Kate an excellent husband; he had always seemed very fond of her. And he would place her in a position to which she would do honour. Kate was not at all the sort of girl to pass her days vegetating on a Mersey farm. She would adorn the best society in the colony; and such a man as Monro had it in his power to surround her with all that wealth could procure, and place her at once in such a position as it was fit that his sister should occupy. Twenty thousand pounds! Thornton could show him how to make five and twenty per cent. of his money without the shadow of a risk. He could do it himself if he had not always before him the liability of being called upon suddenly for Kate's fortune. But if she married Monro, he had said he should not wish to have it paid down, and would be content to leave it where it was bearing six per cent. interest. There could be no doubt that such an opportunity as this would never offer itself again. Why, with Kate the wife of a man of Monro's means there was no saying what his family might not look to. Let him invest, say ten thousand pounds, in land in that district—he, Thornton, could buy it for him—and they could work into each other's hands, and could not fail to rise with the certain advancement of the country. Ten years ago the Mersey was a half-starved settlement that looked as if it had lost itself in the wilderness. Look what it

was now. Think of what it would be in ten years hence. And if two branches of his family were owners of the best land in the country, the time would certainly come when they would be influential and important people in the colony. There was a great future before the colonies—there could be no doubt about that. They were becoming more and more essential and recognized portions of the British empire. Before many years were passed there would be a more perfect amalgamation between the Mother Country and her outlying dependencies or members. There must soon be something like a representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament; and then the honours and dignities which flow from the fountain-head would, by degrees, reach the length of the remoter portions of the empire. And in the very probable event, almost amounting to a certainty, of such distinctions being conferred upon colonists, who more likely to be selected for this honour than the head of one of the most influential —he might say the most influential English family in the country; of good birth himself, and allied by marriage to the best families of the earlier settlers. It had long been his intention to allow himself to be put in nomination for the Division in which his property was situated, and there was little doubt of his being returned. Old Styles had got all he wanted, and was sick of the business, and would not dream of offering any opposition to himself. And in Parliament he thought he ought to make a figure. No man had applied himself more zealously to the study of the people and country, and his local knowledge added to his advantages of education would stand him in good stead. So that even if Responsible Government should befall the colony, he saw no reason why he should not get something for himself in the general scramble.

Thus mused Henry Thornton—with such distinct ideas on the subject of his own advantage, and such sadly incorrect notions with regard to the great political millenium which we are all so anxiously awaiting—as he paced up and down the broad terrace in the moonlight, on the night after his conversation with Mr. Monro. And the subject became so interesting, and reached forward to such a dim and remote distance in the future that he sat down on the stone steps in order to enjoy it more thoroughly, and conjured up an Alnaschar vision; his sister's marriage with Mr. Monro being the foundation on which the airy structure was laid, the pinnacles soaring aloft as light and fleeting as the blue smoke-wreath from his cigar.

He did not think it necessary to admit Mrs. Thornton into

his plans. Women never understood these things, and were liable to endless and unaccountable prejudices. He had himself heard her allude disparagingly to Monro as a suitor for Kate, and he was resolved that no undue influence of any kind should be brought to bear upon his sister, and that Monro should have fair play. Accordingly, when he set off with Johnstone the next day, to accompany his old friend some distance on the road to Cameron's Hoek, he took the opportunity of calling at Mrs. Tokers' as he passed, in order to give Mr. Monro a general invitation to Elsdale, with the assurance that he would find himself always heartily welcome. Ormerod was standing on the stoep at the time, observant, after his fashion, of Johnstone and his horse; and though it must be acknowledged, to that gentleman's credit, that he did not often require a pressing invitation to make himself pretty much at home wherever he found agreeable quarters, the general invitation given to Mr. Monro was extended also to him during the period of his stay at the Mersey.

"If you will wait for me a minute, I will ride with you," said Bob.

"Oh, you can soon overtake us; we shall ride very slowly," answered Thornton. And they were scarcely half way up the ascent which the road takes out of the Mersey basin before Flint and his master overtook them. They accompanied Johnstone a few miles, to a point from which the scene of his future abode could be seen stretched out before them; and then the two old friends, so unexpectedly brought together again, parted; with pressing requests on the one side and repeated assurances on the other, that they should soon meet again at Elsdale.

"Well," said Bob Ormerod, as they watched him cantering off across the green flat, "that's the first parson I ever saw that could ride."

"Is it?" said Thornton. "I should think your acquaintance with the cloth must be very limited. They are brought up in a pretty good school for it, at any rate; and I have heard that Johnstone was one of the crack riders at Oxford."

"He looks like a workman," said Bob, approvingly. "Well, if I wanted a parson," he went on, with the air of a man who regarded such an institution as not in the highest degree necessary—"if I wanted a parson I should like one like that. He's a man, and doesn't pretend to be so much better than the rest of us. And yet one can see, somehow, that he is different from us—better like—and one can't help respecting him, and trying to do as he does. I wish there were more like him."

"Your acquaintance with the cloth has not been a happy one, I imagine."

"Well, I don't know much of them. There was one I knew pretty well; the curate at our place at home. He was not like this one. I don't suppose he was ever outside of a horse in his life; and he told my governor I should come to a bad end because I used to go out with the hounds. He thought everything was wicked, I believe, except tea-parties; and he used to go to them, and take his flute with him, and put on a pair of pumps in the hall."

"And he talked about his 'religious sentiments,' I suppose," broke in Thornton laughing.

"I don't know what that may be," said Bob. "But he was a slow chap. Flint could not abide him."

Thus chatting *naively* of his experiences and opinions, Bob entertained his companion on the road homeward. And while Maurice Johnstone proceeds to Cameron's Hoek, there to exercise the peculiar gifts which had gained Ormerod's approval, we must return to the Mersey with that gentleman, and glance rapidly at the course of events there during the three weeks or so during which he remained at that enchanting spot; to the total annihilation of the plans he had formed for more extended travel, and a more thorough inquiry into the nature of men and things.

Lovely, dreamy, idle, pleasure-seeking Mersey! "the hollow lotos-land," if there be one in Southern Africa! where mere toiling and money-grubbing is a matter of secondary importance, and the enjoyment of a delicious climate, glorious scenery, and endless variety of amusement, is the serious business of life. Where the tranquil repose that broods over the still unruffled lake, and the still deep woodlands, and the still silent majesty of the eternal hills, sheds a calm over the spirit, and inclines to a tranquil indifference to the cares and anxieties which disturb less happy regions. Here, if anywhere, the great penalty of our nature is not exacted. If labour of any kind be demanded in this happy valley for securing the fruits of the earth—a point which is by no means so clear to the mere visitor—it is made festive by songs and dances, by feasting and flirtation, as in poetic Arcady of old. Nowhere, throughout the breadth of this wide colony, is its well-earned reputation for hospitality more truly deserved than at the Mersey. Hospitality with them is no mere profession, no frigid civility covering a scarce-concealed hope that the proffered attention may be declined, no half-hearted invitation to "come when you like," which means, as plainly as possible, "do not come at all." Such is not the

manner in which the Mersey people were wont to receive, and I suppose still continue to receive their guests. All work would be suspended, and the ordinary business of the place brought to a standstill, on the appearance of a visitor. Everything was made to give way to his convenience. No time or trouble was grudged to afford him pleasure, nothing was too choice to be set before him; and when the scanty store was exhausted at one place, it was speedily and cheerfully recruited from others. The longer he stayed with them the better they were pleased; and he might pass on in this way from house to house in a sort of triumphal progress, welcomed and fêted wherever he went, and attended by a sort of body-guard of enthusiasts who constituted themselves his esquires, and who seemed to have for the time no other object or interest than that of devising or promoting what might add to the enjoyment of their guest. Pleasant, hearty, genial Mersey! Where the kindly spirit of the inhabitants completed the charm which the scenery and climate had commenced!

Under such circumstances, it need not be said that even the fascinations at Elsdale were scarcely needed to render Ormerod's visit a most enjoyable one. He revelled in all the congenial amusements of the place. Hunting, shooting, fishing, boating, riding excursions, occupied his time; and when these occupations could not be enjoyed in the company of Kate Thornton, he filled up the spare hours in the sunshine of her presence. He speedily became a universal favourite, and on the most intimate terms of friendship with the little society of the place and neighbourhood. At Elsdale he was like one of the family. Even the more sedate Beveridges were won by his unfailing good humour and boyish merriment. His sporting companions and assistants on the lake or the river, on the hillside or in the forest, were devoted to him, and with all the quickness of half-savage nature adopted his tone, and manner, and phraseology, and went about the village in his cast-off garments, dingy caricatures of himself. As for Mrs. Tokers, she seemed to have conceived at last a *grande passion.* As usual, she contrived to give to her undisguised affection for him a colouring which utterly forbad its being regarded as a sentimental attachment, or one which could be reciprocated and finally terminated in the manner usual with affairs of the heart. It would not be easy to define the precise character of the fondness which she exhibited for him. Perhaps the kind and degree of affection which came nearest to it would be that of a very indulgent aunt, when that interesting relationship is exhibited

in its most engaging aspect. She was not like a lover to him, nor like a sister, nor a mother, certainly not in the least like a mere friend and landlady,—she was like his aunt. On the third day of his stay at her house she dropped the handle to his name; on the sixth day she called him Bob. And she was accustomed to speak of him freely to her acquaintance as "that boy." As for his love affair with Kate, though Mrs. Tokers knew all about it perfectly well—in common, indeed, with all the village, to whom their neighbours' business was a matter of interest—she had her own views upon that subject. And though she lent a ready ear when he confided to her the state of his feelings, as he was accustomed to do once at least every day, she gave him no encouragement to dwell upon that absorbing topic, and did not inspire him with any very sanguine hopes of success. On that point, good Mrs. Tokers had her own ideas,—ideas too long and firmly rooted and too fondly dwelt upon to be readily abandoned. But in everything else she was all affectionate indulgence, and did her very best to spoil him, like a true woman as she was. Not only did she give him the cordial sympathy of her capacious heart, but she openly favoured and abetted him in all matters in which his inclinations and comforts came into collision with those of her other lodger, Mr. Monro. Bob's active habits and keen appetite made him clamorous for breakfast at a far earlier hour than suited Mr. Monro's convenience; and Mrs. Tokers herself kept the whole house astir until his meal was ready for him, while poor Mr. Monro had to content himself, half an hour later, with leathery toast, cold eggs, and bitter tea, or to wait until "Boy" prepared breakfast for him afresh. At dinner-time, on the other hand, it was Mr. Monro who was ready and Ormerod who had not come home. And yet no entreaties on his part could prevail with the remorseless landlady to have it put upon the table before her pet returned and was ready for it. All this was apparent enough to Mr. Monro, but he found it to his advantage not to come to an open rupture with one so independent as Mrs. Tokers, while, on her part, her kindly and genial nature forbad her bringing to a close the connection that existed between them.

"I might tell him to pack up his traps and be off to the Crown and Anchor. But, Lor! he'd be starved there in a fortnight, with his thin legs, and his yaller face, and his great white umbrella, and his mulligatawnies, chutneys, and things!" And so they continued together, though without any very kindly feelings on either side.

Mr. Monro alone regarded Ormerod and his proceedings

with that jaundiced eye which was natural to his bilious temperament, and to his position as a bitter though unavowed rival. There is a very keen instinct, usually, which tells a man who is in love that this is the case; and the two had begun to be mutually suspicious of each other for some days before their suspicions were turned into certainty by a little occurrence which revealed to each the designs of the other. They had finished breakfast one morning, and were lounging on the stoep together, when Mr. Monro, with much apparent frankness, asked Ormerod if he was disposed to ride with him in the direction of the Knoll, which was a favourite point with him. Ormerod, not chosing to tie himself for a whole morning to a rather dull companion, and yet unwilling to tell him the real direction in which he was bound, answered that he had a particular engagement on that morning in the other direction, towards the Mersey Heads. And so they parted; each, as it seemed, going off on his separate way. Ormerod rode quietly through the village, and when well out of sight turned sharp up the hill to his left, and cantered along a little bridle path that wound through the woods at the back of Elsdale, and led down through the enclosures to the farmyard and stables. Here he left his horse and went up to the house, full of satisfaction at the thought of a quiet morning, with Mr. Monro absent, and Kate all to himself. He ran up the steps of the terrace, and along the stoep to the drawing-room window, with all the freedom of a recognized member of the family. He had barely time to glance round and see that the room was empty, when the door opened, and in walked the very man whom, of all others, he least wished and expected to see—Mr. Monro.

The transition in each face from smiling and eager expectation to a sort of guilty confusion at having been found out would have afforded Kate great amusement had she witnessed it. Fortunately for the peace of mind of her two lovers, the room, as I have said, was untenanted; and they were spared the light arrows of raillery which would have completed their evident discomfiture. Mr. Monro was the most self-possessed, and the first to recover himself. And in the languid drawl which was habitual to him, he began to explain how he had found the air across the water too cold for his chest, and had consequently abandoned his original intention of riding to the Knoll, and had turned up the Elsdale valley for warmth and shelter; while Ormerod, blushing like a schoolboy, was stammering out something about its being so hot on the road to the Heads, that he had turned into the Elsdale valley for the sake of the refreshing shade

and coolness. Neither of them, I am bound to say, believed the other; and neither of them was disposed to take any other than his own view of the case.

"Really, there is no keeping terms with this young man," thought Mr. Monro. "He is not to be believed. He never meant to ride to the Heads."

"What a deceitful old buffer this is," thought Bob. "He told me he was going to the Knoll, and he meant to come here all the time."

In which reflection each was perfectly right, and each consoled himself for the mortification of having been detected and foiled by mentally heaping abuse on the head of the other offender. It is very much the way of the world.

This kind of rivalry was a source of constant amusement to Kate. It was a new and delightful episode in her usually quiet life, and she enjoyed it thoroughly. It was not long, on the morning in question, before she found out that her two swains had set off in different directions, and had met at the same centre of attraction; and she guessed in a moment, with a woman's quickness, what was the true state of the case. She saw that there was something which was far removed from cordiality between them; and it was gratifying to her *amour propre* to find that two men were actually almost quarrelling for her sake. Certainly, whatever feeling of animosity might be growing up between them lost none of its bitterness through her soothing influence. Her love of mischief and fun delighted in pitting the two men against each other; and their characters, tempers, and tastes were so opposite that it was an easy matter for one so dexterous to draw them into discussions and arguments which had no other result than exciting much mutual irritation.

"Have you read the Idyls yet, Mr. Ormerod?" asked Kate. "You know you promised me you would."

"I said I would try, Miss Thornton; and I have tried, twice. But I can't get on with it."

Mr. Monro glanced at Kate, and smiled scornfully; and Ormerod saw it, and grew red and wrath at the idea of being disparaged by one whom he regarded as no better than a muff and an old fogey.

"Well, I don't see the good of poetry," persisted Ormerod, answering the thoughts which he knew were passing in Mr. Monro's mind. "If people must write, why can't they be content to write prose, or something that you can read straight off, without having to stop and find out what it means?"

"I suppose you will learn to appreciate poetry when you

are a little older," said Kate, very demurely, and bending over her work as she spoke. This was the point on which she had found that Bob was most sensitive, and on which, consequently, she most delighted to tease him. She was accustomed to address him as a boy, or, as she herself expressed it, as "a youth,"—a designation against which Bob revolted utterly; and she affected to select such topics of conversation as were adapted to his age; and treated him, otherwise, with the condescending regard of an elder sister; until he knew not whether he was most angry or most in love with her.

"I don't think the time will ever come when I shall like poetry," he answered, with a deprecating look which asked her, as plainly as could be, not to touch him on that tender point in the presence of Mr. Monro. Kate glanced at him, and saw, and understood; and rose to hide the gratified smile that brightened her face at this silent acknowledgment of her power and appeal to her compassion.

"Here is a book, now, which I should have thought you might have read with pleasure," she said, taking down a pretty little volume bound in white vellum and decorated with gilding—one of a set of the 'English poets, a birthday present from her father. "What do you think of this for a passage?" And she declaimed with a mock heroic tone and manner—

> "Ere yet the morning peep,
> Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
> With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
> And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse
> With silence lead thy many-coloured hounds
> In all their beauty's pride."

"Hunting, eh?" said Bob. "I didn't know there could be any poetry about hunting. I thought it was all about—about love, and—that sort of thing," he concluded abruptly, concealing his blushing face behind the book which she handed to him. "'The Chase:' ah, very fine it seems.

> 'Hark! What loud shouts
> Re-echo through the groves! He breaks away!
> Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
> Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.'

Yes, it seems very fine writing. But it would be just as fine if it wasn't in poetry. Poetry seems to me to be only taking sentences to pieces, and spanning the words in again 'all *dooramallaar*,' as old Damon would say."

Kate laughed at this definition, and Mr. Monro, eager to

take part in what he thought a diversion favourable to himself, said:

"But surely, Miss Thornton, it is little better than a desecration of poetry to ally it to so coarse a subject."

He had better have sat quiet, for his remark was the means of giving him what Bob called "his innings."

"I think Somervile writes with vigour and spirit," she answered. "And I do not think the subject one at all beneath the dignity of poetry. But, talking of 'The Chase,' I hope you enjoyed your day's coursing yesterday."

It was now Ormerod's turn, and Kate had known that perfectly well when she put the question with so much seeming innocence. Henry Thornton had recently introduced a new kind of sport at the Mersey. He had imported a couple of Scotch deerhounds, and took great delight in coursing bucks with them. It was rather sharp work; for the pace was exceedingly good, and the country, though open, was rough and intersected by numerous streams and watercourses. And Mr. Monro, whose *forte* did not lie in field sports, but who had been tempted by Bob to join them on the previous day, had not honourably distinguished himself on the occasion. And so he came in for his share of raillery; until Kate thought it time to rescue him, and let Ormerod understand that he was not to expect to have things quite his own way. Thus she played them off one against the other, to her own great amusement and satisfaction, and to the distress of quiet Mrs. Thornton, who was in constant fear of a downright quarrel. Neither of them would leave the field to the other, by taking his departure; and so they both remained, determined not to give a chance to a rival who, it was plain, could not be trusted. When Kate grew tired of her sport, she coolly left them, and retired to her own room, leaving her gentle and timid sister-in-law to entertain them as best she could.

With such animosity growing up between them, it was not to be expected that a positive quarrel could be long averted; and the smouldering fire at last blazed up over the differences between Flint and the "Boy." There had been no kindly feeling between these two from the date of their first introduction to each other. There was something about the soft cat-like tread of the native servant that roused Flint's perpetual watchfulness and suspicion. It must be confessed, indeed, that the whole appearance and manner of that domestic, had what Bob called a "petty larceny look" about them. Flint would growl when he came near him, and make threatening demonstrations in the direction of his legs; while "Boy," from a safe distance, would grin and glare with a

demoniac scowl, and mutter threats of vengeance. At last, Mr. Monro, moved by his servant's disquiet, and glad, probably, of some fair excuse for relieving his own acerbated feelings, told Ormerod that his dog was a nuisance, and that if he did not keep him out of the way it was probable that he might be removed by other means. And upon this dire provocation, Bob spoke out, with that plainness of speech that was natural to him; and told Mr. Monro, in far stronger terms than I am willing to repeat, that a dog like Flint was more useful, more ornamental, and in every way more eligible company than either "Boy" or his master; and that if any harm happened to him through their diabolical machinations, he would break first "Boy's" neck, and afterwards his—Mr. Monro's. And with this he withdrew, in company with Flint, from society which had become distasteful to them. And thus it came to pass that the only person at the Mersey who regarded honest Bob with disfavour, and who hailed with satisfaction that gentleman's approaching departure, was Mr. Monro.

CHAPTER XI.

Time rolled on its course, fast or slow, according to the varying frame of mind of those who were carried along with it; and the day of Ormerod's departure from the Mersey drew near. He had already enjoyed a reprieve by the happy circumstance of the *Maid of Mersey* steamer calling in and affording him an opportunity of reaching Graham's Town, *viâ* Port Elizabeth, more quickly than he could have done if he had made the journey overland. He had caught eagerly at this fortunate extension of his stay; and in order to put himself into the lightest possible marching order he disposed of his horses. Mr. Keane, the energetic magistrate of the district, with that promptitude and fine perception of his opportunity for which he was distinguished, became their owner at a price differing considerably from that which Bob had originally given for them. Thornton whistled when he heard what they had realized, and remarked, though not without some expression of admiring approval, that the magistrate was Keane by name and keen by nature. A very little joke went a long way with Thornton; and he, like Mr. Keane, appreciated what was strictly practical rather than that which appealed to the intellect or fancy. But Bob was perfectly content with what Mr. Keane had offered him; and, indeed, to do him justice, he was a

thoroughly generous, freehanded fellow, who cared nothing for money, and would rather give it away than hoard it at any time. His heart and his head were too full of one great and absorbing subject to admit of his wasting a thought or a feeling on making bargains, and haggling about the price of horse-flesh. All that he thought of in parting with his horses was that by doing so he was purchasing a few days more in the blissful proximity of Elsdale; and to secure that he would have given them away at once, and have never wasted another thought upon the matter.

But though deferred to the utmost, the day did come at last,—the dreary day that was to let down the curtain again over that brief glimpse of a paradise hitherto undreamed of; to send him back unwilling to his previous existence, and restore him again to the nature of that Bob Ormerod that he had been before he was rapt into this elysium which he must behold no longer. And his kind friends had resolved that his visit should close with one last day's festivity, and had decided that a pic-nic should be given in his honour at a romantic spot at the foot of one of the cliffs which formed the Mersey Heads.

The morning broke fair and cloudless on the last day,—too fair it seemed to Bob, whose feelings were not attuned to the bright gladness of the outer world around him. It was ever a dismal business to him, that saying good-bye at any time. Even in his school-days he could not bear shaking hands and parting with the very masters whom, during the half year, he had reviled and resisted, and treated with contumely and contempt, and towards whom he had professed an utter aversion. And the tender heart which beat under a rough exterior warmed even towards Mr. Monro, now that the hour of departure was so near at hand. At breakfast he made a point of being civil to that gentleman, in a shy, awkward way; and Mr. Monro, losing some of his own acidity now that the departure of the other was near at hand, was pleased to receive this advance graciously, and the slight return of cordiality which he vouchsafed sufficed to efface totally from Bob's mind all traces of their former disagreement. He called "Boy" to his room as he was packing up, and, flinging a pair of boots at him, told him he "might have them, if he liked," and bade Flint "lie down" rather crossly when he made a feint attack on that much-enduring domestic, as he stooped to pick up the "buck-sheesh."

It was still betimes in the morning when the scattered units of the party began to manifest signs of drawing towards

two principal centres of attraction. A little white sail came skimming down the lake towards the Beacon Point, at the mouth of the Els River, and announced that Reginald Warren was on the alert, as usual; and soon he and Tom Bowline were busy getting Thornton's boat ready. Then came a cart with jolly-looking hampers from Elsdale to the same point, and not long after, the canvas-covered van in which Thornton was accustomed to take his family to church, was seen at intervals glistening among the trees far up the little valley. Then arrived Bob Ormerod, on foot, and in a very heated condition, protesting to Warren that he had walked from Eastbourne, tempted by the peculiar freshness of the morning.

Meantime, Eastbourne itself had resounded with the note of preparation. Mr. Hadley, who was to be of the party, had been early at the water-side to see that his boat was in proper trim, with seats duly mopped and flag flying. And in due time he made his appearance in front of Mrs. Tokers' in his covered cart, in which were also his buxom daughter, and a liberal contribution to the commissariat. Mr. Hadley was always in great force on occasions of this kind. He had an idea that it became him, as a Mersey man, to assume something of a nautical dress and bearing, in keeping with the maritime pretensions of the place. Accordingly, he was equipped on the present morning in blue jacket and striped shirt; white trowsers, "kept to their bearings," as he expressed it, by a black leather belt and brass buckle; with a rakish-looking straw-hat, with blue ribbon, on his head, and a black handkerchief with ends loose round his neck. His "get-up," in short, was in imitation of the melodramatic British tar, as he had seen that character represented, in his early youth, by the venerable T. P. Cooke. He had called to ask if he could take either, or both, of "Mr. Tokers' gents" to the scene of the festivities in his boat. Ormerod, as we know, had already gone off to the Beacon Point to find a seat with the Elsdale party. But Mr. Monro, wisely considering that he should have more room and personal comfort in Mr. Hadley's boat, availed himself of his offer, and was soon beside the blooming heiress on the back-seat of the cart; "Boy" shambling along after them as fast as his lean legs could carry him—his white turban gleaming like a meteor against the dark green sward of the flat. Mrs. Beveridge had jogged on her quiet pony to meet her brother's boat;—her husband, as usual avoiding the water when possible, would go on horseback, and availed himself of this opportunity of making a few parochial visits on the

road to the Heads. Mr. Keane had business to attend to at the court-house, but would drive Mrs. Keane round in time for tiffin; and nobody who knew anything of that gentleman's strongly practical character entertained the smallest doubt that he would be forthcoming punctually at the time when he was wanted.

And so, by degrees, they were all soon on the way to the spot fixed for the pic-nic. The Elsdale boat came swinging past the little Eastbourne jetty just as Mr. Hadley was getting under weigh; and that gallant mariner, true to his assumed character, greeted the party with three hearty cheers, and would doubtless have also manned the yards in his own person had such a feat been practicable on board his little craft, the *Arethusa*. Warren had been for days before meditating a little manœuvre, in which the simple, honest fellow gave himself credit for the deepest diplomacy. He and Tom Bowline had erected a little gay fluttering awning over the stern of a small whale-boat, which they had transformed into something like a Thames wherry, capable of being used with a sail or with a pair of sculls. Under this awning was a very comfortable sort of couch; and Mrs. Thornton, who had been much delighted with its appearance, had promised to occupy this seat for the sail down the lake. His deep-laid policy consisted in this;—he knew Mrs. Thornton well enough to feel confident that the more she enjoyed it the less likely she would be to take the same seat for the return voyage. Her complete unselfishness and desire to please others would lead her, as he well knew, to insist on resigning it to some other lady of the party. Mrs. Beveridge, he was sure, would decline it; and there seemed to be something more than a probability that he might be blessed with the fair presence of Kate, all to himself, under his sole protection, in the soft dusk and twilight of the early evening; to be assisted in and out of the boat by his hand,—perhaps, even to be carried ashore in his arms! Delicious idea! How he had dwelt upon it, and dreamed over it, as he and Tom Bowline had stitched, and tacked, and hammered at their task! And now his deep-laid scheme was actually in progress. Mrs. Thornton was positively reclining on the couch he had made, and assuring him with evident sincerity that it was delightful. He thought her the most charming woman in the world—but one. And when she called out to Kate in the other boat that she must try Mr. Warren's boat on their return, he felt as if he could have fallen at her feet and kissed them in the abundance of his gratitude.

The sail down the lake was purposely lengthened out,

with the object of exhibiting to Ormerod and Mr. Monro the varying beauty of the scenery. The boats stood over from shore to shore, with merry shouts and laughter from their respective crews as they crossed each other. Mr. Hadley, when his boat neared one of the others, stood up in a becoming attitude, with his legs very wide apart, and a great telescope under his arm, ever and anon casting a knowing glance upwards at the state of his rigging or the signs of the weather; while Mr. Monro quoted Byron to Miss Hadley, who did not understand much of what he said, but was pleased and flattered at being thus noticed by "the Indian gentleman." Mrs. Thornton, gratified by the assiduous attentions of the wily Warren, was happy to a degree not very usual with her of late. Even Bob, as he sunned himself in the light of Kate's beauty, forgot for a while in his present bliss the dismal future that lay only just beyond it. At last they reached a tiny cove at the entrance to the narrow passage between the Heads. There was a little belt of smooth white sand, a little turfy level, a little amphitheatre of bush running down on either hand to a rocky point, and above all towered the steep red granite cliff. And here, one after another, the boats were run ashore, and the party landed.

It was the work of a few minutes to such experienced hands to set up an impromptu fireplace and get water boiling ready for the potatoes. Kate and Miss Hadley, with their sleeves rolled up above their elbows, were busy everywhere, with Ormerod in close attendance, and much in the way. Mrs. Thornton dressed a salad, which was her single culinary success. Thornton and Warren had their tackle ready, and soon sent up a dish of klip-fish from the rocks; and the substantial repast was in readiness for the keen appetites which awaited it, when Mr. Keane, true to his character, made his appearance.

If Mrs. Keane had been selected by her husband on account of her possession of those peculiar characteristics which shone forth so conspicuous in himself—which was affirmed by many of their acquaintance to be the fact—she must have afforded him on this occasion a very gratifying confirmation of his correct judgment in making his choice. She was a lady a little his senior perhaps, and not remarkable for personal attractions; but there was a shrewd keen glance in her bright eye, and a knowing expression in her face generally, which was not without a quaint attractiveness. Ormerod used to speak of her as "a good fellow," and that expression will probably describe the lady without further words on my part. Mrs. Keane had brought with her a

basket which at first seemed to promise but a small contribution compared with the more pretentious packages from Elsdale and Eastbourne, but which proved ultimately a very Fortunatus' bag of unconsidered trifles which others had omitted. Mrs. Thornton was in despair at finding there was no mustard for her salad. Forthwith Mrs. Keane produced the most wonderfully compact portable cruet-stand, replete with everything which a hungry traveller could require. Thornton was storming at Pedro for having, as usual, forgotten the corkscrew, and was knocking away in his impetuous fashion at the neck of a bottle of Allsopp, when Mrs. Keane called out "Catch!" and giving him a complacent wink of superior shrewdness pitched a small pocket screw into his hands with as much dexterity as if she had been accustomed to stand "point" from her youth up. She had a bottle of anchovy for Kate's fish, she had a lemon for Miss Hadley's pancakes, she had cigar-lighters for the gentlemen after dinner. In short, there was no end to the provident forethought of this admirable woman. No wonder that they drank her health with enthusiasm, while she looked round and nodded to one after another with an air of conscious self-appreciation; and Mr. Keane glanced at her like a man satisfied with having made a good bargain,—satisfied with what he had become possessed of,—satisfied with himself for having become its possessor.

"Come, Mr. Ormerod, give us a song," said Mrs. Keane, when the applause attendant on this toast had subsided. Poor Bob had distinguished himself at the Mersey by his performance of several comic songs, which, though not new in more advanced circles, were regarded as highly interesting novelties in this retired spot. But to-day he found it impossible to bring himself up to the pitch of "Villikins," or "The Ratcatcher's Daughter;" and Mrs. Keane's well-known capacity for chaffing was being exercised a little disagreeably at the dejected Bob's expense when Mr. Hadley happily created a diversion. With some remark about "Saturday night at sea," that reveller struck up without further prelude a song which he had "adopted," as he expressed it, to the locality to which he was such an ornament. It was a favourite ditty with Mr. Hadley, and perfectly well known to the other members of the party, and all joined heartily in the familiar chorus—

> "With my 'andy little craft, and the wind a-blowin' free,
> A sail upon the waters of the Me-ersey for me!"

"Miss Thornton," murmured Mr. Monro, "would you object to singing something?"

Kate did object decidedly, and was about to say so, even in spite of an additional entreaty from the enamoured Bob, when a look which she caught from beneath an old wide-awake on the other side of the table-cloth induced her to change her intention; and, bending her head down until her blushing face was almost hidden by the wide brim of her straw hat, she sang in a low and tremulous voice, which gathered strength as she proceeded:

"Bright is the summer's day: bright is the beam,
And bright is the flowret's gaudy hue;
There's a misty brightness sleeps
O'er deep woods and mountain steeps,
O'er the sea's and sky's expanse of softest blue.

"Sad is the winter's night: sad wails the wind
As it sobs and moans the dark forest through;
While the rain-drops tear-like fall
'Neath the low clouds funeral pall,
And the withered leaves the earth's cold bosom strew.

"Bright is the summer-tide: sparkling with life,
With delights ever fresh and ever new:
But the winter drear and chill
Bids us commune and be still,
And its lessons, though more sad, are more true."

"Kate," exclaimed her brother, "I do protest against that song at a picnic. It's enough to give one the dumps!"

"Oh, it's beautiful!" sighed the enraptured Bob, with whose downcast mood the words and the air seemed to harmonize.

"I think Miss Thornton is right, though. You may depend upon it we shall have a wet winter this year," said the practical Mr. Keane, who had been very sparing of his remarks during dinner, and very busily engaged in the proper business before him.

"I cannot remain to hear my unlucky song criticized," said Kate, laughing and rising. "Who is disposed for a scramble? Mrs. Keane, will you come and see the Bushman's Cave under the cliff?"

Mrs. Keane had been sworn at Highgate—or ought to have been, and candidly avowed that she preferred sitting still to climbing hills after a good dinner. Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Beveridge preferred the more quiet exercise of looking for sea anemones, and secured Warren as their escort; the poor fellow swallowing his disappointment as well as he could, and acquiescing with his usual ready good-nature.

"I'll lay odds the old party don't stay to the finish. He's tailing already," said Bob, as Kate and himself were climbing the steep ascent. "I mean," he corrected himself, seeing

Kate's inquiring look—"I mean, I don't think Mr. Monro will get to the top of the hill. He is not very good at this kind of work."

"No, poor man," said Kate, "he should not attempt a task so much beyond his strength. Do you know, I really think it will be more kind to take no notice of him, and then perhaps he will go quietly back again when he finds it too much for him."

The event justified her sagacity; for glancing round a few minutes after, Bob saw their late companion sitting on a piece of rock far below, having evidently abandoned the attempt. At the foot of the cliff was a sort of recess which might be called a cave, and on the sides were some scratches which a vivid imagination or an unhesitating faith might recognize as rude drawings of some unknown objects; and this was called the Bushman's Cave, and was one of the established lions of the Mersey. But if there was little to satisfy curiosity in the cave itself, the view from that elevated position was more than enough to compensate for the exertion of walking up to it. They had rounded a projecting crag of the cliff, so that they no longer looked upon the channel between the Heads, but up the whole length of the estuary from end to end. Right before them lay the fair lake cradled in green hills, and varied by islands and wooded promontories. Far away it stretched up into the bosom of the blue mountains, which clipped it in a loving embrace with rugged forest-clothed arms, and watched over it with solemn head ever reared wakeful against the sky. The sun was shining on a little white speck, ever so far off, which Kate knew was the Knoll. Away to the right was Eastbourne, and off the end of the black wooden jetty lay the *Maid of Mersey* that was to bear Ormerod away on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

Kate sat down under the shade of a tree that grew out almost horizontally from the rock, taking off her hat to enjoy the cool air. Bob had caught sight of some flowers of the *avondbloem*, and with unwonted gallantry gathered them and presented them to her.

"There is a language of flowers, isn't there?" he said. "I've heard my sisters talk of it. I wonder what *avondbloems* mean."

"Did not your sisters teach you that language?" asked Kate innocently.

"Oh, I never learnt anything that I could help," he said impatiently. "I always hated learning, except just what I liked. But I could learn it now, if you would teach me."

"I am afraid there is no time now for such a study," Kate said. "You are leaving so very soon. And yet it is a pity; for it is considered that all languages are learned best in early youth."

"Miss Thornton, please don't! Not on my last day. Don't poke fun at me when I am so soon to go away," pleaded poor Bob ruefully, almost overcome at the thought of his near departure.

"Well, it is unkind if you really dislike it," she said kindly, and I am sure we all wish that you should carry none but kind recollections away with you. And the *avondbloems*, whatever they may mean, I will keep as a memento of your visit. And now sit down and look at this view, and when you are far away, try to think of the Mersey as you saw it from this point."

Bob obeyed, so far as throwing himself on the ground at her feet; but, after a hasty glance at the landscape, he seemed to prefer studying its features reflected in her eyes.

"Dear old Mersey," said Bob, with a tone of feeling which was far too real to be called merely sentimental. "Dear old Mersey! How well I shall remember the happy time I have passed here."

"Have you been happy?" asked Kate demurely, smoothing the petals of the *avondbloem* with her taper fingers, and looking provokingly unconscious of Bob's admiring gaze.

"Happy! Oh, Miss Thornton. Surely you need not ask whether I have been happy, when Elsdale has been like a home to me."

"I have sometimes thought you seemed happy here. You seemed to enjoy being with the horses," added Kate, still more demurely, holding the flower a little further off, with her head on one side, as if absorbed in contemplation of its delicate form and colour.

"Miss Thornton, I swear——"

"Oh! Mr. Ormerod!" said Kate, looking shocked.

"Well, then, I declare it was not the horses that made me happy to be at Elsdale."

"Was it not?"

"No, it was not. Though, to be sure, I am very fond of them; and I only wish," he added fervently, "that everything came as natural to me as horses do. But you see, Miss Thornton, I ain't so well in as many other fellows. I haven't been running in good enough company to find out what length

I can go; and if I have got a turn of speed, what's the use of it with such a weight as I have got to gallop under?"

Kate rung out her little silvery laugh. "What in the world are you talking about, Mr. Ormerod?"

"Why, I mean, Miss Thornton, that I have neglected what our old gardener used to call my 'eddication.' I've never read much; I find it puts me to sleep. I've lived too much with sporting men. And now I find that my mind is like a training groom's or a dog-fancier's, and my talk is as full of slang as *Bell's Life*. I quite hate myself, and think myself a brute when I am with—with—other people," concluded Bob, abruptly.

There seems to be something very gratifying to a clever woman in patronizing a man about her own age. It implies a certain mental superiority which is soothing to her *amour propre*, while the gracious condescension, the earnest zeal with which she usually sets about this pleasing task afford an agreeable exercise for her natural capabilities for pitying and helping those who need it. Kate's manner changed as she glanced at her companion and saw that his self-reproach was no mere pretence or affectation. It was with a serious gravity befitting the occasion that she replied,

"But, Mr. Ormerod, it is not at all too late for you to begin to apply yourself to some more profitable studies than those which have hitherto occupied your attention. You are still a very young man"—Ormerod winced—"and you should not consider your education by any means completed. If you were to employ the next two or three years in self-culture it is impossible to say to what an extent you may improve yourself."

"Tell me, Miss Thornton," said Bob, starting up as if possessed with a sudden idea, "do you think you could—do you think I should—do you think people would like me better, if I were to take more pains with myself?"

"Of course, Mr. Ormerod," answered Kate, again relapsing into demure simplicity, "of course every person of cultivated mind is thought more highly of than one who has not such advantages."

"And you like clever men, and well-informed men better than a fellow who can hardly talk of anything but sporting?"

"I like clever men, and well-informed men; but I don't know that I object to a taste for sporting, at proper times and places. I think slang objectionable," answered Kate as grave and solemn as an oracle.

Bob looked at her in silence for a few seconds, half kneeling, half sitting on his heels the while, and mechanically

practising with small stones the art of keeping three balls in the air at a time, as performed by street jugglers. At last he pitched away all the stones, one after another, as they came round to his right hand, and throwing himself on the ground before Kate, jerked out,

"Miss Thornton! do you think—may I hope—that if I can make myself less unworthy of you—you could feel—I might hope—could you love me as I love you at this moment, with all my heart and soul! There, now, I've said it," concluded poor Bob, looking very flushed and rather scared; his heart thumping audibly beneath his waistcoat of many pockets, and his breath coming thick and fast.

If this was the first declaration of love to which the fair Kate had ever listened, she behaved with remarkable self-possession on the occasion. I do not know that she had not been prepared for something of the kind. Not perhaps for anything so blunt and downright as poor Bob's honest avowal; but for something a little pathetic as the final leave-taking of one who made no secret of his admiration for her, and had attached himself to her constantly and undisguisedly during his visit to the Mersey. So that, in the first place, she was not taken altogether by surprise; and, in the next place, she was armed with that innate superiority which a clever girl has over one of the rougher sex of her own age; and, most of all, she was heartwhole, at least so far as Bob Ormerod was concerned. He was so honest and straightforward, so guileless in all the petty *finesse* of society, his devotion was so hearty, that it could not but be flattering as a spontaneous and genuine homage to her attractions; but Kate, though she had learned to feel very kindly towards him, and was more than ever disposed to do so at this moment, was not the least bit in love with him. Her cheek glowed, her eye brightened, her bosom heaved with a thrill of pleasure; for what daughter of Eve is insensible to the proud gratification of having inspired a feeling of love in one of the other sex. But she scarcely needed a moment's pause to collect herself.

"Mr. Ormerod," she said, very gravely, and in a low voice, "You must not talk in this way to me."

"Why may I not?" asked Bob impetuously.

"Because it is not at all right, and I must not listen to it."

"Why may you not listen to it? I tell you I do love you—I love you with all my heart!" urged Bob; who, now that the ice was broken, and he was fairly in for it, seemed to feel a relief in unburdening himself of what he fancied had

been hitherto a profound secret within the sanctuary of his own breast. "The first time I ever saw you I loved you, and I shall love you all my life!"

"Mr. Ormerod," said Kate firmly, "if you continue to talk to me in this way when I have begged you to desist, you will offend me. I appeal to you as a gentleman not to annoy me further."

"I would not offend you for the world," said Bob, humbled and contrite. "You are not offended with me because I love you, I hope?"

"Well—no—I don't know that I am offended at that," said Kate, with a smile struggling to her lips in spite of her efforts to repress it. "But I cannot allow you to talk any such nonsense to me. You are a great deal too young for anything of the kind."

She looked up in his face as she spoke, with a saucy glance which was irresistible. In spite of feelings calculated to excite anything but hilarity, Bob's fresh and genial nature was not proof against the mirth-provoking glance of Kate. They both broke into the hearty laugh of youth and health; but poor Bob felt, and felt rightly, that the laugh sounded like the knell of his hopes.

"And now," said Kate, rising and putting on the straw hat, "I think it is time to go down to the beach again. They must be about setting off homewards." And as she spoke a distant chorus of shouts and a shrill tan-ta-ra-ra from Thornton's short huntsman's horn proclaimed that the stragglers of the party were being summoned to the rendezvous. They descended the steep bank in silence, each too much occupied with crowding thoughts to attempt any general conversation. At length Ormerod spoke.

"Miss Thornton, forgive me for speaking on that subject again; but may I hope that if I were to pay a visit to the Mersey next year, I should find a welcome?"

"From me, at any rate, a most hearty welcome," said Kate, with a kind tone and smile that were balm to poor Bob's wounded spirit.

"And I have something else to ask. Would you mind—may I venture to offer—to ask your acceptance of something to serve as a—as a little remembrance of me when I am away?"

"Oh, Mr. Ormerod, I am sure we shall require nothing to keep you in our recollection," said Kate, discreetly assuming the plural number.

"But I want *you* to take it," pursued Bob, unfoiled by this move. "And I think," he added in a pleading tone, "I

think, Miss Thornton, you owe me a little reparation to-day, and ought not to refuse my request when I granted yours."

Kate could not resist this appeal, and consented to accept his *souvenir* provided it were not anything of value, or which might be useful to himself.

"Then I wish you to accept Flint," he said eagerly.

"Accept Flint! Why, Mr. Ormerod, that would seem to be the next thing to accepting you! I mean," she added, seeing that she had touched a tender place, "I mean that you could not possibly part with Flint. He is such a constant companion to you that you would be quite lonely without him."

"I shall be lonely enough, and dull enough, when I go away from here, either with or without him. And—it's the last time I shall intrude upon you in this way—I do ask you, very earnestly, to give me this proof that you forgive me. If he is with you it will be like a part of myself being near you. Till I came here I thought I loved him better than anything in the world. I find I don't now. But if he stays here I shall be able to feel that all that is dear to me is in one spot."

He spoke with so much earnestness that Kate's warm heart responded to the deep feeling expressed in such uncouth guise. Her eyes moistened, and her voice quivered a little as she spoke,

"Believe me, I do feel very grateful to you for your kind thoughts and expressions towards me. More grateful than you might suppose from what I have felt myself compelled to say to you to-day. And as for Flint, Mr. Ormerod"—

"Oh, call me Bob," he broke in, imploringly. "Everybody who likes me calls me Bob. Let me hear you, only once, address me by that tender name. Call me Bob!"

"Well then, Bob," said Kate, uttering the endearing monosyllable with a smile which she did her very utmost to hide, "I will keep Flint, on this condition: that you come to Elsdale in twelve months' time to reclaim him."

"Thank you, Miss Thornton! Thank you a thousand times! Ah! *his* education has not been neglected. There's hardly anything a dog can do that he is not up to. Draw a badger, shake a cat, open a hedgehog, and as for rats—I believe he could beat Billy himself. But you don't know who Billy was, I suppose."

"No," said Kate.

"That's what I call the solid part of his education. But he has accomplishments as well. He can walk up a ladder as well as I can run upstairs. He can fetch a half-crown

out of a bucket of water. And he can sit up on a chair at table with a pipe in his mouth, really almost like a Christian. Here, Flint! Come here!" He caught him by one of his delicate ears, and lifted him up by it into his arms with as much indifference as if that were a recognized handle to his body; while Kate gave a little cry, and begged him not to hurt the poor animal.

"That won't hurt him," said Bob rather scornfully. "Nothing hurts him, I believe; or if it does he pretends to like it. Look here, Miss Thornton. Here's a case of teeth! And the roof of his mouth as black as your hat. Isn't he a beauty? Now Flint," he went ont on, addressing him with much earnestness,—"Now Flint, this is your new mistress. And you will be a good and obedient dog to her; and love her very dearly for my sake. And as I may not tell her how much I love her, you must try to tell her for me."

Flint appeared fully to comprehend every word that was said to him. And when Ormerod threw him out of his arms he went up to Kate and laid his great head in a fondling way against her dress, as if to assure her of his readiness to obey his master's injunctions.

"One thing I must beg you not to do," said Bob. "If you would not mind my asking another little favour. When you take him out walking, don't set him to pin the oxen. He could do it well enough, but I never let him. I lost his brother in that way, and I think I have never quite got over it. If you thought you could take him out without setting him at the bullocks, I should feel quite easy about him."

"I think I can promise you that," said Kate in a grave tone, feeling that the subject was really a serious one to her companion. And as she spoke they rounded a little clump of thicket, and came upon the party who were busily preparing for their return.

How often it happens that the day of fairest promise closes in dulness and gloom. It was so on the day of this farewell party to Bob Ormerod. Though nothing had gone positively wrong, yet, when they had all separated after their return, the feeling on nearly all minds was one of disappointment, or at least of dissatisfaction. The principal disturbing agent was the nautical Mr. Hadley. That melodramatic mariner had spliced the main-brace to such good effect than when they were about to set off homewards he was found to be fully three sheets in the wind; and it was thought to be for his safety that he should go home by the more inglorious but less perilous conveyance of Mr. Keane's Cape cart. The *Arethusa* was placed under the command of trusty Tom

Bowline, and it was proposed that Mr. Monro and Miss Hadley should take seats in Thornton's boat. But Warren's little scheme for securing Kate to himself was doomed to failure. Now that it was all over, she begun to entertain rather tender and remorseful feelings towards poor Bob. She knew he would be pleased by her remaining with him, and resolutely, though reluctantly, declined the seat in Warren's boat. Mrs. Thornton was equally inexorable, and it was decided, at last, that Miss Hadley should take it. Warren, much disgusted, pulled away in dogged silence for some time, not deigning so much as to look at his companion. But at last he did cast a glance towards her, and saw that she was looking at him so sadly, and was evidently so much distressed at her involuntary position, that his kindly heart smote him for his rudeness; and for the remainder of the voyage he exerted himself to entertain her, so successfully that Miss Hadley was soon laughing and talking with even more than her usual vivacity. Warren, as he bent to his sculls, could not see the wondering and not very well satisfied glances that Kate threw back, from time to time, from the boat ahead. Miss Hadley was, perhaps, the only one of the party who thoroughly enjoyed it to the very last, though Mr. Keane, like the busy bee who can extract something profitable from the least promising circumstances, contrived to turn to his advantage what had been the misadventure of the day. On the following morning, the adroit magistrate called at Mr. Hadley's store, and severely lectured that abashed and repentant roysterer, who had laid aside the garb, and, let us hope, the lawless habits of a Rover. It was not until Mr. Keane had effected a large purchase of groceries on unusually favourable terms that he would even entertain the idea of conveying his apologies to the ladies.

We must hurry over the last sad hours of Bob Ormerod's visit. He was to breakfast for the last time—oh! those melancholy words!—at Elsdale. And scarcely had he entered the drawing-room when Kate followed him, looking delightfully fresh and cool, as if she were but just out of a bath, which indeed was the fact. She held out her hand to him with a kind smile and a blush, and said:

"I thought, Mr. Ormerod, you might like to have something to remind you of us all, and I am going to ask you to accept this—in exchange for the *avondbloems*," she added, in something of her old arch tone, but with more feeling than she had usually displayed. She offered him, as she spoke, a pretty sketch taken by herself from the point at which Johnstone had first seen Elsdale, looking from the lake up

A. GREEN, Phot.

THE INTERIOR OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.—CAPE TOWN.

the little valley between the wooded points that close it in. Ormerod could hardly find words to thank her; and during breakfast, while he sat so absorbed and silent, he was revolving in his mind whether he should have it framed in the most sumptuous manner that the colony could afford, and hung up where it should be always before him; or whether he should bury it, like a treasure too precious for the light of day, in the deepest recesses of his desk, secure from the profane remarks of cigar-smoking sodawater-and-brandy-swilling subalterns.

Over the sad parting from Kate, and from Flint, I must be permitted to drop a veil. There are some situations and circumstances which are best left in reverent silence to the sympathizing imagination of the reader. Suffice it to say that, about midday, Bob Ormerod stepped on board the *Maid of Mersey*, accompanied by a few friends, amongst whom he endeavoured to maintain a cheerful demeanour, though not, I am bound to say, with entire success. In the course of the afternoon, the vessel steamed out from the anchorage and down the lake, and passed beneath the well-remembered crag of the Bushman's Cave, and out between the Mersey Heads to sea. And throughout that afternoon did Bob Ormerod, regardless of food or social converse, sit gazing at the lofty mountain peak that towered above the Mersey. And when the shades of evening had at last hidden that familiar object from his longing gaze, he went straightway to his cabin and "laid down;" by which phrase he was accustomed to express, in his horse language, what is more politely termed retiring to rest.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, CAPE TOWN.

It has been well said that you may judge of a person's character by the books upon his shelves, for a man is known by the company he keeps. That which is true in this respect of an individual is also true with respect to the community. A good collection of books in any considerable town indicates a like disposition to provide, and readers to peruse them. A library without readers will soon be shut up, as a shop would be which lacked customers. It is more likely to collapse for want of intelligence in the public than for want of pecuniary means; for that which is admitted as a social necessity will rarely need adequate support. Probably of all the parochial institutions of the present day in England the most popular

and the least abused are the public libraries. The comparative failure of the Mechanics' Institutions inaugurated by Lord Brougham, Dr. Birkbeck, and others, some thirty years ago, induced an earnest desire to preserve that which was good in them out of the ruin of much that was impracticable. An Act of Parliament was passed authorizing parishes to raise rates, not exceeding one penny in the pound, on the assessed rentals with the consent of not less than two thirds of the rate-payers, who were authorized to nominate their own committee of management, and to establish and maintain a public library open to all classes of townsmen. These institutions have been productive of the happiest effects, and are becoming great schools for adult education,—attractive alike to young and old of all classes; for the silent teaching of books favours no animosities, excites no angry feelings, appeals only to the intellect and judgment, and bids the passions be still. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the value of such influences, or too earnestly to commend their practice for emulation and example.

The Cape of Good Hope has long enjoyed the reputation of possessing the best of colonial libraries; and although in very recent years other colonies have made, in proportion to their wealth, large advances in literary culture, the library of this colony still retains an eminence as respects extent and value with which few others of its kind can compare. It was first opened to the inhabitants on the 2nd January, 1822, with a grant in its aid of the proceeds of the wine tax, an advantage which there is some reason to believe the remoter districts of the colony suppose that it still retains, with a tenacity similar to that with which the City of London clings to the coal tax, out of the proceeds of which the great cathedral of St. Paul's was chiefly built. The truth is, however, that the wine tax subsidy was continued only for a period of six years; it ceased altogether in 1828, so that beyond a temporary assistance from the public revenue the greatest library in South Africa may proudly claim to be an institution sustained and matured by the voluntary contributions of the people.

So long ago as the year 1761, Mr. Joachim Nicholas van Dessin bequeathed a valuable collection of 4,565 volumes to the care of the consistory of the Dutch Reformed Church in Cape Town, to serve as the foundation of a public library, together with a small sum of money yielding an annual interest of about £4 10s. for the purposes of their preservation and repair. These books were transferred in 1829 from the Dutch Reformed Church to the Public Library, then

established in the present Commercial Exchange; and exactly one hundred years after the date of their original bequest they have found a more fitting home, in the new and noble room shown in the illustration, amidst a goodly company of others far exceeding them in number and probably in immediate interest, though not in scholastic value. Mr. van Dessin, who may be regarded as the father and founder of this library, was a native of Rostock, in the Duchy of Mecklenburg. He was a junior merchant at the Cape, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and secretary to the Orphan Chamber. It is pleasant to record acts of genuine beneficence surviving the lives and fulfilling the intentions of the founders. It is good also to notice, as we shall have occasion to do as we proceed, that a liberal spirit in the foundation of a wise undertaking never dies out, but finds in succeeding generations men worthy and willing to go and do likewise.

It is not, however, the history of the past which we propose to write; it is the living fact of the present day which we wish to describe. The Public Library of this colony, in Cape Town, contains in all about 30,000 volumes. It is placed in a room about eighty feet long by forty feet broad and thirty feet high, with galleries all around it, thus extending the area and surface for the book cases. These, when complete, will provide space for the deposit of at least 60,000 volumes, a fact which should encourage the colonists to enrich the collection with many works which are wanting in several departments. For instance, the history and literature of Holland are but ill represented, and that, too, in a country in which so many of the inhabitants take a natural and lively interest in the concerns of their fatherland. The theological works in the English language are numerous and well chosen, and the student will find on the shelves most of those great English divines whose sermons were preached over and over again, in due order, by the chaplain of Sir Roger de Coverly, for the edification and delight of the *Spectator*. The works of travel, also, are very compendious and nearly complete. But few modern works of this nature seem wanting, and although the volumes of early writers, who describe the romance of travels are not so complete, all the great authentic works of modern times are there. In the scientific department, there is richness without completeness. The mathematical works have been arranged by Professor Childe. The law books are numerous, but old, and few sciences have made such progress in Europe of late years as law. The English

statutes are not continued beyond 1845; and there are few intelligent readers who will consider a question connected with politics satisfactorily studied without reference to the most recent acts upon the subject. In surgery and physic, we have, of course, Buchan's Domestic Medicine; but the great recent works on physiology and surgery, and the connection of microscopical discovery with the study of the laws of life, are all wanting. Even such books as Dr. Watson's lectures, or Dr. Guy's Materia Medica are not to be found in our library, and their loss must be great; for although the intelligent physicians of the Cape, notwithstanding the pursuits of an absorbing profession, keep their knowledge well posted up with as much care as a merchant does his ledger, it is not possible for them to purchase all the works which issue from the press, and, too often, they have to take their account of important discoveries from the pages of the *Medical Times* or the *Lancet;* whereas a judicious and moderate expenditure would, for the advantage of the profession, and for the interests of the public, supply the books themselves, as the sources of sound knowledge. The transactions of learned societies should also find a place upon vacant shelves, and even, if rarely referred to, they could upon occasion be of very considerable use. A movement in this direction is now being made, and through the instrumentality of George Frere, Esq., H.B.M. Commissioner under the slave trade treaties with Portugal, the transactions of the Royal Geographical Society will probably be granted and continued with regularity. These will be of great and general interest. It is not unlikely that, if application were made through Mr. Rawson, the journals and publications of the Statistical Society might be readily procured; and, in these days of facts and figures, it is hardly possible to overestimate the value of such books, not only to the general reader, but to every one who has anything to do with the business of legislation and commerce. Perhaps, also, it is not generally known that the publications of the British Museum are, many of them, obtainable at small cost; and although these may be considered more adapted to the room adjacent to the one now being described, yet no considerable library can be considered complete without them.

But it will at once, and very rightly, be said that these suggestions, however economic and feasible, suppose the possession of means beyond the compass of the managers of the Library. The discussion of that question in detail would perhaps be out of place in these pages. Still, it is by no means impertinent to speculate on the future from the

experience of the past, and in the present instance, this may be done with advantage. It is a curious illustration of the fact that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, that the other large towns in the colony excuse the poverty of their libraries in comparison with that of Cape Town, by alleging that the latter continues to receive support from the wine tax. It has been already stated that this tax ceased, and all Government subsidies to the institution ceased in 1828, and for thirty years it has been, and still is, entirely self-supporting. During that period from the subscriptions of the local public alone, no less a sum than near ten thousand pounds has been spent in the purchase of books. That is the secret of the success of the Library—steady perseverance and independent effort have been the foundations of its greatness, for amidst many efforts for divers objects which have been made and are forgotten,—which have prospered for a time but have now dwindled away, this one is a cheering instance of what long-continued zeal may accomplish. The resources of the Library about the year 1858 were a capital sum of £2,100, twenty shares in the Commercial Exchange producing about £50 yearly, and annual subscriptions of between £400 and £500. At that time the capital was charged with the payment of a rental for the old Library room of £100 per annum, which nearly absorbed the interest it produced; and the need for better and more convenient accommodation induced the arrangement by which the managers of the Museum and Library became joint tenants of a new building, for the erection of which Parliament has provided considerable sums. But the Library has also done its part and contributed nearly the whole of its capital towards the erection of its new home. The grants of Parliament towards that portion of the building occupied by the Library have been two sums each of two thousand pounds, and the contributions from the Library funds was £2,000. The Parliamentary grants for the Museum amount to £5,000, so that the sum spent has been £11,000, and there is about £1,000 owing for work done, and including that amount a further sum of £4,000 will be needed to complete the building, the total cost of which will then be £15,000. The expense of the Museum and Library will be about equal, with the difference that the latter has from its own funds contributed more than a fourth of the amount. But that sum by no means represents the expense or the amount of voluntary contributions towards it. The handsome book cases, the costly mantel-piece, the convenient tables, are the generous gift of a gentleman not more

remarkable for his wealth than for the noble use he makes of it. It has been observed that the spirit of a foundation abides with it for ever, and a worthy emulation follows in the footsteps of a great example. It was a scholar who gave the first books, and a hundred years thereafter, a man with a fine appreciation of scholarship and of all its refining influences, has been greatly instrumental in giving practical effect to the labours of four generations. Suffice it now to say that it is understood this useful and philanthropic citizen has not ceased from his work of benevolence and labour of love, and that the annalist of a future time will write in one record of grateful remembrance with that of Joachim van Dessin the name of William Hiddingh. Nor will these stand alone, a lady's generosity deserves honourable mention, and should secure for her sex the right of free study within the Library walls. Mrs. Jamison is not only a colonial heiress but her colonial sympathies have been liberally shown. The most recent benefaction in money has been that of the Honourable Joseph Mosenthal, who not only contributed a large donation, but did what so many for mere want of thought fail to do, namely, left behind him on his departure from the colony, an order for the continuance of his annual subscriptions.

But it is not only in money benefactions that the Library is rich. Mr. Jerram's paintings, some of them very beautiful and valuable, are a great acquisition. Henry the VIII. defended the use of pictures in churches on the ground that they were "books for the unlearned." Doubtless pictures tell tales as well as educate the eye and refine the perceptions. Still literature, rather than art, must be the educating principle amongst us, and the numerous persons who may aid in this work will do well to recognize the value of the agency of the Cape Public Library. To begin with newspapers. Every one who has read Lord Macaulay's history will remember the part in which he says that, in searching out the materials for the history of King William the Third's time, he sought them chiefly in the newspapers of the period, and that in the British Museum he had turned over each page of these faithful chroniclers of contemporaneous history. Whatever may be the sentiments of men concerning Lord Macaulay's judgment, his critical acumen admits of no dispute; and the prince of modern historians points to the newspapers as containing the most certain evidence of historic truth. And he is right, for, commercially, lies do not pay; and the most truthful newspaper is always the most successful one. The press is said

to be powerful for mischief, but what it does in that way is patent and known. Its influence for good infinitely surpasses in extent all the damage which it can do, and this is scarcely remembered, and but rarely acknowledged. The individual flinches from a critique, and it may be a very false and unjust one, and he inveighs against the licentiousness of the press. A thousand men take their opinions from the newspaper, act upon those opinions, and move the world by means of them, and not one will say where he borrowed the thought or whence he gleaned his knowledge. Posterity is more just. It seeks for the spirit of an age in the mirror which embodies its thought. We ought, then, to keep these looking-glasses which "show the very age and body of our time, its form and figure." But no colonial newspapers are preserved in the Public Library. Yet what books are more interesting than they? How great is the value of a perfect file of the *Times* such as they have in the Museum Library at home. It would cost but little, nay, it should cost nothing, to preserve all these interesting records of colonial life, and, doubtless, such a collection of colonial newspapers would be subject to frequent reference. The same may be said of the leading English periodicals. It costs as much to keep and bind *Blackwood* as the *Times*, and the latter is infinitely more interesting; for all that is good and worth preserving in *Blackwood* will be sifted and reprinted, but the *Times* is unique. The same may be said of the *Economist*, *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, and other leading journals, the volumes of which present the history of our times, and have, as well for ourselves as they will have for our children, an undying interest.

In the absence of a copyright act, it is not easy to secure copies of every other colonial publication. Mr. Fairbridge's collection of pamphlets has, however, shown his intelligent appreciation of their value, and when his descriptive catalogue is published, the public will discern the importance of completing what we hope will one day become public property, and secure, by fitting arrangements, the accumulation of all future works which will show, more truly than narrative can, the history of the progress of the colonial mind. A cursory glance at the shelves, and over the yet manuscript catalogue, shows some defects also, which visitors to Europe might supply. It would be a good fashion to set if some intelligent colonist would do so, and nearly every one who makes the ocean trip can afford to do so, namely, to ascertain the names of some of the books most wanted, of which the librarian could furnish a goodly list, and then each bring back, as a contribution, one which he fancies best, and can most readily obtain. A copy of Pickering's Aldine Edition of the Poets

would not be beyond the compass of a merchant's spare cash; a copy of Howell's Letters would cost a young student but a trifle, and they would be very useful here. Pepy's delightful diary seems also to be wanting; the British novelists are terribly incomplete and the dramatists also, the essayists want renewing, and the Vicar of Wakefield cannot be found. It is by continual offerings of good-will that the real strength of a public institution is maintained; and where the means are so ready, and the act itself would be so graceful, it may be reasonably hoped that many persons will avail themselves of the opportunity of thus doing a good service to their country.

Besides the £50 per annum derivable from shares, the other income of the Library is now less than £500 per annum, accruing from subscriptions. Its available capital is all sunk in the new building. The wisdom of Parliament will, it is hoped, see the need, and its liberality will supply the means of completing this great work. The Library doors are open to all persons freely, at all reasonable hours. Every colonist has a property in it, and the value of the collection to the public requires that a fitting home should be completed for it. Its claim for a concluding grant in aid can scarcely be ignored. Of its present income, rather less than three fifths are devoted to the purchase and repair of books, and rather more than two fifths, or, £223 a year, are devoted to the salaries of the librarian, a clerk, and a servant. That anything like good service can be got for such inadequate pay, can only be accounted for by the fact that the gentleman who fills the first-named office has for years been content to discharge a labour of love, supplementing the deficiencies of his salary from private sources. But a more liberal and just recognition of public labours seems now required, and increased subscriptions should supply the means of granting it. As time progresses, and funds increase, and readers multiply, and intelligence spreads, a distinct division of this Library into one of circulation and one of reference will become imperative. It will also be found economical to engage a bookbinder at least for the repair of books. No volume should go out twice without some sort of examination, loose sheets pasted in, torn illustrations mended, broken backs repaired. It is only this sort of care that can preserve books in circulation. But there are many books that ought never to go out save on special request and to approved persons, and some regulations with regard to these might form the nucleus of that Library of reference without which, as a place of study, the present institution is incomplete.

This paper has become in its progress more suggestive than was intended; the object was to make it descriptive of the

illustration, but the subject matter has almost necessarily been mixed up with it. But it would be incomplete without allusion to an event which associates the history of the Library with one of the most interesting circumstances of recent colonial history. Who that was present on the 18th September, 1860, will ever forget the ceremony of the inauguration of the Library in its present abode, by Prince Alfred, and the unveiling of the portrait of the Queen. A very competent judge and no mean critic in England pronounced the address of Sir George Grey on that occasion to be a specimen of the highest eloquence. As such it may in truth be regarded, and as such some few of those words untouched, and without comment may fairly close this paper.

"At this end of these gardens an attempt has been made to build a Museum and to establish a Library which may perchance rival that of Alexandria in its extent, and which we trust is destined to a more fortunate fate. . . . . The Library which his Royal Highness is now about to open we hope may become as it were a great mind for all South Africa, in which is treasured up the wealth acquired by many mighty minds of various races and of many ages, which may here be consulted free of cost by all students who may resort to it, and who in the midst of this beautiful scenery may converse at their will with the poets, the philosophers, the historians of all countries and of all past times, and here acquire that knowledge which may enable them to bless and to earn the blessings of nations whose names are now unknown to us, and some of which are yet to be born in the interior of this vast continent. . . . . I accept, the event of this day, as an augury that that which we now inaugurate shall become the birthright of a brighter and more glorious age, and that we are now preparing the means and smoothing the path which shall lead on another generation, another time, the fair and promising child of Queenly knowledge into that heritage which strong arms and daring hearts are amidst so many toils, difficulties, and dangers, building up for it throughout the wide extent of Southern Africa. That as the first of the Royal Family who bore the name of Alfred drove back wandering hordes, aided in their civilization, and gave peace to England, and established a university, and transmitted a lasting and permanent impulse to science and learning, so the second of the Royal Family who has that honoured name may by what he has done in South Africa have most materially and lastingly aided in the spread of civilization, christianity, and learning throughout the continent."

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

At a meeting of the Society of Arts held on the 5th of June, His Royal Highness Prince Albert in the chair, the following paper on the Exhibition of 1862 was read by Mr. William Hawes:

The council appreciating the support it has received from the members of the society in every step it has taken to promote the exhibition of 1862, resolved to devote the last weekly meeting of the season to the consideration of what has already been done and is doing to ensure the success of this great national undertaking.

But whilst the council is happy to have an opportunity of laying before the members the plans of the Royal Commissioners so far as they are known, it must not be considered in the slightest degree responsible for the views and opinions I may express in the paper I have the honour to read.

In order that we may fully appreciate the prospects of the exhibition of 1862, I will first briefly direct your attention to the origin and progress of the exhibition of 1851, and then consider whether the advantages derived from it, and the present state of the arts, manufactures, and commerce, as compared with that time, justify the exertions which must be made to form another exhibition of equal interest and importance.

The idea of holding a national exhibition, as most of my hearers are aware, originated here. It sprung almost naturally from the proceedings of the society, for so far back as 1756 it offered prizes for improvements in the manufacture of tapestry, carpets, porcelain, &c.

In 1761, a gentleman was paid to attend an exhibition of machinery in the society's rooms, and explain the models exhibited. From an early period, it offered prizes for improvements in agricultural machinery. In 1829, the then secretary read papers on several of the leading industries of the kingdom, and from this time to 1847 curiosities and inventions were frequently collected for the instruction and amusement of members and the public.

These were followed by an exhibition, the first of its kind, held in the Mews, at Charing-cross; by local trade exhibitions, held at Birmingham, Leeds, Dublin, and other places; by the exhibition of manufactures at the Free-trade Bazaar, held in Covent-garden Theatre in 1845; and by the exhibition of inventions held annually, from that time, in this society's rooms, each year proving, by the increased applications for space, that the resources of the society of arts were less and less sufficient to meet the growing interest of the public in such collections.

In France, exhibitions of national industry had been held at irregular periods between 1789 and 1849, each exhibition surpassing its predecessor in the number of exhibitors and in the value and importance of the manufactures and machinery exhibited;

but the unusual success of that held in 1849, just as this country was sanctioning principles of the most perfect freedom of commercial competition, gave a fresh impetus to the idea of holding a great national exhibition of British industry, for it was felt to be clearly unwise of our manufacturers to allow their French rivals to attract consumers from all parts of the world, to see and to admire their most beautiful productions, and that no opportunity should be afforded them to become acquainted with the manufactures of England.

The proposition made by this society to hold an exhibition of English industry was, when brought under the notice of our Royal President, soon enlarged into an international exhibition of the world's industry. Without a clear perception of the progress his adopted country was making, and of the importance of showing it to the world, this comprehensive plan would never have been matured; and the weight of such high authority was necessary to secure an impartial and full consideration of the benefits likely to be derived from the accomplishment of this bold and novel attempt to stimulate our industry by comparing it with that of every other nation.

But, before the plan was fully adopted by the country, at a dinner given at the Mansion-house, in October, 1849, by the then Lord Mayor, for the express purpose of promoting an international exhibition, His Royal Highness, in a speech as remarkable for the simplicity of its language as for the largeness of the views it embodied, placed the subject so ably and so concisely before the world, that no doubt was then entertained that to England would belong the honour of holding the first exhibition for the purpose of collecting and exhibiting in one building the works of industry of all nations, and which, in the words of His Royal Highness, was "to give a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind had arrived in this great task, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions."

That the exhibition fully realized the most sanguine anticipations in showing the state of development of the manufactures of all nations to 1851, and that it gave to the world a more thorough knowledge of the power and better appreciation of the capabilities of each nation is universally admitted, and it now remains for the exhibition of 1862 to show what has been the world's progress from the starting point so clearly indicated in 1851, not only in the production of works of art, or in the increased beauty of certain manufactures, but in the practical applications of science, invention, and mechanical skill to improve and to cheapen the necessaries of every-day life, and so to raise the social position, by adding to the comforts and enjoyments of the great bulk of the people.

In January, 1850, the royal commission for holding an international exhibition was issued, and from that time nothing that could contribute to its success was neglected. To overcome and

to dispel the prejudices opposed to it was a work of no common order, and without a reference to the daily press of the time, it would be difficult to recall to our memory their intensity. The exposure of the finest specimens of our machinery and manufactures to foreigners, for them to imitate, was loudly condemned. The injury sure to follow to our home trade from the exhibition to our own countrymen of the finest productions of foreign countries was pressed upon manufacturers. The large number of foreigners expected to come and see the exhibition was a source of alarm and distrust. Indeed, every argument which ignorance, fear, and jealousy could suggest was freely used to stop the progress of this great and novel movement in the public mind. But the common sense of the country triumphed over such obstacles, and the zeal, energy, and enthusiasm displayed by the few—all members of this society—who devoted themselves to the task, were soon deservedly rewarded by complete success.

Let us now contrast the state of public feeling towards such exhibitions in 1851 and 1862.

Then it was necessary, in order to obtain subscriptions, to hold meetings in this city and in the manufacturing towns, to explain the object and probable result of an international exhibition, but although the success at these meetings was great, and between £60,000 and £70,000 was collected, they occupied so much time that it was soon evident some other means must be adopted, or the great idea of an international exhibition must be given up.

To prevent so unfortunate a result, it was suggested, almost at the last moment, to raise money on a guarantee for a very much larger sum than was at all likely to be required, and a few individuals boldly determined to incur the responsibility of the entire sum suggested, namely, £250,000,—His Royal Highness subscribing for £10,000.

Upon this instrument, the Bank of England agreed to advance, beyond the sum already subscribed, whatever might be wanted to complete the works, and from this moment all pecuniary difficulty was removed.

Now, ten years later, aware of the advantages derived from the exhibition of 1851, and having ample grounds on which to estimate the benefits likely to result from another, the public, as soon as this society published a well-considered plan, came forward rapidly and liberally to sign a guarantee deed, upon which the Bank of England has agreed to make an advance sufficient to carry out the second great international exhibition.

This deed is signed, to the amount of £408,000, by 950 persons connected with or interested in arts, manufactures, and commerce, —420 of whom, representing £220,000, are members of this society; and, what is most remarkable, this great result has been accomplished without the excitement of a single public meeting, or any other appeal to the public than through the ordinary channels of this society.

No one, then, can for a moment doubt that this list of guarantors very perfectly represents the public conviction that great good resulted from the exhibition of 1851, and that the proper time has again arrived for challenging the world to exhibit its finest works in art, its best and cheapest manufactures, and to test the industrial progress each nation has made since that time. Let us then consider whether we may fairly hope to realize the expectation that the exhibition of 1862 will be in every respect worthy of its time, and show such an advance in art and in manufactures, in machinery and its appliances, as to justify the promoters in fixing ten years as a proper period for the recurrence of such undertakings. If this be satisfactorily proved, then we may safely predict that periodical international exhibitions will become one of the fixed institutions of the country, and will be looked for by producers and consumers as the centre towards which novelty, improvement, beauty of construction and design, will be directed.

First, then, let us refer to our national progress since 1851.

The population of Great Britain has largely increased. In 1851 it was 25,180,555, and in 1862 it will probably be 29,000,000. In London there will be next year half a million more inhabitants than in 1851. The people are better employed, and their social and intellectual condition is improved.

Crime, which for years previously to 1851 increased in a ratio beyond that of the population, is now happily decreasing. In 1850, in England and Wales, 20,423 persons were committed for trial, and 76,494 were summarily convicted, the population being then, in round numbers, 15,911,725. In 1859 only 16,904 were committed for trial, and 74,769 convicted summarily, the population being, in round numbers, 18,000,000.

Railways have been extended from above 6,000 to above 10,000 miles. The electric telegraph has become universal, and in every direction facilities for communication have been increased.

We have repealed the duties on soap and paper, the only manufactures the prosperity of which was then thwarted by excise restrictions. We have abolished all taxes on the dissemination of knowledge, and have given increased facilities for the circulation of knowledge by post. We have repealed the import duties, or very nearly so, on raw materials the produce of foreign countries. We have admitted free of duty, confident in our strength, the manufactures of foreign countries to compete with our own. Old industries have been stimulated and improved. New industries have arisen.

In fine art, painting, and sculpture, it is hardly possible, except in very extraordinary periods, that a marked change can be observed in a single ten years, but this country certainly holds its own as compared with the productions of other countries. But a public measure of great importance to the future development of the fine arts should not be overlooked, I mean the Artistic Copyright Bill introduced to the House of Commons by the Attorney-

General, the bill having been prepared by the Artistic Copyright Committee of this society. The object of this bill is to give to artists that protection to their property which is now enjoyed by literature, and to give to foreign artists sending their works to our exhibitions the same protection they afford to Engilsh artists sending pictures or works of art abroad.

Photography, hardly known in 1851, has developed itself, and has become an important branch of art and industry, used alike by the artist, the engineer, the architect, the manufacturer, the merchant, and the magistrate. By it fleeting effects of nature are caught and preserved for the use of the artist, old records, old works of art, decaying by the action of time, are copied and perpetuated. Those precious drawings—relics of great artists of old time—which were necessarily confined to collections in which they were carefully guarded, are rendered accessible to all; and we have multiplied, in marvellous reality, the sketches and studies by which master hands recorded the thoughts of master minds; the progress of works is daily recorded for the information of the engineer; the finest tracery of ancient architecture preserved in its exact proportions for the architect; the manufacturer and merchant can transmit to and receive from their most distant correspondents exact representations of what they require to be imitated or produced; the soldier, sailor, and civilian on foreign service finds in photographic likenesses, and the facility with which they are renewed, the means of retaining the fondest associations of home and country; and the criminal flying from justice is followed with means of instant identification. This is indeed an international application of art-industry.

In the preparation of colours for printing and dyeing, most important discoveries have been made by our chemists, to whose researches the manufacturing industry of the country is greatly indebted. The recently-discovered and most beautiful and brilliant colours, called the "Aniline" series, are produced from coal and its products, and the facility of their application is so great that a complete revolution is taking place in the processes of dyeing and printing.

In the manufacture of glass great economy has been introduced, and the process, just perfected, of transferring photographs to glass, and permanently fixing them by the action of fire, will add a new and beautiful style of ornamentation to our houses.

The manufacture of agricultural implements, and especially the application of steam power to them, has been so improved and extended that it is now a highly important branch of trade; and the exhibition of the improvements which have been made in our spinning, weaving, and winding machinery will afford interesting evidence of our mechanical progress in these branches of industry.

Marine telegraphy, only just accomplished in 1851—the public communication with Dublin having been opened in June, and that with Paris in November, 1852—has now become almost universal,

linking together distant countries, and destined ere long to overcome the difficulties of separation by the ocean, be the distance ever so great.

In the manufacture of iron, improvements have also been made —new bands of ore have been discovered; and day by day we are economising its production, and a metal between iron and steel is now produced at one process, which heretofore required two or more processes, alike expensive and difficult.

In artificial light, our sphere of production is enlarged, and light is cheaper, whereby hours are now available for industrial pursuits, and for the acquisition of knowledge by large numbers, which were formerly either unemployed or wasted.

In steam power, especially that applied to railroads and to ocean steam navigation, economical appliances have advanced rapidly.

The use of coal for locomotives, in place of coke, and superheating steam and surface-condensing in ocean steamers, tend to increase the power and economize the cost of these powerful engines of civilization.

In shipbuilding, the past ten years have produced great changes.

Our navy and mercantile marine have alike advanced in scientific construction and in mechanical arrangements. The ocean steamers which were then employed in the postal service included but one of two thousand tons; now there are many of nearly double that tonnage, with corresponding power and speed—increasing the facilities and decreasing the risk of communication with our colonies and foreign countries.

In the *Great Eastern* we see the practical application, for the first time, of screw and paddle to the same ship; we have enormous strength in her cellular construction; and we have greater speed, with power smaller in proportion to her size than was ever before attained.

Constructed as she was to exhibit to the world one of the greatest triumphs of Saxon energy, and to be the instrument for the distribution of the results of our industry and intelligence in the shortest time and in the safest manner to our most distant and most valuable dependencies, it is lamentable to think that two years have nearly passed, and so much money been frittered away, with scarcely an approach being made to the accomplishment of the great national object for which she was built.

In the construction of our *Warrior* and *Black Prince* and other iron-plated ships, we have a combination of wood and iron by which our ships of war may almost bid defiance to whatever may be brought against them, being, both in size and power, far beyond anything which was contemplated in 1851; and machinery is now being constructed, having its origin in the block machinery at Portsmouth, by which the woodwork required for large boats will be so accurately prepared, that they will be put together in a few hours.

In printing great advances have been made. By the perfection

of chromatic printing, views of distant countries, copies of celebrated pictures, most beautifully coloured, have been brought within the reach of almost every class, displacing pictures which neither improved the taste nor gave useful information; and by the application of most expensive and most beautiful machinery, to the printing of our daily journals, we have been enabled profitably to meet the increased demand caused by the cheapness of our newspapers. Invention and mechanical contrivance have thus kept pace with the requirements of intellect and the daily increasing love of knowledge; and, to crown all, the gold discoveries in Australia, but just known in 1851, and following those in California, in 1849, have supplied a medium of exchange when it appeared almost indispensable to the full realization of the advantages springing out of the great impetus given to industry during the past ten years.

But there are two branches of industry not to be overlooked, which did not exist in 1851. The manufacture of arms of precision and the voluntary organisation of skilled labour to use them, both of which may at first sight appear antagonistic to the progress of art, manufactures, and commerce, but are, in fact, their great protectors. War, a remnant of barbarism, must fortunately be infinitely more difficult, hazardous, and expensive, not only in the preparations for it, but in its results, when arms are constructed of such power that hardly any fortification or ship can resist them.

Fortifications and naval architecture now wear a different complexion to what they did before 1851. The manufacture of the Whitworth rifle and the Armstrong gun are new industries since 1851. The small gun, directed by high intelligence, throwing a large and destructive missile to a distance beyond any previous belief, becomes a more formidable instrument of warfare than the large forces of olden time, directed only by low intelligence and relying upon brute force for success; and in the perfection of these implements of war, costly though they be, we are as a nation deeply interested, for in so far as we are in advance of all the world in their manufacture and in our knowledge of how to use them, so are we safe from foreign interference. The better armed will rarely be attacked, and still more rarely successfully so, by the worse armed.

We hope, then, while 1862 will show to the world the immense advance we have made in all that contributes to our material prosperity, and in all the arts of peace and civilization, it will also show that we are as much advanced in our power—and more fully than ever alive to the necessity of being able—to protect them.

The effect of the progress we have made since 1851 is also shown by the rapid increase of our colonial and foreign trades, and the much greater interest which foreigners now take in England and English manufactures.

Then, after a period of great agricultural and commercial distress, we exported but £65,000,000 per annum; now we export £136,000,000.

Then India, governed by a separate authority, did not afford facilities for emigration, or to settlements being made by English capitalists. Now that vast dependency, entirely under the government of our Queen, intersected by railways and new roads, and with steamboats traversing her rivers, will become, year by year, more intimately acquainted with, and larger consumers of, our manufactures.

Then Canada had recently emerged from a period of discontent and difficulty; now it is one of the most—if not the most—flourishing and rapidly increasing in wealth and popuation of our colonies, with a system of railways and water communication unsurpassed anywhere; the bridge over the St. Lawrence being one of the greatest triumphs of engineering in the world.

Our Australian colonies have not been left behind. The discovery of gold, although for a time it threatened seriously to affect the cultivation of the country, has so stimulated the tide of emigration thereto that the supply of wool, almost as valuable to us as gold, has been maintained, and industry of all kinds has advanced most rapidly.

And if we look to foreign countries, we find France just entering upon a career of free trade, from which it is all but impossible she can recede, while her people, as a whole, appear more friendly to us than at any former period. Our nearest neighbour and principal foreign competitor in 1851 then prohibited or levied such high duties upon the importation of English manufactures as all but to exclude them from the country. Now, we have passports abolished, free intercourse encouraged, a low uniform rate of postage established, and a treaty of commerce under which our manufactures are admitted, which must tend, year by year, to increase the commercial transactions between us. In 1850 the value of the manufactures of the United Kingdom exported to France was only two millions (2,028,463); now they amount to between six and seven millions.

Holland, also following our example, has recently opened several of the ports of her East Indian possessions to foreign trade with all countries.

Russia, under the guidance of a wise and great sovereign, besides constructing railways and telegraphs, and promoting intercourse between the most distant parts of her vast territories, is emancipating her serfs from bondage, and making a large population at once free and industrious, and therefore larger consumers of the products of the forge and the loom.

China is still further opened to our industry, and bids fair to be one of our largest and best customers; and it is hardly too much to say that the effect produced in the late war on the minds of the rulers of that nation, by the wonderful power we exhibited with our rifles and Armstrong guns, had much to do with its early and successful termination; and if so, the entire expense we have incurred in their manufacture will be amply repaid by the great

results achieved through their instrumentality in this one short campaign.

In Japan, Siam, Madagascar, the Phillipine Islands, hitherto almost unknown countries, we find vast populations seeking for our manufactures. I might enlarge at any length on such topics, but enough has been said to show that if the exhibition of 1851 was, in the words of our royal president, "to form a new starting point from which all nations were to direct their further exertions," that of 1862 must still more efficiently perform that function, inasmuch as the basis upon which it rests is broader, the nations interested in the progress of civilization and commercial freedom more numerous, and the population to be stimulated to exertion enormously larger.

All believe that 1851 did its duty. Can anyone doubt that, as the duty and the sphere of action of 1862 are more extended, so the results it will accomplish will be of greater value to mankind at large?

And here we may pause a moment to pay a tribute of respect and admiration to the memories of those great men who very much contributed, by their influence and personal exertions, to the success of 1851, but who have passed from us during the last ten years.

Among our statesmen and heroes, who attended the opening of the exhibition, we have to lament the loss of Wellington, Anglesea, and Raglan, three great men, to whom England owes much of her glory and safety. We have also lost other great men, the greatest of England's engineers, Brunel, Stephenson, and Locke, all of whom took an active interest in the exhibition, and whose advice and aid were freely given when required on any matter relating to the construction of the Crystal Palace.

Next let us refer to some of the leading features of the exhibition of 1851, and first to the building, which was perhaps the greatest wonder and novelty of its time.

The commissioners for 1851 advertised for plans, and two hundred and forty-five designs were submitted to public examination, but no single plan was so accordant with the peculiar object in view as to warrant its adoption.

The commissioners then prepared a plan, but this gave way to the design of a gentleman, neither architect nor engineer, which at once commanded almost universal approbation.

I need not stop to describe the building of 1851. It had its merits and demerits. There was no pretension to architectural effect, but there was vastness and simplicity of design, with remarkable fitness to the purpose required; and the novel and beautiful effect produced by the enclosure of the large elm trees within it cannot be forgotten by any one who saw it. Moreover, all this was attained at a smallness of cost which was again one of the marvels of the structure; but it is hardly too much to say that, had not Sir Joseph Paxton's plans met with

the approval of such men as Stephenson, Brunel, and Cubitt, the public would not have allowed so apparently frail a structure, designed by a non-professional man, to have been erected for such a purpose. Its success was, however, perfect; and the question now is, what have the commissioners of 1862 done to secure the erection of a building worthy of the occasion, and which will not disappoint those who saw and admired the building in 1851.

Having before them the failure of the public competition in 1851, the commissioners have, it appears to me, wisely determined to take the full responsibility of selecting a design; and although contemporary criticism may expose architectural inconsistencies and faults in the plan adopted, as a whole, I believe it will be approved, and the internal effect of the two domes rising one at each extremity of the great aisle will be grand and imposing, and well calculated to exhibit to advantage the works of art and the manufactures which will be collected within the building.

Then, again, as paintings are to form an important part in this exhibition, it became absolutely necessary that the gallery to contain them should be a substantial erection, and not subject to accident or to the sudden variations of temperature unavoidable in an iron and glass building.

Considering, then, that the effect within and the safety of everything intrusted to the commissioners are of infinitely greater importance than the exterior of a structure which, very possibly, may be only required for a few months, the commissioners have, I think judiciously, resolved, at the expense, perhaps, of external appearance, to produce an interior which, while entirely different from that of 1851, and from that erected in Paris in 1855, shall possess originality and beauty sufficient to make it an attraction, if not superior, at least equal to that of either of them.

From the building let us pass to its probable contents.

That they will surpass in interest, beauty, and value those of 1851 I have little doubt, though there can hardly be the same novelty; but assuming, as we may fairly do, that both English and foreign industry will be as fully and as attractively represented as they were in 1851, and that, in addition to anything then exhibited, we shall have the largest and finest collection of modern paintings ever brought together in one building in this country, there can be no doubt that the exhibition of 1862 will cause as much sensation in the public mind as that of 1851.

We have now no fears, either political or industrial, to allay—no ignorant prejudices, national or social, to overcome—no vague auguries of indefinable mischief to counteract—but we have to aid in the collection of visitors a strong conviction that great advantages were derived from the knowledge obtained at the exhibitions of 1851 and 1855, by those who thoroughly studied them, and we have also greatly increased facilities for their conveyance from all parts of London and the country, and indeed from all parts of the world, to the spot selected for the site of the exhibition.

The increase of the population, the increase of our metropolitan railways, the reduced rates of conveyance, the recollection of the past in the minds of those who saw it, and the desire to see an international exhibition by those who were unable or too young to see the last, will together ensure an amount of success to satisfy the expectations of the most sanguine.

And here I will mention a few facts which justify us in expecting a large increase in the number of foreign visitors. The number who visited England in excess of the previous year, between May 1 and September 30, 1851, was only 42,913, whilst the number of foreigners who visited the French exhibition in 1855 was above 160,000, of whom 40,000 were English. We may, then, fairly anticipate that there will be a great increase of foreigners coming to England in 1862 over those who came in 1851, as all admitted that the English contribution to the Paris exhibition occupied a great deal of their attention and excited the liveliest interest among them. Moreover, the important changes which have taken place in the commercial relations of France and England must tend to increase the curiosity of manufacturers to see the latest and choicest specimens of British industry, and surely we may attribute an important place in promoting that improvement in the French tariff which now admits many English manufactures to France to the exhibition side by side of English and French manufactures in London and Paris in 1851 and 1855, and to accomplish which the Governments of both countries, appreciating the importance of the occasion, temporarily suspended their customs regulations.

On the whole, then, looking to the success of the foreign department in 1851, to the preparations now being made in France and other countries for 1862, proving they are not afraid of placing, for the third time in eleven years, their choicest productions in friendly rivalry with ours, and also to the industrial progress which has been made under more liberal tariffs than then existed, we have sufficient reasons to justify the confident expectation that the foreign department will be as well supported and as successful in 1862 as in 1851.

There are, however, some important points of management and arrangement upon the decision of which much may depend, and which may appear to me to require the most open and full consideration and discussion by the public. I mean,

1. The system of prizes adopted in 1851 and 1855;

2. The arrangement of manufactures and works of industry—whether it shall be geographical or in classes; and,

3. The rates of admission.

First, as to prizes. Can they be adjudicated with such perfect fairness and justice as to ensure their being allotted to the proper persons? If they can, then the object of awarding them is obtained; but if not, they are the means of inflicting great injustice on every other exhibitor, and on the community at large, who are misled by a wrong adjudication.

The question then arises—Can juries, selected as juries must be, possess collectively sufficient general, practical, scientific, and manipulatory knowledge to decide unerringly upon the relative merits of competing manufactures, machines, chemical products, and works of industry of all kinds and of all values, often produced from similar materials, but being made for different climates and purposes, may be very dissimilar in character and appearance, though belonging to the same class.

Is it probable that a dozen men can be so fully acquainted with every variety in the class upon which they have to adjudicate as to ensure entire correctness and justice in their decision? I believe this to be simply impossible, and although I have not the slightest wish to impute improper motives to any one for a moment to suggest that any person acted otherwise than to the best of his ability, I believe it is an admitted fact that both in Paris and London the distribution of prizes gave dissatisfection, and that they were in many cases incorrectly awarded. That juries should be appointed to examine each class of subjects, and to report upon the progress made since 1851 is most desirable, and such reports would be of great value to every exhibitor and to the country at large; but it appears to me, upon a careful consideration of all the difficulties, highly undesirable that prizes should be awarded. A prize, given with the utmost fairness, can be but useful to one individual, and the advantage gained by a prize would, in most cases, be far beyond the actual superiority of the article rewarded over the next in merit; but if awarded incorrectly, still more if awarded without a due appreciation of all the various considerations which constitute superior excellence, a great injustice is inflicted on many.

To avoid the injury caused by the slightest error in the judgment of a jury is of infinitely greater importance than any benefit which can arise from giving a reward; and it appears to me the system of rewards is calculated to divert the attention of exhibitors from the object they ought to have in view, and instead of looking solely, as they should, for the sympathy and support of the public, they will try to obtain the approbation and verdict of the jurors.

Then, as regards the classification of products or manufactures, two plans are suggested—one, that of 1851, the geographical arrangement, under which the art and industry of each country is exhibited in one compartment; and the other, an arrangement in classes, so that all similar products or manufactures, come from where they may, will be exhibited together. Theoretically, this appears to be the best plan for enabling the ordinary run of visitors to obtain most readily a knowledge of the progress of each country; but would it not tend very much to lessen the interest and pride of the smaller foreign exhibitors in the exhibition, who would naturally prefer seeing the works of each country separately?

And, moreover, the theoretical advantage contemplated by the

classified arrangement is one more in name than in reality, for those conversant with cotton, or silk, or woollen fabrics will have no difficulty in properly appreciating the comparative merits of those belonging to each country, although they are not placed in absolute juxtaposition. So with hardware, porcelain, machinery, &c., and if, in addition to such personal inspection, we have the reports of juries, composed of competent persons, on each branch of industry, the object of a classified arrangement will be attained without any offence being given to any person or nation. It will be much easier to satisfy a foreigner in the arrangement of his goods in the space allotted to his country, than if distributed, one in one part of the building and one in another, mixed with those of other nations.

I now come to the rate of admission.

In referring to the lowest rate, which, in 1851, was 1s., we find that this produced more than 6-10ths (·622) of the receipts at the doors, and represented 4,439,419 persons out of 6,039,195 visitors, or about three times as many persons as paid the higher rates of admission.

In Paris the 1 fr. rate also produced more than 6-10ths of the total sum received at the doors (·654); but there was also a lower rate of 4 sous, so that, at 1 fr. and at 4 sous, 4,280,040 persons were admitted out of the 4,533,464 who visited the exhibition.

These figures are more significant if we compare the populations of Paris and London.

At Paris, with a population of 1,174,346, there were 2,351,031 visitors paying 1 fr. and upwards, or 2·01 visits to each of the population.

At London, with a population of 2,362,236, there were 6,039,195 visitors, paying 1s. and upwards, or 2·5 visits to each person,—a curious coincidence of visits to the population. But in addition to the 2·01 visits of the Paris population, paying 1 fr. and upwards, 2,182,433 of the working classes were admitted at a charge of but 4 sous each.

We are, then, fairly entitled to say that the 1s. rate nearly excluded the working classes (except where the liberality and good feeling of employers found the means), who made 2,182,433 visits to the Paris exhibition, and which class, had the same facilities been afforded to them here, we may fairly assume, would have made above 4,000,000 visits to the London exhibition, and contributed in like proportion to its success.

For, as the number of visits by the people, in proportion to the population, paying 1 franc and upwards, so nearly coincided in both countries, it is not unreasonable to suppose that, had our working classes been admitted at a proportionate rate, they would have been quite as anxious to see the exhibition as the working men of Paris.

I am well aware there is a strong objection in the minds of many to a lower rate of admission than 1s. I do not, however,

share in the objection, nor do I believe it is founded on sound principle, and certainly not on the great principle of universality upon which an international exhibition rests.

The object of such exhibitions is not only to amuse the rich but to teach the people. The object is not only to give information to the merchant and manufacturer, to enable him to extend his works and increase his gains, but to show the people the progress of their rivals in trade and manufactures, that they may learn thereby in what manner best to exert their skill and intelligence.

The object is to educate nations, not classes. It is to show to all the part taken by each in the great work of the world's industry; it is to show that the production of very few commodities is confined to one country or to one set of workmen. It is to show that that country which exercises the highest intelligence and the greatest industry in the conversion of the raw materials which nature so lavishly provides for the use of all will be most successful in the industrial race which civilized nations are so honourably running one against the other. In what respect, then, do our industrious classes require education more than in a knowledge of the mechanical and artistic works of other countries, and the rate or cost at which they can be produced? And how can lessons on this subject be given with such effect, or be taught by a schoolmaster so well calculated to impress the mind and memory, and be so free from all suspicions of interested motives, as by the personal inspection of the articles collected together at an international exhibition?

They will there see the works of foreigners—will be able to examine them at their leisure, and to satisfy themselves in what respect they are inferior to and in what they excel their own.

They cannot then refuse to believe that they have powerful, intelligent, and ingenious competitors; or that if, by unwise combinations to constrain the free operations of men, masters, or capital, they increase the cost of manufactures or the difficulty of executing public works, other hands, able and willing to work, can be found, and at a rate of wages which would make them, if once brought here, very formidable rivals.

I may be allowed, perhaps, to digress for a moment to state one effect of the late strike among the painters. A machine has just been perfected for executing certain kinds of painting at a wonderfully low rate and with great speed,—a public advantage, no doubt, but injurious for the moment to the body whose ill-advised movement called it into existence.

It is then, I think, a first duty of the royal commissioners to make such arrangements as will open the exhibition to the largest number of the working classes, their wives and children; the only limit being that required for the preservation of the property and the maintenance of perfect order; and as both of these were accomplished in Paris, there ought to be no difficulty in London.

Fortunately, we know by their free admission to our National Gallery, to Kew Gardens, and to the British Museum, &c., that the industrious classes may be safely admitted to see and to examine valuable works of art and industry, without the slightest fear of injury arising therefrom; and we now so frequently see 20,000 or 30,000 visitors together at places of amusement that no difficulty can arise as to the preservation of order.

Many, I know, say one shilling is low enough; but is not this a vague assertion, repeated without due consideration, by those who forget, or do not know, that one shilling multiplied by the ordinary number of a working man's family—and working men rarely go to places of amusement without them, and it is most desirable this feeling should be encouraged—becomes a sum which is prohibitory to all but a few of the most enterprising and best paid artizans, and certainly cannot be considered as encouraging the attendance of the working classes as a body, whose instruction in the power and capabilities of foreign workmen is, speaking nationally, of greater moment than the amusement or instruction of the classes immediately above them.

There is, however, a practical objection advanced by some, whose desire to extend to the utmost the benefits to be derived from the exhibition cannot be doubted, and that is, the impossibility of accommodating the number who would apply for admission at a lower rate than one shilling.

To such I reply, first let one day a week be appropriated to working men—Monday, for instance. If this be not enough, give them two, or even three days weekly. Their numbers are so great that they have a right to a fair proportion of the time for which the exhibition is to be open. The difficulty of regulating their admission should not be allowed to exclude them all from the opportunity of obtaining information most valuable to them as a class and as individual members of that class.

I must next notice the objections which have been urged against holding an exhibition in 1862.

They are two. One, including all sorts of minor objections, prejudices, and interests, is expressed simply by saying it is too soon—the public take no interest in it—manufacturers did not gain enough by the last to repeat their contributions.

The second is, that in the present political state of the world, Europe, Asia, and America, it is unwise to incur the risk of failure in so important a national undertaking.

To the first I reply, it is not too soon in the estimation of those who are to fill the building; if, on the one hand, they become guarantors for the expenditure, and, on the other, apply for spaces for exhibition far beyond anything known in 1851, threatening to render the contemplated structure, large as it is, insufficient to meet the demands of intended exhibitors; nor when our colonies and foreigners are as ready as before to contribute their share to another great collection of the world's industry.

If these be facts, as they are, the objection that 1862 is too soon after 1851 and 1855 to hold another exhibition fails entirely.

But there is another reason, in which the public are interested, why exhibitions, if once held, should be repeated periodically, and not at too distant periods.

Prizes if given, or the honourable mention by juries, or the unanimous praise in the daily press, of any particular production or manufacture, gives a virtual monopoly of its supply to the producer, to the injury of consumers, until, at a succeeding exhibition, the merit of other similar productions, pronounced by competent authority to be equal or superior to it, or until new articles, which but for the opportunity thus afforded could not have been brought before the world, are compared with it.

The second objection cannot be answered by an appeal to facts, but may be disposed of as effectually by an appeal to reason and policy.

That, in the words of a weekly periodical, distinguished for the ability, though not always for the liberality of its writing, we should choose the time for an exhibition:

"When Italy is in the agonies of self-reconstruction; Austria in the throes of a life and death struggle for existence; France sore all over with jealousy and suspicion of her insular neighbour; Prussia in the thick of a quarrel with Denmark; Russia working out the vastest social problem that ever monarch undertook to solve; Turkey griped to death by her protectors; India racked by famine and passing through a financial crisis; and the United States split into fragments," no one will contend. Nor, on the other hand, do I think that when this country has once determined to hold an international exhibition, any properly constituted English mind would approve of its being deferred because such events had arisen in foreign countries during the progress of our arrangements. Indeed, the French exhibition of 1855 was held during the Crimean war.

Should we be too easily influenced by the political events passing in other countries it would be difficult to find a time to hold an exhibition, so that such an argument would be equivalent to saying that an international exhibition should never take place. This reasoning is inconsistent with the object of such demonstrations, for if their highest and most interesting purpose be to cultivate the relations of peace, amity, and commerce between nations for the benefit of all, it is just at the time when Governments appear to be forgetting their duties to their people, or when nations are forgetting their duties one towards the other, or when people of the same nation, stirred up by the demagogue or bigot, enter on the strife of war, that England, confident in her own power, confident in the principles which guide her rulers and govern the actions of her people, should show that in the midst of wars and rumours of wars she can uninterruptedly pursue her peaceful and industrial career, and be ready to exchange everything she produces with

every other country, and to expose, for the inspection of all, the latest results of her national industry.

I think, then, the political aspect of the present time—the strong assurances of support which we have received from our colonies and from foreign countries—the great extension of our commerce and trade—the improved social and intellectual condition of the people—the position we maintain in the production of works of fine art—our chemical and scientific discoveries, and our improved and new machinery applied to all branches of industry since 1851—setting up in high relief, as they do, the advantages derived from the peace and freedom we enjoy, ought to stimulate our exertions to make this exhibition worthy of the great nation which undertakes it—of the great country in which it will be held—and of the great, wise, and good Sovereign under whom we have the happiness to live.

TOBACCO.

"Est quoddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra."

With a view to trying the smoke question on its merits, and to satisfy the scruples of those who have been accused of sinning in a matter where their practice had calmly been assumed to have been an exercise of virtue, we have jotted down a few thoughts, which we trust may be of interest to all lovers of the Nicotian weed, in restoring the tone of their minds.

A great outcry has been made against the luxury of smoke. Consumers of tobacco have been terribly maligned. Their favourite solace, that which, after hours of deep thought or hard labour, gave them a calmness and equanimity which nothing but the mild sedative effect of tobacco could produce, has been attacked and stigmatized as a deadly poison, exciting paralysis, jaundice, cancer, and a host of similar maladies, from which may a merciful Providence preserve us! Some have even gone so far, almost, as Burton, who, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," informs us that it is "a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of health, goods, lands, hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco—the ruin and overthrow of body and soul!" or that good-natured, but misguided King James, when, in his terrific "Counterblast," he declares the smoke of tobacco to resemble the fumes of a certain sulphurous region, to which Burton amicably condemns without the least mercy, or the least reason, all who dare to use it otherwise than as "a good vomit," or a medicine. Absurdities of this kind may be found in the columns of many

medical journals—literary ebullitions of senseless invective which may reasonably be passed over without notice. But when we find men who are practically learned—authorities in medical science—joining in the cry against any habit, we who are addicted to that habit are compelled to search for some plea, even though it may be as difficult to find one as to prove that there is the least need for taking dessert after dinner, or riding when we are able to walk. Nor is it a matter to be lightly dismissed by any one who has the least care for the happiness of a vast number of his fellow-beings. See the ultimate good effected by the habit of smoking,—a good which ought at once to be done away with if the instrument effecting it is of so destructive a nature as some would have us believe. No one walking through the streets of London can fail to be struck with the frequent occurrence of tobacco and cigar shops; it is no exaggeration to say that tens of thousands live upon the trade; to destroy it, then, would be a very serious undertaking, and yet the very same may be said of a traffic which all will admit to be most nefarious,—that of opium. Our East India Company is said to derive no less than five million pounds per annum from the sale of opium in China. But though the Company were to lose its income, and the thousands engaged in that trade to be deprived of further employment in it, still no Englishman whose judgment—we will say whose morals—are not wholly corrupted would, for such a reason as this, wish the trade in misery and death to continue. So, too, with tobacco! If, in the majority of cases, it is productive of the evil effects which have been attributed to it, all trade in it ought to be declared wrong and illegal. Governments profess to restrain the vices as well as to protect the liberty and life of the subject; if, then, tobacco is so pernicious, the use of it is a vice, and the trade in it is a violation of their safety and liberty. Thus, all who take an interest in the political and moral welfare of others, are deeply affected by this important question. Impartiality is a thing rarely met with, and hardly to be expected in the discussion of such a topic as this, and we have remarked that almost all that has been said or written on the subject is extreme. Our object will be, if possible, to take a middle course, and see how much good and how much harm can, with certainty, be attributed to this habit of smoking. The necessity for saying something has been pretty clearly established, for we may almost regard the time as passed away when a man could smoke his pipe in peace. Now his wife, his sister, or his medical adviser (unless that individual happens to be a smoker, or

not a humbug,—and even then we have known him to prohibit it in a patient), will almost bore him into believing that every headache, every little ruffle in his temper, all his failings of body or mind, are the inevitable consequences of "that disagreeable and odious tobacco," as they are pleased to term it. Now-a-days, if you are seen to smoke but one of Findlay's mildest Havannahs,—ay, even only to light one or enter a tobacco shop, not a few mistaken, perhaps mourning friends will exclaim, "Ah, poor fellow, he has taken to smoking,—there is no hope for him," and one can hardly help thinking that they would not be very sorry if your health was ruined, on the same principle as that of the learned writer of a pamphlet on this very subject, who relates an *interesting* and *satisfactory* case of a near relative, who died from ulceration in the mouth, caused by smoking. These kind friends are too Aristotelian by half; they seem to think that the mere opinion of some medical men, and the general consent of all persons who do not smoke, is a sufficient argument for flying at once to a conclusion that the habit must be injurious.

That much can justly be said against smoking is very true. Unfortunately, however, the abuse of tobacco has called forth many objections to its use. We cannot and need not deny the fact that its abuse is of necessity injurious—the very term, *abuse*, implies as much. If a man eats or drinks too much, we condemn him as abusing meat and drink; but surely we should never accept that as an argument against moderate eating or drinking. Yet this method of drawing conclusions is far too prevalent, as may well be seen from the case of the so-called temperance societies, all of which declaim against any use whatever of spirituous or malt liquors, simply because most of them look only at the evil effects of excess, whilst they forget that there may possibly be some good in a moderate use of them. If a man "never has the pipe out of his mouth," then we would certainly condemn him, not for smoking but for being immoderate. "But," say the opposition, "you cannot smoke in moderation for any length of time; it is a growing habit." They tell us how its victims begin with one pipe, or one cigar a day, and then go on until most of their time is wasted in smoke. To say nothing at present of the fallacy of their assumption that it is a growing habit, we may reasonably argue that the fact of its being so is no proof that a moderate indulgence is noxious; for if a man cannot restrain his appetite he is to blame personally, and not the habit which he abuses. But again, we ourselves know, and have no doubt that the majority of our readers are acquainted

with many who smoke two or three pipes a day, and never exceed that number. The evil effect itself must, in most cases, correct the abuse. How can a business man, for example, find time to spend many hours a day in this way? And yet how many business men, after their day's work is over, smoke one cigar in the evening, and rarely more than one. Here again, the opponents of the habit *in toto* have been as illogical as they have been uncharitable; they happen to know some, perhaps many men, who have been so weak-minded as to go to excesses in this habit. We very much question whether these same individuals would not go to excess in any other habit, if they were once to begin; and hence it is that great smokers are so often great drinkers, or *vice versa*, if you will. Men given to excess in one thing will usually present the same weakness in any other. The opinion, then, that great smokers are for the most part great drinkers may as reasonably be put, great drinkers are frequently great smokers; but neither form of expression is any argument against moderation.

Having dealt with one, perhaps the most difficult, count of the indictment laid against the habit, we now come to consider the second in importance, which is, that tobacco is, in the majority of cases, productive of evil effects. Under this head will come the consideration of the diseases said to be caused by it.

The refutation of this assertion is not difficult, for we shall merely have to appeal to facts. Take a hundred *moderate* smokers, and we have no hesitation in saying that ninety-nine will be free from any injury effected by the habit. Let any of our readers bring before his own mind's eye a dozen of his friends who are addicted to it, in a moderate degree, and he cannot but conclude that it makes no difference to their health; "if it does no good, it does no harm," must be the result of the observation. Learned physicians have indeed told us that paralysis, jaundice, cancer, and almost any disease you can think of, have been brought on by the use of tobacco. But carefully observe one point in almost every case adduced—that is, the patient is described as "a GREAT smoker." We have said that we do not pretend to argue for a *great*, but only for a moderate use of tobacco. But, supposing this was not the case,—supposing the patients to be very moderate, still there is no argument to be adduced from their case. All due deference paid to the doctors, we must be allowed to venture the suggestion that their deduction of a general rule from these few cases is not a logical mode of treating the subject. In the first place, they are bound in each several instance to

trace the effect to the cause alleged. They must show us in what way tobacco can act upon the system so as to produce any one of these diseases; and supposing they are able to do this—supposing that one case of paralysis, for instance, out of a thousand can be distinctly referred to smoking, it remains to be shown that each particular case is not an idiosyncracy; for how many thousands are afflicted by such a disease who never have smoked, and how very many smoke who never have had any of the maladies named! We know that, strangely enough, in several instances opium, which is ordinarily a powerful narcotic and astringent, has had the opposite effect, whilst sulphate of magnesia has acted as a sedative and astringent. Would this be any argument against the use of opium as a narcotic and astringent, or of magnesia as an aperient, in general medical practice? Certainly not. So with tobacco; to say that once or twice it has produced an effect, which, in thousands of instances it has not, is no argument against its use. Some people cannot eat apples without certain indisposition; yet are we who are fond of apples, and never found one or two do us any harm, to refrain from eating them because in these cases they were deleterious in their effects? Surely not, or else we must give up eating and drinking altogether; we must never go into a railway train, because accidents have happened, and might happen to us; we must never go into the street, because tiles and chimneys do sometimes fall down on people's heads; and we must never stay in the house, because houses are sometimes burned, and their occupants sometimes share the same fate. We would avoid this argument, founded on a few cases, or we could quote one or two examples in which we have known persons afflicted by paralysis to have begun smoking soon after the attack, and to have kept it up ever since, rather, as they tell us, with benefit than otherwise.

The third and a very common argument against the use of tobacco is generally put in the form of a question—"What good is it?" This is a species of *dernier-ressort*, to which we have heard many people come when they have been unable to show that there is any harm in the habit. The question was put in a discussion on the subject which we heard a few days ago after dinner, and to which incident it is mainly due this article was written. The answer made was almost a sufficient one. "Have you had a good dinner?" "Yes." "That is you've had enough to satisfy your appetite?" "Certainly!" "Then, why do you eat that nut?" "Because I like it." "For the same reason I smoke this cigar," rejoined the other—"I like it." Now, although this is a

sufficient reply to such a question as the one at present under our consideration, yet we need not go far to find a better one. We do not for one moment wish to evade, but to give a direct answer, which ought to satisfy any reasonable querist. We would ask him in the first place, "Do you smoke?" If his answer is affirmative, we would tell him that if he objects to the habit from a firm belief that there is no good in it, he had better give it up; if he says he does not smoke, then we would claim his reliance on our own assertions, derived from personal experience, and would tell him that we find an agreeable sedative effect from tobacco, which enables us to collect our thoughts, assists our judgment in difficulties, and even relieves our weariness after mental or bodily fatigue. If our querist told us that he had smoked, and found no good effects from it, we should ask him whether his trial of it made him ill. If he said yes, then we should grant that his relinquishing it was most proper. If he told us that he could have gone on smoking without any troublesome result, then we could only say that he was an exception to the general rule; for if smokers are to be believed, they do experience, from a moderate use of tobacco, the beneficial effects above named.

The next point to be considered is the effect which smoking has upon digestion; and here there appears at first sight to be a stronger abstract argument against the habit, considered in a sanitary point of view, than any other yet noticed. We think, however, that a fair consideration of the question will enable our readers to discover a want of soundness in this as in the rest of the objections against tobacco. Here it is necessary for us again to remark that we are not defending excess; and it will be equally expedient in this case for us to prove that moderation is possible; and we hope, from a consideration of this so important part of the subject, to be able to come to a tolerably definite conclusion as to what is moderation in this habit. Most smokers, perhaps ninety per cent., lose more or less saliva during the consumption of a cigar or pipe of tobacco; this saliva, we know, is intended to assist mastication and contribute to the ultimate result of it, which is chiefly the formation of the blood.

Here we must go to facts. We must metaphorically take our readers to any large barrack or convict station, or refer them again to the moderate portion of their smoking acquaintance, and direct them to observe and inquire for themselves; and we feel convinced that this investigation will prove to them, as it has already done to us, that the quantity of saliva lost by moderate smokers is such as to

have no effect whatever on the system. Some men will lose more in smoking one pipe than others; some few lose none. Those who lose most will, if they are sensible men, easily find the limit which bounds moderation in their particular instance; and will honestly confess that what is excess in theirs is not so in the case of those who only lose one half the amount of saliva lost by them in smoking the same quantity of tobacco. From this, then, we shall arrive at something like a definite estimate of what moderation is: a very little experience will teach a man how far prudence permits him to indulge; and if he goes beyond this, we do not undertake his defence. If he will exceed moderation, it cannot be helped—he is only to blame. We think the evil is one which must check itself.

In conclusion, we have only further to remark of the fondness for smoking which characterises University and College men. In most of the German colleges, for instance, the students, and professors too, are addicted to excess in the use of tobacco. The pipe is there the household god of their study, and perhaps many of the misty notions which have come from the pens of German scholars have been justly attributed to the influence of smoke. Much depends on the national character of all individuals. The Anglo-Saxons have always been a great beer-drinking people and seem likely to continue so; yet the Anglo-Saxons have given their laws and language to no small portion of the nations of the earth; it would seem that the tendency of their mind is one of restless activity and of physical exertion, which must preclude the possibility of any great excess in the habit of smoking. The Germans, on the contrary, are more active in mental labour than we are, and, to do them justice, possess better scholars than England can boast of. Smoking is a sedentary habit with most men—the Germans are a sedentary race: the two things assist each other, and we have little hesitation in saying that the use of tobacco in their case is productive of very great and good results; if it mystifies their philosophy, it assists their midnight toil, and thus enables them to gain a standing which English scholars do not possess. To English students, the majority of whom, like their brethren at the Cape, are not intended to pass their life within college walls, but to gain a position in the world, which active exertion can alone in their case command, we would say—"If you smoke, do it in moderation!" Setting aside the sanitary aspects of the question, and looking only at its effects on life, we are willing to acknowledge that in the case before us excess can only bring with it a loss of time and energy,

which are necessary above all things for an Englishman to rise to any eminence in his own country. Scholarship may be a great and noble acquirement; but the accurate knowledge of all the various readings of the Greek authors is not equal to any invention, which active experiment and scientific investigation, as directed by Bacon, may educe. The one may earn admiration from a class, but the other—the great glory of Englishmen—not only calls forth the admiration, but also the blessings, of the whole human family. A great smoker may perhaps be a profound metaphysical thinker, but can rarely become a useful member of society. And so, with Horace, let us wind up, by saying—

> "Vive, vale; Siquid novisti rectius istis
> Candidus imperti: si non, his utere, mecum."

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

We were two little children once,
Two children blithe and gay,
Without a grief, without a care,
With naught to do but play.

We thought the world was made for play,
And we did love it well;
Loved all in it;—how, why we loved
We could not rightly tell.

We reasoned not, and quarrelled not,
We were too happy far;
Our life was love, our love was life,
And on these naught could jar.

Dame Nature was our kindly nurse,
And sang us melodies;
We joined the glorious chorus sent
Up to the laughing skies.

The birds sang to us in the woods,
The breezes sighed soft tones,
The brooks with glimmering radiance fell
Sweet tinkling o'er the stones.

And, paddling in the waves, we splashed
Up rainbows in the sprays;
And, making these, all things we viewed
Were coloured with like rays.

We had few tears, or, when they came,
They came like April showers,
For sunshine glittered through the rain
Like dew-drops on the flowers.

And so we sported in God's light
With butterflies and flowers;
And, chasing, plucking these, we skipped
Too soon through childhood's hours.

We grew in years, and grew in thought,
And grew in love the while;
We talked not of it, but it came
Or in a look or smile.

And we felt something strange within,
Which made us silent grow;
More silent and more thoughtful too,
But far more loving now.

We walked together as of old,
But talked nor laughed so much;
We looked into each other's eyes;
We trembled at a touch.

We grew so shy, we grew so kind,
So tender-in our words;
And sweetest music in both hearts
Seemed vibrating accords.

But, oh! the cruel, loveless world
Jarred on our youthful hearts
With storms and strifes, and evil tongues
Pierced them with poisoned darts.

We grew in years, and grew in griefs,
And love was killed the while,
And one is broken-hearted now,—
The world, no doubt, will smile;—

And say it is the old, old song,
Young hearts can never break;
Let the world laugh at its own sin,
God knows how hearts do ache.

Oh, Heavens! it is a burning sin
Two loving hearts to sever,
And crush out love for greed of gold,
And part them thus for ever!

Well, she is dead! the world may laugh—
All soon must die, I wot;

And blighted loves and blasted hopes
Are mortals' common lot.

She oft looked to the stars and sighed;
"Yon heaven is passing fair!"
While I looked in her eyes, and saw
Heaven's light reflected there.

Well, she is dead! and gone to Heaven,
And gone with her my light;
That she loved me and I loved her
Was what made earth so bright.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Every one who watches with interest the progress of English literature will read with gratification an account (which reached us by the last mail) of the seventy-second anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. The literary and charitable character of this institution gives it a double claim to our respect and admiration. Among the subscribers to the fund will be found the names of those illustrious patrons of letters who eclipse the Medici by their munificence and by that display of true delicacy and large-hearted liberalism which they take care shall characterize the distribution of their generous gifts among the poor and needy votaries of art and literature.

For some years past, there has not been so interesting a gathering as that to which we now refer. The fact that the chairman of the feast was the Duc d'Aumale induced the presence of our most distinguished authors, and many of those who, if not themselves writers of eminence, covet the reputation of being admitted within the privileged circle. If they are not the Rose, at least they *live* with the Rose.

Every one is familiar with the political career of his Royal Highness, but it may not, perhaps, be generally known that at the very time when he was called upon to preside over a festivity intimately connected with the freest of English institutions, he had just excited to the highest degree the vindictive hatred of the Imperialist party in his native land by the publication of a pamphlet on the history of France. By inviting the author of this proscribed "Essay," the leaders of public opinion in the most enlightened nation of Europe at once endorsed the views of the writer, and, before the civilized world, entered a protest against that treason to the spirit of true liberty which has dictated to Napoleon III the policy of stifling the voice of France. Taking, as we do, the Duc d'Aumale as the exponent of the views held by Frenchmen who have been schooled in exile to a just appreciation of constitutional liberty, it is most encouraging to find him giving utterance to sentiments at once profoundly just and exhibiting striking liberality. In speaking of those

characteristics of our literature which are most prominently brought under the notice of Continental readers, he said:

I intend only to say a few words on those branches of your literature which I know, perhaps, a little better than others, or which attract more general attention abroad. Among these the most prominent, perhaps, are parliamentary eloquence and the public press. I know that certain persons would not allow the oratorical art to be included in the great literary classification. We have in France an illustrious self-elected body whose duty it is to maintain as high as possible the standard of literature,—I mean the French Academy. Well, I have often heard that far-famed corporation abused for having in their elections given too exclusive a preference to the veterans of our parliamentary fights. I don't know if this reproach is always disinterested, but, at any rate, I don't find it well-founded. I don't look at the philippics of Demosthenes or the invectives of Cicero against Catiline or Verres as an indifferent ornament of Greek or Roman literature. I don't suppose that Englishmen will hold that the speeches of a Bolingbroke, a Fox, a Burke, a Canning, or a Peel ought not to be included among the great intellectual works which this country has produced. I will not quote the names of your public men of this day; but I dare say that nobody will contradict me when I assert that they have not degenerated as compared with their forefathers, and I could point out, at this very table, living proofs of the truth of my assertion. I know that England does not enjoy the exclusive privilege of breeding clever speakers, and I might at least name one country which is the first in my affections, and which could boast of presenting a set of public orators, unfortunately now on the half-pay list, as brilliant and numerous as was ever seen in the assemblies of any country or of any age. I am certain, also, that great oratorical power will be or is already displayed in all those more or less new parliaments which are now happily sitting in many European capitals. But it has been your good luck or the effect of your wisdom that you have constantly and without interruption, for a long course of years, enjoyed truly representative institutions, and their blessing has imparted to the tone of your public speakers a peculiar character, humorous without frivolity, practical and not trivial, eloquent but never degenerating into mere rhetorical amplifications—in a word, English oratory appears to me the real pattern of modern parliamentary eloquence. The same thing may be said of the daily or periodical press. I know I come to a subject rather delicate to be touched at in this place, and, above all, by me; but I hope to keep within the limits which I ought not to overstep when I say that the press cannot accomplish its real aim nor exert fully its beneficial action without freedom. I do not contend that this freedom should be carried to the same extent or submitted to the same rules in every country. It rests upon certain general principles which are known by any man of good sense, and ought to be respected by every legislator of good faith. Nor would I deny that the freest press may make some mistakes, inflict occasional wrong, mislead public opinion upon certain questions or in regard to certain persons; but remember that it is the law of God that nothing can be perfect in this world. I was one day talking on this subject with an illustrious statesman of my country—a moderate but staunch Liberal—I don't know why I should omit his name, for I am aware of no name more entitled to universal esteem and respect—I mean the Duc de Broglie. After having carefully canvassed the inconveniences and advantages of the

liberty of the press, he thus summed up his opinion: "I am prepared to see honest and good men occasionally calumniated, provided that one day or another the mask is always torn from the face of the dishonest or wicked." Well, I say that a really free press nearly always expresses and gives preponderance to the opinions and feelings of the great majority of the community, and nine times out of ten the majority inclines towards the best and wisest course. The press exerts upon the executive power an action at once stimulative and restrictive. It prevents many rash decisions, and it points out many good things which are to be done, and which single men might not always perceive without the aid of the hundred voices of the press. Its action is felt at the lowest degrees of administrative hierarchy. I have been myself a public servant of my country, and I know by my own—unfortunately not very long—experience that nothing impresses a public man with a keener sense of his duty, nothing enforces upon him the obligation of meditating carefully before he takes any resolution, or of attending constantly to every part of his duties than the knowledge that all his acts or omissions will be publicly reported to his countrymen and commented upon, not always in a very friendly tone. Even in another point of view, the press, when it is gagged, cannot give the same weight to literary judgments, nor exert upon literature the same healthy influence. I know that the liberty of the press has existed or exists more or less in many other countries of Europe; but it has, by various circumstances or by occasional changes of legislation, been subjected to an intermittent state of collapse or over-excitement which has often thrown it into wrong ways, or, at least, prevented it from exercising its full power for doing good. Nobody can deny that Continental journalists have to encounter considerable difficulties, and that they have to display a degree of skilfulness, and often courage, which does them great credit. But nothing can replace the free air which people breathe in this happy land, and which I hope some good wind will, one day or other, diffuse throughout the whole of Europe. There is no family misfortune, no success of others, no event whatever, which will alter the opinion I entertain on this point, and which, I may say, I have sucked with the milk of my nurse. I will persevere in repeating with the great Roman historian, "*Potior periculosa libertas quieto servitio*"—I prefer liberty with its dangers to a quiet servitude.

Well might Mr. Disraeli, himself a literary man of no mean order, after indicating the Duke's claims to distinction, congratulate him as a prince who, in a foreign land, mixing with his fellow-men on equal terms, was still marked out by the pre-eminence of nature; and as one who, in the realms of literature, might conquer provinces which he could never lose, and establish a throne which might defy the fate of dynasties.

The number of new books received is not very great. The scientific world and the Royal Geographical Society have been so engaged in fêting M. du Chaillu (whose remarkable work can scarcely be discussed within the limits of this paper), and the lovers of art have been so fascinated by the attractions of the Royal Academy, that few counter-temptations of a less exciting nature have been held out by the publishers.

We have seen the *second volume* of *Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization.* All who have read the commencement of this work will feel inclined to

continue its perusal, though Mr. Buckle's very grave shortcomings can scarcely escape the notice of any man at all versed in the facts of history, or accustomed to weigh carefully the garbled and conflicting statements of our principal authorities regarding events which have exercised much influence upon society. The author certainly places us in possession of most theories upon disputed points with tolerable fairness and accuracy, but the bias of his own mind, which is not always towards the right aspect of the case, is rather too prominently brought forward. The subject taken up, namely, the influence of the clergy in Scotland and Spain upon the progress of civilization, is one, too, which naturally involves the writer in the discussion of many controverted principles; but the effect upon our readers' minds cannot, upon the whole, be otherwise than highly beneficial.

In our Public Library, we are glad to notice Dr. Lang's book on Queensland, a work which was so ably reviewed in the *Cape Argus* of the 25th July last that we forbear to say more than point out its peculiar interest to every colonist.

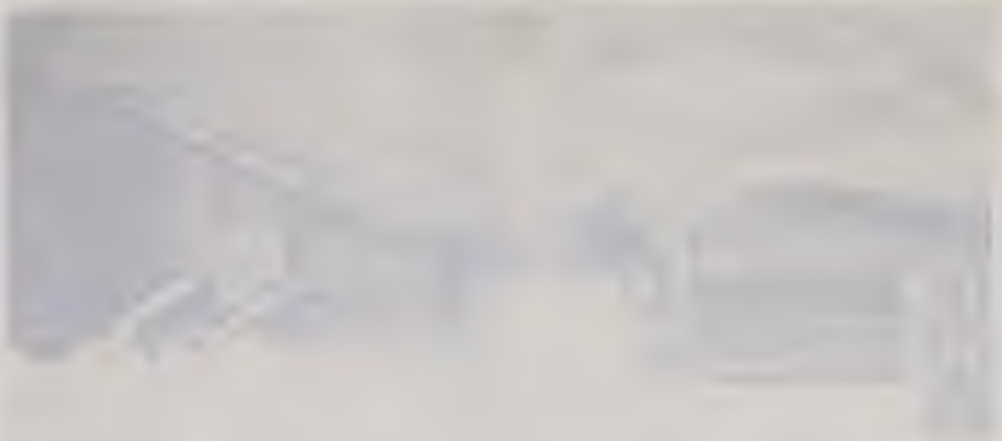
Another work of most undoubted value is Mr. Money's "*Java, or how to manage a Colony.*" Contrasting, as he does, the policy which influences England in the treatment of her Indian possessions and the line pursued by the Dutch Government in Java, Mr. Money has the opportunity not alone of affording us a most fascinating insight into the social and commercial state of Java, but also of pointing out the secret of many of those failures in India under circumstances which appear to have been turned to account by the Dutch when similarly situated. The Cape people might, if Mr. Money's facts and figures be accurate, envy Java its "roads and bridges." These two volumes contain a vast amount of most valuable statistical information, and will fully repay an attentive student.

The name of the greatest of England's statesmen will effect a wide popularity for *Stanhope's Life of Pitt.* It is a life which every man in this country would do well to study. The career of the younger Pitt is so inseparably bound up with the most important period of English history, that no detail regarding it can ever be accounted trivial. Pitt was *the* man above all other public men that ever governed the people of England, who knew *always* what was the right and safe thing to do, *and did it.*

It is to be hoped that, among our young men in particular, the perusal of this book will lead them to a more enlarged study of the public acts of Pitt, his own speeches, and those of his contemporaries, upon the great measures which were brought forward by him. The life of Pitt is, to a great extent, the history of England during an epoch which was pregnant with most extraordinary results to the world.

In the department of ephemeral literature we do not notice anything worthy of particular comment, though the Magazines are of average merit.

THE MAIN-STREET —PORT ELIZABETH



THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

ELSDALE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE course of our story now follows Maurice Johnstone, whom we saw last as he cantered off in the direction of Cameron's Hoek, after having bid good-bye to Thornton and Bob Omerod. His road led, for a few miles, along a level ridge of grassy downs, more open, more park-like, and even more devoid of all trace of human occupation than the country which he had crossed in riding from Glenelg to the Mersey. On his left, at some miles' distance, rose the peaks and ridges of the great Ironstone Range: still presenting the same bold outlines, the same succession of grey crags and dark ravines, and unbroken forests, but all on a grander, vaster scale. The grassy plain was relieved with belts and clumps of woodland, like the pickets and advanced posts of the vast masses that lay behind; but the clumps were of stately trees, beneath which the buffalo might seek his dark retreat, or the elephant shelter himself from the midday sun. Far below, on the right, at the foot of steep precipices of red-brown rock, the restless ocean chafed and murmured; and that subdued and fitful sound alone broke the deep stillness that reigned around. A few miles of this kind of country brought him to that peculiar formation of the coast line which was called, from some long-forgotten settler or explorer, Cameron's Hoek; and here the faintly-marked track which he had been following led winding down a steep decline into a little wooded valley, through which a brown brook went hurrying to the sea. Here the track began to assume something of the appearance of an uneven road. Two or three Dutch farm-houses lay at wide intervals, dropped down in the rough vale, without other fence or enclosure about them than rude kraals formed of jagged limbs of trees of every shape and length. A few wretched pondoks were huddled beneath the bushes by the roadside; each, however, with its little enclosure of garden or maize ground.

The signs of traffic increased as the increasing sound of rollers told that he was nearing the sea-shore; and presently a turn of the road brought him on to an open space which sloped down to a sandy beach, on which the waves were breaking, and on the slope stood a house, which he concluded was the one to which he had been directed.

It was not a tenement of an inviting aspect. It was built entirely of old ship-timber, black and weather-stained, and perforated with holes where the copper bolting had once clamped the stout wooden walls together. The total absence of straight lines caused by the exclusive use of this material produced a singular, and not altogether agreeable architectural effect. The windows were too much after the nature of port-holes to be in harmony with strict æsthetic requirements; and the folding doors, which had once been the entrance to a cuddy of some pretensions, and which still bore about the same faded remnants of paint and gilding, though they stood open with an obtrusively pressing hospitality, betrayed by their attitude a latent stubbornness of disposition which seemed to imply that it might not be so easy to induce them to close again.

On the ground, a few yards from the house, lay a black man half clad, and wholly intoxicated; while a black woman, a little better in the matter of drink, and worse in respect of clothing, was endeavouring, with many shrill and happily unintelligible objurgations, to pummel him into a condition of sufficient consciousness to enable him to escort her home. It was a sickening sight of loathsome and terrible degradation. Johnstone turned from it with a sigh of mingled pity and disgust, and drawing the bridle over the head of the young horse, entered the house in search of the master.

The room to which the folding doors gave entrance was used manifestly for the two-fold purpose of a general store and a canteen; the presence of spirituous liquors, dried fish, and tobacco was patent to the senses at some little distance from the house. On a rude sort of shop-counter sat a large brawny man, without coat or waistcoat, and with his foul blue checked shirt unbuttoned, displaying a massive neck and hairy chest, tanned to a dull scarlet by exposure to sun and sea breezes.

"Mr. Badger?" asked Johnstone rather doubtfully, addressing this worthy.

"Captain Badger, if you please, young man," was the reply. "Captain Badger on board o' my own ship. I b'lieve that's right, aint it, Billy?"

Johnstone glanced in the direction towards which Mr. Badger turned his head, and was aware, for the first time, of the presence of another individual reclining on some sacks full of Indian corn: his person so curiously foreshortened by this attitude that nothing was visible but a very large and red face, seen between the soles of two very large bare feet.

Billy, thus appealed to, growled an inarticulate reply. Both gentlemen had evidently dined, in the euphemistic sense in which that term is occasionally used.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Badger," said Johnstone, "for not giving you your proper designation. I am a stranger in these parts. I have a letter for you from Mr. Thornton, of Elsdale."

Captain Badger withdrew one dirty hand from his trowsers pocket, and held it out for the letter. He examined it with drunken gravity, with the direction upside down, then inspected it on the other side, and finally gave it back to Johnstone.

"Just read it for us, will you, young man?"

"There is no necessity to read it," said Johnstone. "It is only a note from Mr. Thornton introducing me to you. I have been sent here by the Bishop as your clergyman."

"Billy! He's a parson, this young man is. And he says he's coming to live here."

Billy growled again, more fiercely but not more articulately than before. The growl, however, might be taken as expressive of dissatisfaction, and protest against such an addition to their society.

"Mr. Beveridge told me he had already written to you, to inform you of my appointment, and to let you know when I might be expected. Perhaps you did not get his letter."

Billy in his lair growled again; with sufficient distinctness this time to make some disparaging remarks as to Mr. Beveridge's person and office plainly audible.

"He says there was a letter," said Captain Badger, addressing himself as usual to his confidential adviser. "He says there was a letter. Kaatje! you old devil, if you don't hold your noise I'm blowed if I don't heave a bottle at you."

For a moment he flashed up into something like intelligence under the influence of his wrath; but it passed by, and he subsided into his previous state of stupid inebriety.

"About this 'ere letter," he began again. "I b'lieve you aint seen no letter, Billy."

Billy seemed by his growl to be much of Jack Cade's mind with regard to letters and letter-writers.

"He says there was a letter—" began Captain Badger once

more: but the matter was doomed to remain without further investigation. A fresh disturbance on the part of Kaatje, the black woman, outside the house, provoked another outbreak of rage in the captain; and springing from his seat on the counter, he rushed out of the house to fulfil his threat of punishing her for the noise she was making. A general *mêlée* was the result, at which Johnstone looked on for a moment, until satisfied that all were too far gone in intoxication to do each other much harm; and then, sickened and disgusted by such brutality, mounted his horse as quickly as possible to escape from the scene.

At a little distance from the house he stopped, uncertain which way to turn; when a sun-burnt man, mounted on a ragged mare, with a foal at her foot, who had also stopped to watch the scuffle, rode up to him, and touching his hat, said civilly—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I be so bold as to ask if you be the new parson? Well, I be main glad you be come," he went on, as Johnstone signified his assent; "and so will my Missus be. We've been a looking for you these days past, ever since we heard say as you were at the Mersey; and your rooms is all ready."

"Are you Job Harvey, the man whom I am to live with? Well, this is indeed a fortunate meeting," said poor Johnstone, pleased at finding somebody who would give him a kind word and a welcome.

"Yes, that I be," said honest Job, with his whole face one broad grin of pleasure; "and I be a going home now, if you will please to come along. I should like," he went on, "to put your saddle-bags on my mare, but you see the poor thing has got this sack of meal as I've been to the mill for, and I don't know how I could put the bags on too. Stop," he said suddenly, as if a bright idea had occurred to him, "I could carry 'em myself! But then, to be sure, the mare would have to carry me and the bags too, and so that would be no saving after all."

"Never think of the bags, my good fellow," said Johnstone; "my horse is quite fresh, and I suppose you won't want to ride fast."

And so the two rode slowly together towards what was to be Johnstone's home. And as they went he extracted from Job some particulars of the history of Captain Badger.

It seemed that the part of the coast adjoining Cameron's Hoek was one of peculiar danger to shipping, and that wrecks had so frequently occurred there as to give the place a bad name. To the eye of a mere landsman there was nothing

which could account for this. There was the projecting headland which formed the Hoek; there was a little bay, which to the inexperienced seemed even snug and sheltered. But nevertheless it was the fact that a number of wrecks did occur in this spot. Scarcely did a summer pass, with its strong winds from the south-east, but some vessel was driven ashore and wrecked under the promontory of Cameron's Hoek, in spite of every effort on the part of the master and crew. Captain Badger was one of these victims of adverse fortune. A brig of which he was in command, after hovering about the coast for several days, was driven ashore one moonlight night, by the action of the current it was supposed, in conjunction with a breeze from the south-east. The vessel was insured—as was the case, fortunately, with all those which so suffered—so that nobody was a loser. Nor was there any loss of life, to speak of. One old gentleman there was, a passenger, a great invalid, who was unhappily forgotten, and left behind in the confusion of getting ashore, and was found locked in his cabin, and drowned, on the following day. It was said indeed by the mate that the key of the cabin door was on the outside: but the subsequent conduct of the mate proved him to be a person unworthy of credit. He lived for several months with a worthy boer in the neighbourhood, repayed him for his kindness by marrying his daughter, left the country on the best horse on the farm, just when his poor wife most needed his presence, and was never more heard of in those parts. Nobody paid any attention to the slanders of a man who had behaved so ill. Captain Badger himself had evidently been much affected by the lamented end of his passenger. He even constituted himself his heir, and ever after wore the watch of the deceased, in token of his regard and esteem.

All this had occurred in the days when Mr. Parkyns was the nearest, indeed the only magistrate, in that country. He did all that was required of him, dear old gentleman, to the best of his ability. He visited the spot in person, listened to everything that everybody told him, and reported so favourably to Government on the conduct of all parties that Captain Badger became quite an object of interest in high quarters; and on his making application to his Excellency the Governor for the time being, had had granted to him an erf, or block of land, on which he had erected the house to which we have been introduced, and in which he had since carried on a successful business.

But however advantageous to himself, Captain Badger's mercantile enterprise was not productive of uniformly desir-

able results to the community which he adorned. The poor people, wood-cutters principally, were becoming every year more lawless, more degraded, more utterly given up to drunkenness and vice. "In short, sir," said honest Job Harvey, as he and Johnstone reached the level of the downs again, and approached his house,—"In short, sir, nothing can be much worse than what things is here at Cameron's Hoek. You'd think to see all this prospect so grand and beautiful, as this was God's world; and you'd have thought that them poor simple souls was somehow God's creatures. But that canteen business is making them poor ignorant niggers as wicked as devils, and the country like a hell upon earth."

CHAPTER XIV.

Job Harvey's house gave promise of being a very pleasant place of residence. It stood on the extremity of one of those long runs of grass land that stretched from the foot of the mountains to the sea. A natural wood sheltered it on the northern side, and in front the ground fell away gradually for some distance, and then dipped suddenly down, in the manner common all along that coast, in steep declivities and precipices, right down into the deep blue water. Near the house this sudden fall of the ground was not perceptible; only the undulating surface of the grassy slopes, bounded by the line of thicket that fringed the edge and covered the face of the seaward cliffs. Beyond this boundary line of thicket was the broad blue horizon of the Southern Ocean.

The cottage was more comfortable in structure and arrangements than was usual in the rough dwellings at Cameron's Hoek. It had been built by a settler whose means and tastes were beyond those usually possessed by that class, who had for some three or four years bravely but vainly endeavoured to be a farmer, and live like a gentleman; and had at last abandoned the hopeless attempt, and gone back to England "a sadder and a wiser man." A substantial stone cottage formed the dwelling of Job Harvey and his "Missus." It had a little farm-yard attached, with stable, cow-sheds, and piggery, all very good and compact. And to the back of the stone house was built on an ornamental cottage, of three rooms, communicating with the house behind, which was to be Johnstone's residence. There was a neat verandah along the front, and a little garden; a wicket gate in the garden fence was the entrance to this side of the house.

Job Harvey had stated no more than the truth when he

said that the rooms were "all ready." Nothing could be cleaner than the floors and the few simple articles of furniture. Careful Mrs. Beveridge had provided a little supply of linen, and all other things necessary for a bachelor's establishment: for this was her husband's quarters when he made his periodical visits to this part of his parish. And a man so indifferent as Johnstone was about his personal conveniences, soon made himself at home and comfortable.

Two things he found he must be content to dispense with, for a time at any rate. In the first place, he could not hope for society. On making inquiry, and becoming more acquainted with the locality, he ascertained that his choice of companions lay almost exclusively between Job Harvey and "the Missus," at Woodside, and Captain Badger and Billy, at the Hoek. A population, indeed, there was, of coloured people, principally Fingoes, gathered at a spot where the forest approached most closely to the sea, where they earned a living by fishing and woodcutting. And among these his new work was chiefly to be found. There was a native schoolmaster resident among them, a good enough man, but of no great education or acquirements, whose society was, in fact, rather a bore than otherwise.

But, far more than society, he missed his books. He had brought from England a case of books which he had selected expressly for study during his residence in South Africa; and these, together with his other heavy baggage, he had consigned to the charge of his agents, Messrs. Slowe and Steddy, of Cape Town, with instructions to have them forwarded to Mersey with as little delay as possible. That most respectable and old-established firm had certain traditions of their own, to which they adhered scrupulously in the discharge of business; and among these was a guarded reluctance in parting with baggage or other property confided to their charge. So long as it was in their warehouse it was safe, and their conscience was clear. But when once trusted out of their sight they knew not what might befall it. And thus, with the most scrupulous desire to discharge their duty with fidelity, they did sometimes cause some annoyance and vexation to those whom they intended to serve. It was so with Maurice Johnstone. After he had been settled a fortnight at Cameron's Hoek, he wrote by the weekly post to Cape Town, inquiring what had become of his baggage; and received for reply a nice, gentlemanlike, old-fashioned letter, to the effect that a sufficiently safe opportunity for transmitting it had not yet offered itself, but that the matter should not be lost sight of.

And so the cases continued to occupy their place in the entrance-hall of the house of business, and the red dust continued to accumulate more and more thickly upon them, and the respectable partners went on their methodical way, and transacted their business, and went to their well-ordered homes to dinner; and Maurice Johnstone, in his distant solitude, chafed and waxed impatient at the delay. At length he wrote a letter of so peremptory a style that the firm was roused to immediate action; and he was promptly informed that "our Mr. Slowe" had taken the matter into his own hands, and had himself seen the packages placed on board the *Jemima Steddy*, schooner, then on the point of sailing for Maitland Bay; and as that sea-port was represented on the maps as no great distance from Cameron's Hoek, they had no doubt that he will receive them in due course. Poor Johnstone! His packages had been far more accessible while they were in Messrs. Slowe and Steddy stores. Between Cameron's Hoek and Maitland Bay lay a hundred miles or so of unexplored forest, and nobody knows what other impediments besides. There was only one course to be adopted—to beg that the packages might be brought back to Cape Town with as little delay as possible, and from thence sent to the Mersey direct; and to wait with as much patience as he could command.

But, in the meantime, he occupied himself actively in his vocation, and soon began to understand his position. In a few days after his arrival, Captain Badger paid him the unusual compliment of calling upon him, and even went so far as to offer an apology for his friend, Billy Stevens; who, he said was, like himself, a poor castaway, whose misfortunes had so far affected his brain as to give him sometimes the appearance of being in liquor. He was good enough to enter at some length into questions connected with Johnstone's office and appointment, and to make him acquainted with his views on the subject of Missions in general, and that at Cameron's Hoek in particular. The Bishop, he thought, had done a great deal of good in bringing money into the country; but there were grounds for complaint that the funds had not been equally distributed. "The Hoek," he was of opinion, had not been well treated in this respect. Now, however, that a step in the right direction had been taken, he was willing to forget what must be admitted to be a grievance, and to aid the good work with advice and assistance. His advice consisted in a recommendation that a portion of his own land should be purchased forthwith for the erection of a wooden church, which he

asserted was best adapted to the climate; and his assistance resolved itself finally into an offer to sell the said piece of land, at a price which he took pains to assure Johnstone was far below its value, and to supply the timber required for the building on equally advantageous terms. On the subject of Missions generally, his opinion—which may be thought to be of value, as that of one long resident in the country—was that the coloured people should be taught, in the first instance, to be industrious—to work, that is, all day and every day for their betters, at such wages as the said betters should think fit to bestow upon them; and next, not to beg or to steal. Finally, Captain Badger, previous to taking his leave, expressed his satisfaction at having among them a clergyman —"a reg'lar-built parson, you know, with a white gownd; not one of these 'ere,"—and the worthy Captain proceeded to deliver himself of remarks depreciatory of ministers other than of the Anglican Communion.

This visit and subsequent intercourse even led to a simple religious service being held in a portion of Captain Badger's house; at which the Captain made his appearance cleaner than he had been known to be within the memory of the oldest resident at "the Hoek." It was difficult, however, to disabuse his mind of the impression that he had, personally, no concern with these solemnities, beyond acting as a sort of whipper-in to the coloured people. With a view to the more efficient discharge of this office, he took up his position on a bench outside the door, during the service; and it was in consequence of differences which arose out of his insisting upon enjoying his pipe at this unseasonable hour that the services were ultimately discontinued. But this is anticipating the course of events.

The poor coloured people in the native village Johnstone found very desirous of instruction, and he and the schoolmaster worked zealously for their improvement. But, in spite of their efforts, it was too apparent that, as Job Harvey had said, they were perceptibly deteriorating. The influences of the place and of that phase of civilization with which they were brought into contact were plainly crushing them down lower and lower. What could he do single-handed against the whole course of their daily life, which was dragging them in the wrong direction? What were exhortations and remonstrances against the strong necessities and fierce appetites of their half-savage nature? He could not take his stand permanently at the door of the canteen, to warn them from the poison which was bringing them to ruin of body and soul. Never before had he felt so painful a sense of his feebleness

and helplessness, so strong a conviction of the utter futility of venturing alone on so desperate a duty. They were like little children in all that belonged to self-control: more violent than civilized men in their headlong abandonment of themselves under temptation. Johnstone felt, more and more strongly, that missionary operations can only be successfully carried on on a great scale; that the half-savage nature must, in its earlier stages at any rate, be removed from contact with what it is too feeble to resist; and that it must be taught by the most simple lessons, and by daily proof and example, how to take up a place ultimately in the busy system of social life. He saw at once that even the necessary collision with the outskirts of civilized life was fatal to the weaker will and character; that if he was to do any sort of good among them, he must begin by teaching them, if possible, to be self-reliant as a community, and to supply their wants by their own combined and intelligent efforts. At present they seemed to contemplate but two modes of earning a livelihood: cutting timber in the forest, and fishing in the lagoons along the coast. Johnstone thought that if a general store could be opened in the village, and managed by the schoolmaster, for their benefit, it would have the effect of keeping them from the perpetual temptation to which they were exposed when they had occasion to visit Captain Badger's emporium. He would himself gladly devote a considerable sum to this purpose, and leave it, on his departure, as a kind of legacy to the mission.

Full of this idea, he set off one morning to sound Captain Badger upon the subject, and, if possible, to overcome his scruples. He found that worthy in a state of undress, as usual, but, at that early hour in the morning, sober, and in a fit state to enter upon matters of business.

"'Ow de do, sir?" said the captain, offering his thick, dirty hand to Johnstone.

"I want to have a little talk with you, if you are at leisure," answered Johnstone.

"Certainly, sir, certainly; walk in, sir. Don't set down on that cheer, sir. Billy broke it, a settin' on it. Ah, poor Billy! His misfortens is too much for him at times."

"I wanted to consult you about these poor coloured people. I was thinking—"

"Stop, sir," interrupted Captain Badger. "What will you take to drink this morning?"

"Not anything, thank you, captain."

"No? Well, if you'll excuse me, I'll just—your health, sir. Now then, sir, what was it?"

"I wish to consult you about what can be done for these coloured people."

The captain shook his head mournfully. "A bad lot, sir. A bad lot, you may depend; as there aint no use in doing nothing for. They're a idle, ungrateful lot. Why, it was only yesterday as that there Cobus—not little Cobus, him as went and got his leg broke a slippin' wood out of the bush—but the other, the big one. Well, he'd been doin' a day or two's work in the garden—and uncommon handy he is, too, in a garden, I will say that: well, last night he'd done, and come to be paid, and I give him a bottle of smoke and a stick of 'bacca. And what do you think he had the confounded impidence to say to me? He said, says he, 'I don't want brandy and 'bacca, I want money to buy clothes.' He did, I'm blessed if he didn't! Oh, they're a ungrateful lot, Mr. Johnstone; a ungrateful lot!"

"Well, it was partly about that that I wanted to talk to you. You see there really is some truth in what Cobus said. They must have clothes, poor creatures. Nothing tends so much to keep them in a state of barbarism as going in the ragged, dirty condition in which they are."

The captain did not seem to see it. "Their clothes is good enough for the work they've got to do. If they get to wear good things, they won't work for fear of gettin' of 'em spiled."

"I don't think that would be the case," Johnstone said. "If we could get them to be particular about their dress they would soon learn to be as particular about their houses, and would come to want a number of things which they never use at present. And all these would cost money, and they would have to work all the harder to earn it."

"Won't do, sir," said the captain sententiously. "Won't do, that dodge won't."

"But why won't it do?" persisted Johnstone. "I don't see why they could not be brought to this in time; and it would be much better for themselves, and for everybody else."

"What is it as they wants?" inquired the captain. "Look at this 'ere store. Ain't there everything here as they wants? Here's duffels, and voerchitz, and blue moleskin as you might smell half a mile off. They couldn't do better, not in Cape itself. And all I says to 'em is, 'Bring your wood, and take your choice. Bring your planks, or your wagon-wood, and I vallys it; and take your goods, and I vallys them.' I can't say no fairer than that, can I?"

"Why, it's just that system of barter which seems to me so objectionable. No money ever circulates among them."

"And why should it? what do they want with money? They've got wood, and they don't want money. They brings their spoke, and they takes their *zoopje,* or their two spokes, and they takes their candle; and that's what I call doin' business."

Johnstone saw it was useless to reason. "Well," he said, "I feel so strongly on the subject, that I am very much inclined to try the experiment myself, on their account. In fact, I have written to Slowe and Steddy about having a supply of goods sent up to me."

A new light seemed to break upon the captain. His bloated face assumed an expression of low cunning as he asked, "And how do you intend to get your goods sent up?"

"Well, I suppose Slowe and Steddy will see about that."

"And how are they to be landed?"

"In your boats, if you would let me hire them."

"And what is to be your store?"

"I thought of using that old house next to the schoolmaster's. It only wants the roof put in order to do very well for the purpose."

"And who is to pay for the goods?"

"Oh, I shall pay for them myself, at first."

"Ay, but who is to pay you?"

Johnstone laughed: "The people who buy them, I suppose. I don't know much about trade, but I should think that was a very simple matter."

"But where are they to get their money from?" persisted the captain, who appeared much interested in the subject.

"Why from the sale of their wagon-wood, of course, and their planks and beams. You would continue to buy it, as usual, I suppose, only you would pay for it in money instead of in goods?"

"Not if I knows it," answered the captain, with a shrewd wink.

"Look here, Mr. Johnstone," he went on, leaning towards him, and laying on his arm a forefinger, the shape and colour of an uncooked sausage. "I see what you are after; but it won't do. It won't do," he repeated emphatically. "Now suppose you try this on. Every one of these chaps is in debt to me, and you must begin by paying off their debts; for in course I ain't a goin' to let my customers off easy. And then you'll have to get 'em into your debt, though to be sure that is easy enough, for whatever else they don't know, they all know how to run up a score, wherever they can get credit. And when they've got into your debt, you'll find it precious hard to get them to pay, I can tell you.

And if you don't give credit, why they'll come to me. And then you must buy boats, for it ain't likely as I shall lend you mine to help you to knock my business to pieces; is it now? And then you must build a store for your timber; and then you must send it to Cape to be sold; and so, you see, you gets into a pretty large concern in no time, and that I don't think you mean to do. Now, you take my advice, Mr. Johnstone—and Billy would say the same if he was here; don't you go for to try this here on. For it won't do, I tell you. You stick to your business, and I'll stick to mine. You look arter these niggers in school, and preach to 'em of a Sunday—and very well you do it too; I won't deny that—and leave 'em to me o' week days."

It was impossible to deny that there was much truth in what Captain Badger had advanced. It was a hopeless undertaking for him to attempt to cope single-handed with the established system of the place. General Thornton, with ample capital, and the advantage of leisure and experience, had been three years in breaking down the same system at the Mersey. It would be vain for him to attempt it in a locality where he had no interests beyond those of a mere sojourner. And so he abandoned his design. But the degradation of these poor people, so inevitable as it seemed, saddened his heart. It became irksome to him to go among them, though he strove against it with all his power, and resolutely refused to admit, even to himself, that he had lost confidence.

But even more than this sickening sense of disappointment, the character of the country, and his mode of life weighed upon him and oppressed him. Grand as the scenery was as a whole and lovely in detail, there was something in the vastness, the silence, the solitude, that seemed to crush him with a nightmare weight, which he struggled vainly to throw off. He became depressed and gloomy. And it was an inexpressible relief to him to ride over to Elsdale and pass a day or two among congenial companions, and in scenes where the wildness of nature was to some extent subdued by the labour of man. And what was, at first, only an occasional visit, soon became a settled habit; and before three months had expired, he found himself setting off with daylight on each Tuesday morning so as to reach Elsdale in time for breakfast, and not returning to Cameron's Hock before Thursday, sometimes Friday evening.

And so the pleasant winter months passed by, with their bright bracing days, and clear, almost frosty nights. And the mountains bloomed with a yet darker blue be-

neath their peaks of glistening snow, and the parched hill-sides were clothed again with emerald green, and the brown streams sparkled and danced more joyously to the sea; and while all nature was glad around him Maurice Johnstone grew more and more gloomy and dispirited.

CHAPTER XV.

"Johnstone!" shouted a cheery voice, as the young clergyman was riding up the slope to the stables at Elsdale, one brilliant morning after a night's rain.

"Hollo! where are you?"

"Here, in the bath," shouted the voice. And Johnstone turned aside to the little stream where Thornton had made a sort of tank, lined with stone, into which the stream poured over a broad shoot at one end, and flowed out at the other through a sluice which might be closed so as to fill the bath. It was "over-canoped" by a beautiful oak, of that drooping form and tender green foliage which contrast so remarkably with the oaks of northern climates; and to this *douche* Thornton was in the habit of resorting every morning before he came in to breakfast. He was now standing just out of reach of the rush and spray of the water, dripping and ruddy from his bath, and increasing the healthy glow of his skin by the friction of a rough brown towel.

"How are you, old fellow? How did you get across Buffel's River?"

"It was as much as my horse could do to stem it," Johnstone said. "But I think you have had more rain here than we had at the Hoek."

"Rain! I believe you, it did rain, last night. I ought to know, for I was out in it. I had been up into the forest towards Roode Krantz looking after that rascal Dirk Swanepoel, for I know he's up to some mischief. I have not seen him about for this month past, and when he keeps out of the way he is after no good. You know that I have been Ranger of all this side of the forest for the last year or so. I look sharp after these fellows, I promise you. Well, the last two or three days I had seen a little smoke rising in that part of the bush, and I have my suspicions that that's where Master Dirk has taken himself to, and that he is helping himself to timber out of the Crown forest. He's rascal enough for anything.

"Hollo! stop! Very near having my shoe carried away. What a stream there is here this morning!

"Well, as I was saying," he went on in a muffled voice, caused by his head being at that moment enveloped in the towel with which he was vigorously drying his hair,—"as I was saying, I took little Hans with me yesterday and rode up through the slip-paths towards Roode Krantz to see if I could find who it was that was making the smoke up there. Such work as we had of it! We had to lead our horses almost all the way; when we could not take them any further we knee-haltered them, and went on on foot. At last we got regularly stuck up, at a point where two ravines met. I never saw such a place. It was quite awful to look down it. There was nothing for it but to turn back again, and before we got to the horses the rain came down, and a precious ducking we got, I can tell you. The thunder up there was fearful, and we could hardly get the horses on at all. When we got to Storm's River Spruit it was racing down like mad, and would have carried us away in a moment. So there we were, cut off from home, for it was getting dark and too late to go all the way round by the Knoll and the Mersey Ferry. Hans said he knew of a place where we could get a night's shelter, and we got to it about an hour after dark. Such a place as it was! I had no idea any of these people lived in such wretchedness. To be sure, most of their things may have been away with the wagon in the bush, where they were cutting; but they literally had nothing to eat but a bit of biltong and the end of a bag of meal, of which we made dampers; and only water dipped from the river to drink. They had a little green coffee, but when we had contrived to burn it there was no way of pounding it, because 'the bottle' which was used for that purpose was away at the bush. Such a night as we had of it! The rain came in all over the roof, and we all huddled together on an old kaartel for warmth. I don't know what other animals there might have been besides dogs and fleas, but there seemed to be a good many of us altogether, Come in to breakfast. I should think you must be hungry."

They were all chatting together on the stoep after breakfast, when Thornton, diving his hands into one after another of the pockets of his shooting-jacket, exclaimed,

"By-the-by, I picked up a letter at the post-office, as I came through the village; what can have become of it? Oh, it is in the pocket of my wet coat. Just go and ask Pedro for it, will you, Kate?"

Kate left the room, and soon returned with the letter, which she gave to her brother, with a mischievous look of fun about the corners of her mouth.

"From Bob Ormerod," he said. "Poor old fellow! I hope he is not quite so dismal as when he last wrote."

"He has gone to Cape Town, has he not?" asked Johnstone.

"Yes; he is subaltern of the troop quartered there for escort duty. I trust the change has had a beneficial effect upon his spirits. I suppose I must read his letter aloud, for the advantage of all parties interested."

"'My dear Thornton,—I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am pretty well settled at Cape Town, and I like it as much as I can like any place *after Elsdale*. I don't know many people yet, and I don't seem to care much about going out. There are a good many decent nags here, though I don't see one man in twenty that knows how to put his hind legs under him properly. But it is not everybody that has got Miss Thornton's hands.'

"Still harping on my daughter, you see.

"What does he mean about Kate's hands and men's hind legs?" asked Mrs. Thornton.

"'Please tell her that I am reading a great deal so that she may not *laugh at me* next time we meet. I go to the Public Library *every morning*, and study for *three hours*. You must have seen in the papers the name of Dr. McAlister, the Scotch professor of everything—the *Northern Light* always says he is a most distinguished man. Well, I often meet him at the Library, and he has been kind enough to give me some very good advice. He says the great object of education is to learn a little about a great many things; and told me that if I would read the Encyclopædia Britannica all through, I should become a very well informed man. It is rather tough work, but I have made a good beginning, and have got as far as CHR, and I am now learning how to make chronometers. It is a little confusing at first, going so quickly from one subject to another; but I dare say that is because I have not been much accustomed to reading.'

"Poor Bob! Can't you fancy him with his head between his hands puzzling himself over all that bosh? You have a great deal to answer for, Miss Kate.

"'With regard to the Chanticleer colt, I shall be glad to help you in any way, if you still think of sending him down to run at Cape Town. People who take an interest in that sort of thing tell me that John, or as they call him Jack Thomas is a very careful and good trainer, and the only professional jock here. If I were you I would secure him at

once. I have quite given up that sort of thing myself, but I know where he lives, and can arrange it for you if you like. I have heard that the races will be about the end of September."

"Innocent youth! He has found out as much as that.

"'I must now go to stables. Please give my *very kindest* regards to all at Elsdale. I am always thinking of you all.

"'Ever yours very truly,

"'R. ORMEROD.

"'P.S.—Give *my love* to *Flint.* Tell him I hope he is a GOOD *dog and minds* WHAT I TOLD HIM.

"'R. O.'"

"Oh Kate, Kate!" said her brother, looking round for her; but Kate had slipped away, and was giving Flint his breakfast in the dining-room.

"Do you know," said Thornton presently, "I hear that report everywhere that Warren is going to marry Miss Hadley."

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, "I will not believe it. You don't think it is true, do you?"

Thornton did not, in his inmost heart, believe that the report was true. But he had his own reasons for wishing that it were true, and that was enough to lead him to maintain the probability of the story.

"I don't see why it should not be true. She is a good-looking girl enough."

"But, Henry, the idea of Mr. Warren marrying such a girl as that."

"You women always talk such nonsense about these matters," he said sharply. "It would be an uncommonly good thing for him if he did."

"Henry!" whispered his wife, in a low warning voice, laying her hand upon his arm as she spoke. She had caught a glimpse of a light muslin dress approaching the window by which they were standing. It was too late. Her husband was saying, in his loud, dictatorial manner,—

"I think nothing is more likely. She will have all Hadley's money, and the best thing Warren could do would be to marry her."

Mrs. Thornton stole one timid glance at the figure that stood half-hidden behind the curtain. She saw poor Kate stop for an instant, as if petrified. She saw the flash of her eyes; she saw the hot blood rush over cheek, and forehead, and neck; and then she saw her move lightly away from the window, unnoticed by the others, and hurry out of the room.

Mrs. Thornton was a true woman. Had she been alone, she might have whispered to her husband that Kate had overheard what he had been saying. But Johnstone was standing by, and her loving sympathy with her sister would not allow her to betray her secret to another. And in a few minutes Thornton went off to attend to some of the many things that needed his presence, and his wife and Maurice Jonstone were left alone.

And thus it had been with them, day after day, and week after week, during those visits to Elsdale. Their mornings had been passed together, and alone. Thornton was too busy a man to have much leisure time; Kate devoted her mornings to her little school for the children of the people on the place. Johnstone and Mrs. Thornton had been left to themselves. At first, his sense of right and duty had revolted at the consciousness that he alone had no useful occupation. But, by degrees, this feeling became lost in another, which came to him as a sort of anodyne to his uneasy conscience. He saw that there was not perfect oneness between Henry Thornton and his wife. He saw that he was hasty, and ungentle, and far too much pre-occupied to bestow upon her the loving attention which she needed. He saw that she was drooping under the bitter sense of being neglected. Johnstone was a thoroughly upright, honest man. Not the shadow of an unworthy thought crossed his mind. But in his heart he pitied the fair and gentle creature who seemed withering in an atmosphere too harsh and chill for her tender nature, and he studied how he might help her in her need. It was want of sympathy and support that made her listless, and her listlessness irritated her husband against her. His task, therefore, was to arouse and interest her mind, and thus to add strength to her character. And no man was better fitted for such a task. He possessed great natural quickness and delicacy of perception, a fund of varied information, and a remarkable power of throwing himself with entire sympathy and heartiness into whatever interested another; and he exerted himself with kindly earnestness to bring about a greater oneness, a more thorough understanding between his friends.

A perilous task, you will say, for a young clergyman to propose to himself, especially with a beautiful woman in the case, who had already inspired in his heart at least a feeling of compassion; a task which no cautious or prudent man would have ventured upon, and which Mr. Johnstone would have done well to let alone. But the fact was that Maurice Johnstone was not a cautious or prudent man, nor was he one in whom reason had the complete control over feeling.

He was naturally of a sanguine, impulsive, somewhat rash disposition, not yet tempered by years or self-discipline.

But he was a clergyman, you will say, and he ought to have been devoting himself to the duties of his sacred office, and to have had no time or thought for anything else. Of course he ought. I am not saying that he ought not. I am not telling you what he ought to have done, but what he did. And if he was a clergyman, was he any the less a man? Was he any the less liable to error? Nay, was not the circumstance of his being a clergyman—a man tutored to a perception of what is pure, and good, and beautiful, and to sympathy with sorrow and suffering—was not this very circumstance calculated to render him even more liable than another to take a dangerous interest in such a case as that of Mrs. Thornton? That he acted indiscreetly I am quite ready to admit, and every reader whose conscience acquits him of having committed errors through indiscretion is at liberty to condemn him as severely as he pleases. But if Maurice Johnstone had done only what he ought to have done, where would have been my story?

Certain it was that Thornton did begin to remark, with surprise and satisfaction, that his wife had cast off, to a great extent, her previous listlessness and dejection. She resumed by degrees her music and her drawing; she regained her former cheerful activity in her household occupations; her face again glowed with happiness, and her step was again light and buoyant. And her husband began to think that, after all, it might not be necessary to take her to Cape Town for change of scene.

But how was it with her heart? and how was it with him who had effected this restoration? Well, we shall know all about it, if we have patience to go on with the story.

GREAT AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT GEORGE.—1862.

The prize list for the George Agricultural gathering of 1862 having been published after due consultation between the Western Province Agricultural Society and the George committee, its provisions (with certain slight exceptions) may be considered as irrevocable. In some respects it differs from the programmes adopted at Caledon and Worcester, and as there may be some conflicting opinions respecting the

advantages or otherwise of the changes now effected, it is proposed to discuss them summarily in the present paper.

The modification of a pre-existing system, to meet local specialities and requirements, is a self-evident necessity, and it is always advisable to fall in with the views and wishes of those who are most directly interested in the success of a great public undertaking, and who, moreover, are responsible to a large extent for the expenses incurred. Influenced by such considerations the Western Province Agricultural Society has sanctioned certain alterations in the procedure of former years, with reference to the forthcoming show at George. Amongst the most noticeable of these is the absorption of the first four prizes given on former occasions for the blood horses, into a silver cup (value £50), to be run for at the George races, during the exhibition week. The four prizes thus consolidated into a racing cup consisted of £10 for the best English imported thoroughbred sire; £10 for the best blood colt, 3 years old; £10 for the best colt, 2 years old; and £7 10s. for the best filly; leaving a small balance to be made up, which no one will grudge. The reasons assigned for this novel proposal are the scarcity of breeding studs in the George and neighbouring districts, and the hopelessness of expecting any adequate competition for the prizes struck off. The last horse-sickness destroyed, root and branch, almost every breeding stud in that part of the country, and the subsequent reaction has been next to nothing. George, formerly celebrated for its horses, is now, therefore, most terribly in the back-ground, and the breeders require a stimulus of no ordinary nature. If they have not English sires, nor mares, nor colts in any number to send to the exhibition of 1862, they may be roused to action by the galvanic shock of a race meeting at their own doors, and should the "Champion Cup" be carried off by an outsider from Graaff-Reinet, or Graham's Town, or Cradock, or Colesberg, they will not submit to such an indignity when their turn arrives again for another week of business and pleasure combined; and if the inhabitants of George can guarantee (as it is expected they will) a purse of £100 in addition to the "Champion Cup," the prize will be a notable incident in our provincial annals, and will do more towards the revival of stud farms on a sound basis, not only in the district of George but all over the colony, than any other device which could have been planned. The farmers themselves will have a practical illustration of the kind of the animal most profitable to rear, and they will have the opportunity of satisfying themselves from what sources their

own stables and establishments can best realize the coveted acquisition and necessary combination of blood and bone.

A great gathering of the best racers in the colony is confidently expected on the cup day, but a weedy thoroughbred need not expect to live *through two miles at Welter weights.* Such are the proposed terms of the race,—and a very proper arrangement too, for the agricultural societies ought not to encourage the breeding of animals light in bone and deficient in power. The winner of a two mile race, with a heavy weight on his back, must assuredly be sound of wind and sound of limb, strong in frame and well bred withal; and such are the horses to which the colony must look for the further propagation of their own species in the shape and form most acceptable for our own purposes and for exportation. It will be a proud day for the winner, and a day of recompense as well as a day of glory, when the "Champion Cup," encircled with laurels and overflowing with sovereigns, is handed over to him. His horse, under such circumstances, will rise in value to any amount, and breeders all over the colony will then perceive that a really superior thoroughbred will be always in demand, and that a stud conducted on right principles can still be made profitable. *Dispatch*, the winner of the "Queen's Plate" in Cape Town (1861) has since been sold for £350; and *Express*, the winner of the "Two Year-old Stakes," for £300: and when the George agriculturists have such examples placed directly before their eyes, they may be encouraged to resume their former breeding pursuits. Such encouragement is really almost imperative at this time, seeing that many districts formerly celebrated for their blood stock now produce them in very limited numbers. Mule-breeding and the patronage bestowed on imported Dutch cart-horses and other mongrel varieties have contributed largely to this mischief and misfortune.

The "Champion Cup" at George may be considered in the same light as the Queen's Plate in Cape Town,—perhaps more honourable to win because the competition is likely to be greater and the feat more difficult of accomplishment. The substantial reward will undoubtedly be larger. Should the frontier breeders and trainers make an effort to achieve such a crowning victory, most of the best horses in the Eastern and Western Provinces may appear in the lists when the trumpet call proclaims the nervous hour of saddling. Supposing that *Dispatch, Immigrant, John Bull, Express, Fleur de Marie,* or any two of them came out against *Roderick*, the great two-miler of Colesberg, and *Clear the Way, Elis,*

Topgallant, and other Eastern celebrities, there will be some slashing work and a race worth going five hundred miles to see. But everyone cannot win, and the result may be unsatisfactory to some of the parties concerned, in which case, and to remove all doubts as to the superiority of one horse over another, subsequent matches might be made, and the combatants, pairing off, might fight their battles over again single-handed, in true sporting style. A little amusement of this kind will diversify the proceedings of the week, and alleviate the pensive meditations of those who think of little beyond wool and whose talk is chiefly of bullocks.*

Taken, therefore, in a cosmopolitan point of view, we may consider the George races to be an improvement on former agricultural meetings, and we may look upon the "Champion Cup" as a challenge to the horse-breeders all over the colony to produce their best, and soar high in fame. And *apropos* of horse-breeding and horse-racing, an extract from the English *Sporting Magazine* of July, 1861, may here be fitly given. The writer, in giving a description of *Kettledrum*, the winner of the last Derby, thus takes up his song:

There never was such a Derby. Never was the course so crowded, the weather so propitious, or the hundreds of thousands so well-mannered in their merriment. The day, however, may be marked with a white stone, for something more than even these kindly combinations of success. The very event itself demonstrated that we are not declining in our amusements,—that our famous breed of horses is not, as some have feared, degenerating,—and that the turf is not all mere gambling and trickery There are many, no doubt, who still would tell you that the best race-horse is a leggy weed that can go the fastest for half a mile or so over the flat, and that even he may not prove the best unless it exactly suit the book and schemes of his owner that he should be so.

The Derby of 1861 can fortunately, for once, afford a direct contradiction to this too common opinion. The horse that won it had far more power and substance than any of the others arrayed against him. He looked, even in the beautiful bloom of his high racing condition, quite as fit to carry fourteen stone with hounds, or a dragoon into a brilliant charge, as the eight stone seven jockey over the rise and fall of the Epsom course. In fact, to the practised eye of the connoisseur, his lusty form was far more suitable for any such duty than that he was

* Although the proposed match between the celebrated Cradock horse *Roderick* and the equally-renowned *Topgallant*, from Albany, for £300 a side, is not likely to come off, owing to some difference regarding the day of the race, we can state on the best authority that a horse bred by Mr. Michael Breda, of the Oaks, can be backed against either of the two, or both, and also against *Clear the Way* (another Eastern winner of high repute), at the George races in February next, for £100 or £200 a side each match,—the matter to be settled by the places they occupy in the race for the "Champion Cup." Eastern Province trainers can hardly now say that there is not sufficient inducement to bring their horses to George.—Ed. C.M.M.

now called upon to attempt. "He was too big." "He was too coarse." He might make a cup or plate horse hereafter, but he had not style enough in such a company; and he walked the paddock, where we studied him, in the cool shade of almost general neglect. Not but that his actual merits were of the highest, for the very fastest Derby ever run—a race that was a trial of speed and bottom from end to end—was won by a horse that in many hands would have made a hunter or a good useful country stallion.

It is in this way the turf does real service to us. The triumph of such a horse as *Kettledrum* is a common good, and his excellence cannot be too widely known. He should bring a new stamp of horse into fashion, —the sound and the stout, for which the Royal Agricultural Society is offering its hundred pounds premium at Leeds. Everything, indeed, is pointing in the same direction. The year of sixty-one, it had been settled, was the last in which the entries carried the extremely light weights they hitherto have done; and in this very year the winner would have won further than he did had they carried ten stone instead of only the customary eight stone and a half. In a few more seasons we shall have yet more calls for the *Kettledrums*, the *Rataplans*, and the *Stockwells*,—horses that can run and carry weight as we really believe no horses ever could yet.

But the Derby of this year will bear even further analysis. The owner of the winner is no professional gambler to whom the excitement of the betting-ring has become an absolute necessity. He is the rather a country gentleman of ample means, who follows the pursuit by the most legitimate of paths, and in pure gratification of his own taste for rural life and its enjoyments. The name of Colonel Towneley is one already familiar to most of our readers, while we believe he will be honoured as much as the owner of *Kettledrum* as the breeder of *Master Butterfly*.* The colonel has long been renowned for his herd of short-horns, and he promises to be equally so for his stud of horses. The attractions and temptations at Towneley will be stronger than ever, and many a well-to-do colonist or high-commissioned agent will turn from his study of the Stud-book to another reference in the Herd-book, perplexed, for the moment, as to which he shall bid the bolder for—a *Butterfly* heifer or a *Kettledrum* colt.

Colonel Townely purchased *Kettledrum* through his agent, Mr. Eastwood, for four hundred guineas, at the annual sale of Mr. James Cookson's yearlings at Doncaster in 1859.

It is this combination of general husbandry with horse-breeding at the Cape and the absence of all vicious or sinister accessories to our turf pursuits which pre-eminently distinguish our South African agricultural operations and race meetings. We encourage, through the medium of our turf clubs, the breeding of such horses as we could not hope to obtain by any other means. In England they have not only Queen's plates and other stakes of great value at Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood, Doncaster, Ascot, York, &c., but the Royal Agricultural Society gives prizes of £100 for the best

* *Master Butterfly* was a celebrated short-horn bull, pronounced to be the finest in England, and he was sold to go to Australia for £1,200! —Ed. C.M.M.

thoroughbred sires of bone, and substance, and action. We cannot do this here, for we have not the means; and if we had the means, we could not expect any adequate competition, as we have no railways and no convenience for the transport of valuable animals from one part of the country to another. A prize of £100 given for an English horse at George, in February next, would not bring into the show-yard more than one or two which might happen to be in the neighbourhood, and these possibly of inferior quality. We must, therefore, handsomely reward the meritorious produce of imported horses which *can* travel at little risk comparatively; and if we can get a colonial *Kettledrum* to win the "Champion Cup" we may be sure that his *sire* will gain a reflected credit, and that his sire's owner will reap a substantial benefit therefrom.

It may be as well to mention that *Kettledrum* is a chesnut, so is *Thormanby*, the winner of the Derby in 1860 and of the Ascot cup in 1861. *St. Alban's*, winner of the St. Leger in 1860, and *Sweet Sauce*, winner of the Goodwood cup in 1860, are also chesnuts. Five out of the first seven horses for the St. Leger in 1860 were chesnuts, and it is now quite the reigning colour. The Cape breeders, therefore, need not therefore patronize exclusively bays and browns, as most of them have done hitherto. They will be astonished, perhaps, to hear that Colonel Towneley, the owner of *Kettledrum*, lately purchased his brother, a yearling, for £850, and another yearling, both at Mr. Blenkison's sale, for £1,500! Lord Stamford took possession of another for £1,100, and Mr. Fisher, of Australia, got one at the handsome price (for exportation) of £700! These are the prices which make stud-farms pay, and though they cannot be expected in this country where stakes of £3,000 and £4,000 are not to be landed, yet it is quite certain that those breeders who can introduce to public notice the finest colts will soon command a very profitable market. Those on the contrary, who grudge the expense of a good English sire and will not feed their young stock will assuredly drop out of sight as some have already done—more's the pity!

Passing over the next class of animals on the George prize list, the asses and mules, which require no particular comment, we come to the cattle. George has always been famous for its fine spans of draught oxen, and it used to be quite a treat to see the well-matched teams of the wagon-makers and wood-cutters filing along the high road. It seems strange, therefore, that on the present occasion no prize should have been given for the best bull of size and symmetry likely to improve that breed. Perhaps it was considered

that the George oxen are incapable of improvement for draught purposes, but those who know the Devons may demur to such a proposition. They are smaller and lighter, no doubt, than some of the Africander breeds; but they are very active, very willing, very hardy, and will fatten on half the quantity of food which a Cape beast demands. In future years, the question of encouraging the importation of cattle likely to benefit the producers and consumers of beef, as well as of milk and butter, may well come under review.

In the class of sheep a distinction has been very properly made between the pure Merino and the cross-bred animals between the Merinos and Southdowns, Cheviots, &c., &c. It is not to be expected that the latter can compete with the former when wool forms an important feature in the decisions of the judges, although they may be immeasurably superior as a paying commodity on a zuurveld farm. The increased and increasing value of such pasture grounds sufficiently attests the propriety of bringing into play hardy breeds of sheep suitable to localities formerly avoided; and if the half-bred Cheviots, and the Leicesters and the Southdowns reared on the same description of veld, can be assembled together at the George show, the choice between them can be settled to some extent. At present we are rather in the dark as to their relative merits.

The Cheviots are said to have succeeded on the zuurveld ranges along the seaboard of the Caledon district; but have they maintained their size of frame? has their wool maintained its length of stable? and have they been found to pay? It is notorious they are difficult sheep to hold in hand, and that without well-trained sheep-dogs and Scottish shepherds they cannot be kept in anything like bounds. They were spoken of amongst the Caledon farmers as perpetually roaming about the country, scaling the mountains, trespassing on their neighbours far and near, and requiring an amount of surveillance not always available. Nevertheless, if they could not only exist, but thrive on rank pastures, where a more delicate breed would starve, they are worth a little trouble, and their erratic propensities may subside in future generations. The rustic mind of England stood aghast when first the black-faced sheep from the highlands of Scotland were brought into the lowlands. To the astonished bumpkins it seemed that evil spirits had entered into these sheep, for not only did they run violently down steep places, but they flew over hedges, topped five-barred gates, and scampered across country at a terrific pace, making impromptu steeple-chases to all points of the compass. This flagrant violation

of all pastoral decorum led, of course, to the summary execution of the culprits when they were captured. Unsuited to the trammels of civilization the Highlanders have been since left unmolested on their own moors and mountains, where they do well and pay better than any other breed would do on such exposed tracts, as they can live on almost any food, and through any weather. But it does not follow that they are suitable to the sour sheep-walks of the Cape, and without European shepherds and a pack of colley dogs they would be only a nuisance.

The Southdowns, on the other hand, are more sober and rational in their demeanour, accustomed to hurdle fences and habitual control. The Leicesters and the Cotswolds bear the same character, and these two breeds assimilate very much in quality and appearance. Their wool is not so good as the Southdowns, but they have more of it, and the same may be said of their meat. The Southdown mutton is remarkable for its excellence, but a half-bred Leicester wether will weigh probably twenty pounds more than a half-bred Southdown. The Cotswold, again, is a larger sheep than the Leicester, and, of late years, has taken a high position at the principal agricultural shows in England. We may, therefore, be certain that for some purposes it has been proved superior to other long-woolled breeds, and the question is, whether the advantages it seems to possess in England are such as will render it desirable for Cape kraals. We have much to learn on such points, and also on the comparative merits of the different breeds of Merinos (if, indeed, they *are* Merinos) now existing. The only standard book on sheep known to the South African farmer is that published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," in 1837. The changes which have occurred since then in all branches of stock-breeding have rendered this work almost obsolete, especially with reference to the Merino sheep. Lord Western's flock, in the height of its fame twenty-five years ago, has scarcely preserved its former character in the hands of Mr. Sturgeon; and we see and hear nothing of the Dorriens, which at one time came deservedly into high favour amongst us. When we look to the Continent we are bewildered by the variety of Merino breeds reared in Germany and France, and no one knows where to turn for the exact sort of animal to meet a particular requirement. The pure Merino, without a doubt, is to be found in some parts of Germany and in the Imperial establishments of France; but what are the "Merino Thibets," and "Josephines," and other Continental breeds shipped to the colonies of late?

These large and leggy sheep are not always the best for our purposes. Of their pure breeding our flockmasters have long had doubts, and how some of them may have been produced the following extract from the *Agricultural Gazette* of June 29, 1861, will in some measure suggest:

In 1855 we exhibited in Paris a collective series of English agricultural produce, and one of the principal things was our wool produce. Fair market fleeces of every distinct breed, and also of the more successful crosses, were collected by Professor Wilson, and created great interest. The Cheviot was one of the wools most valued for manufacturing purposes; and from the information obtained there it appeared that the day for the fine qualities of wools was rapidly passing away. We none of us wear now the fine Saxony cloths we used to wear when merino wool was sold at a high price. The great object of the day now is to get a cheaper article that can be worn by the many, and clear-headed farmers on the Continent see that they have not that demand for the expensive short wool, and it will be their policy to change their Merinos to a breed of sheep that shall give more mutton, a larger frame, and a larger quantity of a cheaper description of wool. In Australia and New Zealand the flocks are kept out in the open air, the animal secretes its wool under natural conditions, and the fibre throughout is equal. But when you come to the Continent—take the case of Moravia and Silesia—you can with a microscope distinctly see the secretion that has taken place during the cold months of winter, differing in size and spiral form from that which is secreted during the warm months of summer. You do not see that in the Australian wools. At the exhibition in Paris there was a great deal of interest taken in the wools. Baron Barathen got the first prize for the finest wool, a magnificent Moravian fleece; this fleece weighed about fourteen ounces, and that was the produce of a sheep of five years old, and the wool was worth four francs (3s. 4d.) On that occasion Professor Wilson produced a Lincoln fleece that was the produce of a sheep fourteen months old, and it weighed twenty pounds, and the price was valued at tenpence per pound at that period (it is worth more now). Of course it was decided that the latter was the most valuable description of sheep for all purposes. Mr. Southey, the greatest agent for the Australian and New Zealand wool, sent a bale that weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, and this was estimated by the French experts as equal in quality and in market value to Baron Barathen's choice fleece. That at once showed that the foreign growers could not successfully compete in the wool market with England and her colonies, and it is believed that the tendency that was then generated, and has been growing since, is for the foreigner to give up growing these fine class wools upon small animals, and to substitute for them the large frame sheep, carrying more wool of a lower price. France, for some eight or ten years, has been adopting this policy. Those very high class Merinos *are now nearly all replaced by what they call the "Metis Merino"—a cross breed;* and those are giving way to another cross, chiefly with the Leicester, which they call the "Dishley Merino," which are making an immense deal more mutton and much heavier fleeces than the Merino did before. *At the same time the wool is of a quality equal to the requirements for the best manufactures of the present day.*

This is a long extract, but requires no apology, as the

subject it discusses is of vital consequence to the Cape farmer. It opens a large question as to the "*natural conditions*" of the colony, or parts of it, for the successful rearing of long-woolled sheep of increased size, and also as to the advantages or disadvantages to be expected from such a course. One thing, however, is pretty certain, that the so-called Merinos brought from the Continent, and particularly from France, are not all of the purest blood; and if our flockmasters desire the English cross they had better go to the fountain head, and purchase the true-bred Leicesters, Cotswolds, or South-downs, from the eminent breeders who keep them unsullied. In this way they will know what they are breeding, and can take a decided line, one way or the other, afterwards,—whether they go in for long wool of an inferior quality and for weight of carcase, or for fine wool alone. Some time must elapse before we can determine the preference between the Leicester cross, or the Cheviot, or Cotswold, or South-down. We can only do so by bringing their produce together at the agricultural shows, and every encouragement, therefore, should be given to the importation of such animals and to those who may venture upon such experiments at considerable risk and expense. A model farm, chargeable on the public revenues, might settle this matter, and many other things indeed connected with Cape agriculture, by a quicker process; but the expense of such an undertaking, on a sufficiently comprehensive scale, seems to preclude all chance of its accomplishment.

In the list of prizes for the "Miscellaneous Produce" appears one of £10, offered by Mr. J. Prince, for the best two hundred and fifty pounds of dried leaf tobacco grown and manufactured in the colony. This is a very judicious and liberal donation, and may be the means of calling attention to a branch of our agricultural economy never yet sufficiently developed. There seems to be no reason why all the tobacco consumed in the colony should not be also grown and manufactured here, provided that no new excise impost on the home-made article be substituted for the custom duties on the foreign.

The "Machinery and Implement" department requires some notice. The rewards for the best chaff-cutter and oat-crusher might have been a little more liberal. These machines are amongst the most useful, the most economical, and (when made by respectable firms like Ransome's, Howard's, &c.) the most durable that any farmer can possess, and they ought to find their way into the remotest of our back settle-

ments. Prizes of £10 are offered for the best threshing machine and reaping machine; but with regard to the latter it may be doubted if a ripe crop of wheat can be made available in the month of February for its satisfactory trial. By means of irrigation it is possible for a green crop to be ensured at any season, but a green crop is not at all the thing by which a reaping machine can be fairly tested. Besides cutting evenly over ridge and furrow, and laying the swathe regularly, it is indispensable that the judges should have the opportunity of observing whether the machine wastes the ripe corn in the act of reaping and delivery. Any machine that does so is next to worthless. A case in point must be in the recollection of many. A reaping machine of some repute in Australia was brought to the Cape about fifteen years ago by Mr. Walker, and was tried in the Caledon district. Its track was strewed with wasted grain, and immediate condemnation ensued. Since that time vast improvements have been made in these things, and ripe crops of all kinds have been successfully dealt with in various parts of the colony by English and American reaping machines. Still they are susceptible of alterations for the better, and it is understood that Mr. Beale, the intelligent partner in the firm of Ransome and Co. (who lately travelled through the colony), has expectations of supplying the Cape and Australia with a reaping machine relieved of the little failings which have hitherto operated greatly against its use. There is some reason to believe also that Messrs. Ransome and Co. will send out one of them, and other agricultural appliances, in time for the George exhibition; and we hope to see them triumphant through the most searching trial.

The George committee will do well to insist upon every machine brought out for competition in February being worked and thoroughly proven a few days before the public exhibition of the same. Otherwise, it will be impossible to determine whether they are rightly adjusted, and whether the horse power is equal to the occasion and the men in charge are competent to their work. For want of such a precaution some of the machinery produced at the Caledon show in 1860 performed so indifferently that a prejudice was excited against it, much to the disappointment and vexation of those who had anticipated other results. Every local committee, with the *esprit de corps* natural to the position, is pretty sure to seek distinction for its own district. Caledon boasts that it beat Worcester in its collection of live-stock, and Worcester prides itself on having eclipsed Caledon in

implements and machinery. George, perhaps, may aspire to pre-eminence in both departments; but the resident committee should bear in mind that the Western Province Agricultural Society adds £350 to the George prize list not to promote merely a country revel, but to impart solid information to the farmers, and to open, if possible, the agricultural mind to a perception of remunerative progression being within the reach of moderate enterprise. Whatever amount of machinery may be sent to George, the same rigid rule should apply to every item, and then the spectators may form some accurate opinion as to the real merits of what is before them. It will not do to say, "this reaping machine *would* have done its work thoroughly *had* there been competent attendants;" or, "this threshing machine would have performed satisfactorily *had* the horse power been steady." These excuses will not palliate failure of execution, nor will they satisfy the minds of those who may have been watching their movements for the first time. In fact, it is now admitted by most persons who have had experience in conducting such trials, that a public show-ground, with a throng of spectators crowding in upon men and horses at work, is not the place for fair play to any machine; and that the safest plan for the gradual and general introduction of both threshing and reaping machines would be for the Western Province Agricultural Society to buy the best of each procurable and send them about the country at harvest time, in charge of European labourers accustomed to their use and management. By travelling through the country districts and previously advertising their route, the farmers could either hire them for a few days or see them at work on their neighbours' homesteads. Much prejudice and many erroneous impressions might thus be removed, and the expenses incurred by the Agricultural Society would be, in all probability, amply covered by the receipts. This is one of the first questions likely to be entertained when the necessary funds are forthcoming. That they will be forthcoming there is every reason to hope from the records of the parliamentary session just over. The Executive Government and the Parliament both seem to appreciate the efforts which the agricultural societies are making to extend their usefulness; and as every succeeding year a wider horizon opens before us, let us press forward with vigour but circumspection, looking forward hopefully to the future, and striving to accomplish our mission with singleness of purpose.

PORT ELIZABETH.

The converse of Macaulay's imaginary picture of the New Zealander amidst the ruins of fallen London might with great appositeness be applied to the town which forms the subject of our present photograph. From the utterly desolate and dispiriting appearance which Port Elizabeth presented to the eyes of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1820, few who at that time stepped upon its horse-shoe-shaped strand, and contemplated the scene around them, however steadfast their belief in the ability of their race to surmount difficulties, but would have treated with incredulity its ever attaining, in aspect or in reality, the position and influence it enjoys at the present day. Were there even demanded a practical demonstration of that mission which appears to be the peculiar property of the Englishman alone, the mission of promoting civilization, refinement, and wealth wherever he unfurls the banner of St. George, one need do no more than point in proof to the identical place about which we are writing.

Not a history of it, though; such is very far from our purpose. To trace the gradual rise and progress of Port Elizabeth, rapid as it may have been, would require the labour of writing a couple of octavo volumes. In a serial like the *Cape Monthly* we can do little more than give a cursory delineation of places; number and diversity of articles being with us points of paramount importance. Statistics and details are to be found in blue-books, in quantities sufficient to gorge to repletion the hungriest political economist. The general reader, for whom we write, will, we trust, be satisfied if we give merely a brief sketch of the town as it is.

The first thing which will fix itself on the mind of the newly-arrived stranger in Port Elizabeth is its extreme length. He sees extending, for nearly two miles, one continuous chain of houses, stores, shops, churches, and chapels. His astonishment is, however, on this point but of short duration, as his eye becomes familiar with the peculiar natural features of the site of the town, and as it is attracted towards the hill which partially overhangs the main street, and which is so thickly studded with buildings of every magnitude and description of architecture, that the principal feeling he experiences is one of regret that there should be utterly wanting that systematic arrangement of streets, squares, and promenades which would have contributed to render the locality as pretty a suburban village, perhaps, as one might meet with in a long journey.

Supposing the stranger to have debarked from one of the

vessels in the bay, and allowing him to have sufficiently admired the long and substantial jetty and sea-wall, the probability is that he will wend his way towards the main street of the town. Passing the long line of boating companies' stores on the one hand and the wool-pressing establishments on the other, the most prominent object which attracts his notice is the Town-hall, a magnificent building, and one of which the Bayonians have just reason to be proud, inasmuch as there exists no other structure throughout the colony which for a moment can stand comparison with it. Here the Town Council have their hall, rooms, offices, &c. The Athenæum holds its meetings here. The market-offices are also here, and two large lower rooms are occupied as a public library and reading-room. The basement stores are rented to merchants, ship-brokers, agents, &c.; the whole forming a noble specimen of colonial workmanship, and having the chief frontage towards the main street. On the left of the Town-hall, slightly elevated owing to the abrupt rising of the ground, is the Post Office, which, under the management of Mr. Wilmot, of the Colonial Civil Service, has earned the reputation of being one of the best-conducted offices under the Government. On the opposite side of the market-square is the Custom-house, a modest and unpretending-looking building, which but for the words above its porch would never be taken for a Government office. At the opposite angle is the Court-house of the resident magistrate, a low, neat building, admirably adapted for what it is, although frequently appropriated to other uses. The Court-house was once *par excellence,—the* building of the town ; but at present is thrown into comparative insignificance in point of display by its imposing-looking neighbour, the recently-erected Town-hall.

In the immediate neighbourhood of market-square are two episcopal churches, one of which the Rev. W. A. Robinson, T.C.D., is incumbent, and where extreme "Low" views are supposed to be preached, and the other, Saint Mary's, the principle church of Port Elizabeth, wherein the Colonial Chaplain for the time being officiates, is supposed to be the temple of the "High" or Tractarian party. It is the very model of some of our English rural churches, and although considerably spacious, is, on occasions, crowded to excess. The choir of Mr. Robinson's church has been, by many competent judges, allowed to be the best in the colony.

Supposing the stranger to be on pretty good terms with all that he has hitherto seen, and, continuing his walk up the main street, if he is in any degree of an enthusiastic tempera-

ment, he is literally amazed as well as delighted with the magnificence of some of the wholesale stores. Three and four stories high, plate glass windows, massive masonry, and chaste architecture present themselves to his notice on either side of the way. His gratification, too, is much increased as he learns with astonishment the amount of business annually performed at these mercantile palaces. The Independent Chapel is just situated at the most bustling part of Main-street. In this building is fixed the town-clock, a piece of mechanism, showy enough in its way, but possessing no feature so remarkable as its inaccuracy. Two out of the three streets leading to the private residences on the "Hill" branch off the main street here; consequently, this part of Port Elizabeth on busy days presents an exceedingly animated appearance. It is not an uncommon occurrence for from sixty to seventy wagons laden with produce, to arrive on the same morning in the town, and as it is the object of each wagon to discharge its freight and procure its return load on the same morning, some idea may be formed of the jostling, hurrying, and disorder attendant upon such occasions. There are several excellent street-keepers always about, but their exertions not unfrequently render confusion worse confounded. About three hundred yards further, the wholesale stores dwindle off in number, although for the next three quarters of a mile dwelling-houses and shops alike predominate. The latter are in fact so numerous that it becomes a perfect marvel to the stranger how the occupants exist. Exist, however, they do, and not unfrequently make fortunes.

Saint Paul's Church, at the northern part of the town, is a good specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. The Rev. Mr. Brooks is the incumbent. Like every other place of Divine worship in Port Elizabeth, on the sabbath it is filled with hearers, who are mostly residents in the neighbourhood, or else persons who reside in the heart of the town, but prefer the more moderate views held by the incumbent to those of the officiating minister at St. Mary's.

From this part of the town the scene assumes somewhat of the character of an *urbs in rure*, as for the next half mile private dwelling-houses are interspersed, with here and there a shop or two. About a mile and a half from the Town-hall there stands the new Prison, a building which cost the country some £6,500, and as in point of style it appears half baronial-castle, half alms-house, it cannot fail of attracting a large share of notice from up-country visitors. Here we may say that Port Elizabeth terminates, for

although there are numerous houses extending over another half mile yet they are principally shops in the Boer-trade, the proprietors of which have selected this locality with the laudable view of striving to be the first to clench bargains with the Dutch farmers as they arrive in town with their produce. An early morning market is also held here, which for a brief space of time succeeded; but the novelty of the thing is fast wearing off, and as the market proper is held at eight a.m., the probability is that the latest established will be the first to be abolished. Port Elizabeth seems to rejoice in duality. There are two banks, two boating companies, two insurance offices, and two newspapers. Let a new thing be started to-morrow, and we venture to predict that by to-morrow week another new thing of the same species would also be originated.

In his excursion on the "Hill" the visitor will at once observe that with the exceptions of the Public Hospital, the Grey Institute, the Lighthouse, and an unsightly pyramid erected to the memory of the deceased wife of some former Governor, the dwellings, with few exceptions, appear to be adapted for residences for the upper classes. The "Hill," in fact, is the Claremont or Rondebosch of Port Elizabeth. Some of the mansions are truly elegant, and although horticulture is sadly at a discount there, one or two private gardens may be found to be well worthy of inspection.

Most of our readers know that the object of the Grey Institute is to provide a sound education for the youth of the town and division. Petty differences, and as some say, incompetency on the part of the under teachers, have thrown serious drawbacks upon the progress of the institute, in which, however, a healthier tone appears latterly to have been infused. The head master, R. Macleish, Esq., was formerly at Swellendam grammar school, and those of our readers who remember his antecedents there will find no difficulty in believing him to be, both on the score of qualification and natural aptitude for tuition, the right man in the right place.

The hospital is a vast, spacious, and well-regulated establishment for the sick, and one which every way redounds to the credit of the Bayonians. Of the new lighthouse we cannot speak much in favour. When lit up at night it presents from the town a very sorry glimmer, reminding one of an ophthalmic lantern. Certain authorities, supposed from their position to be competent, maintain its efficiency. So we suppose they must know best.

He must indeed be a dull observer of men and manners

who, upon passing his first couple of days in Port Elizabeth, would fail to perceive that with regard to the inhabitants and the town itself, everything and everybody bears upon it the impress of a direct master passion. This predominating spirit is the thirst for wealth—the all-asorbing desire to get rich—to make money. So far from any disguise upon the subject, this spirit is evinced in the streets, in the houses, on the markets, at the sales, in the shops, in the dwellings, and in the persons of the inhabitants. The character of Port Elizabeth may be summed up as essentially *fast*. People live at a terrific pace. Everything is sacrificed, everything must succumb to the ruling principle. The amount of physical and mental wear and tear undergone by the bay merchants, shopkeepers, and traders is almost incredible. "From early morn to dewy eve," the cry is money! With the exception of the public library, there is not a place of public relaxation in the town. No gardens, no park, no club, no theatre, no mechanics' institute, no nothing as one may say. The only departure from daily routine is when at rare intervals some amateur dramatic performance or literary lecture is given; and the avidity with which the public seize upon such opportunities proves that they are but too sensible of their requirements in this respect.

We must not, however, be understood as imputing avarice to the Bayonians. Parsimony forms no trait in their *morale*. Ready to get, they are likewise ready to give. Only when you want anything from a thorough man of business in Port Elizabeth, tell him at once what it is that you do want. Name your purpose, and name your figure. But for Heaven's sake do so briefly. Don't bore him. And whether your purpose be to aid a charity, or an individual, religion, tectotalism, or public amusement, if you bear these curt instructions in your mind and act upon them, he will at once respond to your appeal, more liberally perhaps than you had ventured to hope for. The Bay "man of business" is keen, shrewd, calculating, and persevering. If in a fair mercantile transaction or speculation there are any possible means of getting to windward of you, he is just the very man to do so. But there is no selfishness about him. Not one atom.

It would, of course, never do to let a place which has so much to protect be without any legally constituted protectors. Consequently, there are three established bodies of volunteers in the Bay,—the Port Elizabeth Rifles, the Port

Elizabeth Artillery, and the Naval Brigade. Through the steady and constant practice to which the two former are submitted they are very efficient at drill. A good band of instrumental performers is attached to the combined volunteers. The Naval Brigade, we venture to prophesy, will shortly become the pride of Algoa Bay. Although not a fortnight old, it numbers some seventy stalwart well-trained A. B.'s, men of sober habits and good character. The brigade is well officered, and in case of maritime distress, wreck, fire, or any other untoward event which calls forth strong arms, presence of mind, and indomitable courage, this body of gallant seamen would be found to prove themselves invaluable.

The allusion to seamen of sober habits reminds us that our description of Port Elizabeth would be very defective, were we to omit reference to the altered state of this important town in the matter of sobriety. Half a dozen years ago and the back-slums and by-streets along the beach were notorious for drunkenness, profanity, and dissipation of every kind. Nearly every fifth house in Strand-street—a narrow thoroughfare running parallel with Main-street and separating the latter from the beach—was a canteen of the lowest description, the interior of and the entrance to which were wont to be thronged with the lowest class blackguards of all nations, in every stage of inebriation. At the present day such things are happily only known as things of the past. The localities that we have above mentioned are now remarkable for a general tone of industry and sobriety. We question, indeed, if a notorious drunkard would be tolerated now amongst the numerous and respectable class of surf-boatmen and beach-workers, by far the greater part of whom are members of Total Abstinence Societies, of which there are three in healthy operation in Port Elizabeth. We have the most credible authority for stating that in Algoa Bay there are a thousand adult male operatives who have signed and who adhere to the Total Abstinence pledge!

It will be evident to our readers that in so heterogeneous a community as that of Port Elizabeth, religious opinion is considerably diversified. Besides the three churches of the establishment and the Independent chapel above enumerated, the Wesleyans have two places for public worship, the Baptists one, and the Roman Catholics one. The latter, notwithstanding the additions which from time to time have been made to it, is still far too small for its rapidly increas-

ing congregation. Besides the above, there is a chapel of the London Missionary Society, a Kafir chapel, a temporary Mosque, a Mormon temple, and a Plymouth Brethren's meeting-house.

Take it as a whole, Port Elizabeth is just what it professes itself to be—a place of business, not of pleasure. The man who goes to reside there, presuming he goes for the reason which attracts nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, to get a living, must make up his mind not only to work, but to work hard. A drone receives no mercy at the hands of the Bayonians, be his status in society what it may; if he be a man of independent means, people write him down an ass for selecting his *otium cum dig.* amidst a perpetual whirl of turmoil. If he be dependent upon his physical or mental resources to earn his daily bread, he soon discovers to his cost that sloth and apathy find no ready response in the Bay. If he be sober, industrious, and willing to work, there is work of all kinds for him to do and plenty of it, if he goes the proper way to look for it; but if he exhibits, in any degree, the reverse of these qualifications, the sooner he puts Rawson's Bridge between him and Port Elizabeth the better for himself and the community likewise.

The stranger in Port Elizabeth will very soon have gratified his curiosity to learn the general aspect and bearing of the place upon society. A walk down the Main-street, a ramble through the streets across the Baaken's River (the Green Point of Port Elizabeth), a drive on the Hill, and another to Zwartkop's River, for the purpose of visiting the very handsome bridge across it, will soon exhaust the sights of the place. If he possesses letters of introduction he will find the Bayonians unreservedly throw open their houses to him, and place their horses and servants at his disposal in the frank spirit of cordial hospitality. If on the other hand he is unknown to any one, either in person, or by letter, the chances are that he will remain comparatively unnoticed for half a score of years. The reason for this state of things is obvious. It is impossible for society to be otherwise in colonial seaports, where ships and strangers are daily arriving and departing, and in an age so advanced and knowing as the present, when the adventurer and the parvenu can assume so accurately the manners, the attire, and the *personnel* of the gentleman as to render it perfectly justifiable for all parties to exercise more than usual caution in distinguishing between the sterling and the base, the spurious and the legitimate.

THE OLD MONK'S TALE.

PART THE FIRST.

It is now many years ago, but I never shall forget that day—indeed, I had occasion enough to remember it. The snow had fallen thickly during the night, the wind had several times risen and echoed with wild fitful sobbings round the buildings of the monastery, so that, although fatigued from labour in the garden on the preceding day, there was something in that melancholy moan of the storm which would not let me sleep. I have always been what is called superstitious, and cannot help it, so when once or twice voices seemed to approach the door of my cell, and afterwards I heard a suppressed cry as of extreme anguish, although a cold perspiration stood on me, I only crossed myself and repeated loudly "Levavi oculos" and "Pater noster," for we all know that evil spirits take advantage of storms to mock and distress mankind.

The bell rang for vigils. I was still weary, and while drawing up my hood, unfortunately I broke the string of my rosary, my crucifix fell to the ground, and I trod on it! Instantly I felt a presentiment of coming evil. In what form I knew not, but that evil was at hand I felt surely. A strange oppression rooted me a few moments where I stood; it seemed as if a hard, relentless hand pressed down upon my heart and half impeded the circulation of the blood. Generally, I was among the earliest of the brethren; this morning I knew also that I was first to open my cell door. But by that door, under the cloisters, good God, what did I see! My brain turned dizzy with horror,—there, bathed in blood from a gaping wound in his throat with his beautiful countenance rigid and distorted, lay that dear Raphael who had been recently admitted into the monastery.

I scarcely know what I did, for horror and distress so overwhelmed me; but it may have been some minutes that, engrossed by what I saw and heeding nothing else, I continued kneeling, with his head supported in my hands, vainly hoping against hope that life might not be wholly extinct. While thus unconscious of the presence of others, a hand grasped me by the shoulder, grasped me so that the nails almost penetrated through my serge cassock into the skin. Looking up, I met the haggard, searching eye of the prior. While he thus so fiercely clutched me, I felt that his whole frame was quivering with a suppressed agitation: there was a wild look in his eyes as they searched into mine of an infinite, insupportable agony. The other monks were standing in silent terror-struck groups around; to my fevered fancy, in their black garments, they appeared like awful witnesses of the bloody deed.

How often I have prayed Jesus and the Holy Virgin to forgive me for not loving that prior; how often I would endeavour to tutor myself to a more kindly feeling; but an indefinable impas-

sive repulsiveness in his glance appeared ever to hurl back with disdain a humble monk's good-will. He seemed a self-contained, austere character who had no sympathy with others, who required of us nothing but obedience and vigorous duty, or stern penance. This coldness had always been his character, but since Raphael had entered the monastery and had attached himself to me, as I had often taken pleasure in conversing with him, the prior's looks towards me had been almost messengers of scorn or hatred. And yet I had not shared these unkindly sentiments, for I knew there was a nobleness in his character and an under-current of human feelings, as I had witnessed both untold tenderness and agony pass by turns across his countenance while looking with fixed contemplation on poor murdered Raphael.

Oh what a wretched morning that was. Raphael's body was carried into the chapel and laid by the altar. His comely countenance seemed still more beautiful now—it indeed had a feminine cast about it; and as it lay composed it reminded me of the glorious effigies of the female saints and martyrs emblazoned in the large abbey book of martyrs. But we all knew a damnable deed had been done; who could be the doer? The organ pealed forth a mournful "miserere." My bewildered thoughts could not follow the service. Again and again they asked, "Who had done this deed? Who had murdered this innocent Raphael? Yes; that was the word—murdered; and for what cause? And it was one of ourselves. I longed for the service to be over—that dreadful oppressive calm seemed to choke me. Then again I bethought me it was service for the dead—the murdered, and so, bitterly accusing my wandering thoughts, I prostrated myself on the stones, and for some time continued in silent prayer for the repose of Raphael's soul, heedless and inattentive to all about me, wrapt up in my own fervent beseeching.

After a time I noticed that no one knelt near me—all had avoided contact. This did not much displease me, for I could weep and pour out my soul alone. So long as this avoidance did not appear designed I was even thankful. I was in no mood for fellowship in speech; sorrow had so completely filled my heart. But when our long and melancholy service was over, it was impossible for me not to perceive that all shrank from me, and that fearful glances from every side encountered mine whenever I lifted my eyes. All, I thought, shared with me in my blank feelings of woe, and I hastened to my cell, determined to keep a rigorous fast all that day.

Slowly and sadly I retraced my steps from the chapel through the cloisters until I came to the door of my cell. There still lay a pool of clotted blood,—the life-blood of poor Raphael. Entering my cell, prostrating myself before the blessed crucifix, vainly I attempted to pray fervently for the repose of that unhappy youth's soul. Vainly, I say, for I was confused by all that had occurred, and remembered how that only yesterday he had sat long with me and I had given him much ghostly counsel and admonition. I

had been speaking to him much of the blessed martyrs' deaths, and how that by faith and humility we should, through the Holy Virgin's constant protection, come to a fellowship with them in Heaven, where it was my desire day and night soon to arrive.

"Cyril," he replied, "I scarcely own to such desires. Those cold, silent stars convey no idea to me of happiness; they stretch in infinite distance, perhaps, for ever and for ever through the immense expanse of space. Where, then, is that Heaven you aspire after? What is it but some shadowy unreality which chills the heart and makes one weep at the very notion of dwelling in it."

"Raphael, do you not know," I answered, "what the Apostle speaks of joys eternal, immortal, invisible, which eye hath not e en nor ear heard? Believest thou not in those words?"

"Oh yes! But my eye hath seen and my ear knows of a heaven here—yes, even here, which oh! that it might last only for ever, and my happiness would be untold and complete."

"You talk of what you know not, Raphael. It is right for you to be attached to this sacred monastery, to love your brethren, to take pleasure in all the solemn duties of religion, and I am glad to see you so exemplary in this your novitiate; but set bounds to your enthusiasm, my brother. You will find a monastery is a blessed abode, but it is not Heaven, neither is perfect happiness to be reckoned on within its walls."

"Perfect happiness!" he said with a sigh. "No; it is true, I am not perfectly happy. I want more, more happiness still, more than I perhaps shall ever have to be perfectly happy. If it were not that I already know what happiness seems like, I should not be so unhappy."

"But now, Raphael, you perplex me," I replied, "you must occupy your mind less on visionary questions and your body in humble agricultural labours. Do you work in the garden to-day?"

"Yes—no; I expect the prior home from his journey, Brother Cyril. His commands were that I should not work in the garden during his absence, but illumine missals in my own cell or in his, where he keeps rich pigments, as you know."

"I like not so much seclusion, brother; but it is your and my duty, brother, to submit our will and judgment to the will and judgment of our superiors; therefore you must obey the prior with a glad mind, according to the vows of our order, although his commands may seem harsh, for he is severe and strict to punish all disobedience."

Raphael's eyes kindled and his cheeks slightly reddened as he said somewhat hastily and with raised voice, "The venerable prior is not harsh, brother, nor severe. I obey him gladly with all my heart; I will yield him obedience even unto death. *Pax vobiscum, vale.*"

Such remembrances of dear Raphael rushed through my mind as I knelt before the crucifix, for I had felt deeply interested in the youth. He was ingenuous, and though saying strange things

that sometimes disturbed me, yet he was pious and toward, and one that for his skill in illumining would have brought credit to our house. Nevertheless, I knelt on, still remembering him in prayer, that the Blessed Virgin would, through her mighty mediation with her Son, sanctify to him that sudden bloody death, and bring the doer of it to repentance, for no thought entered my mind but that another had done it.

For more than two hours I thus continued, when my devotions were disturbed by a knock at my door. On opening it I perceived two of the brethren ; their countenances were cold and austere.

" Brother Cyril," said one of them, " the lord abbot commands your attendance in the chapel; we are here to conduct you to his presence."

This severe and measured tone of address sent a chill through my frame. I felt that the afflictions of that miserable day were not yet terminated, although in what way they might concern me I surmised not. Observing their eyes earnestly directed to a portion of my cassock I looked down, and found there were several stains of blood on the serge. This must have occurred when I lifted Raphael's head in my arms; but these two brethren passed one to the other deep significant glances that, in my agitated state of feeling, caused no little shock of pain.

Arrived at the chapel, the two monks, my companions, led me slowly between them to the chancel, where the lord abbot was seated on his throne. By his side stood the prior, pale and haggard, with a stern yet restless expression of countenance, and before, ranged on either side, stood the brethren in their dark robes, silent and gloomy. As we advanced, I perceived a melancholy object in the middle of the chancel,—a bier was there covered over with large white velvet pall, under which I knew lay extended all that remained upon earth of my dear murdered Raphael. Straight in front of this was I led by the attendants, and at once a dreadful suspicion rushed into my mind; as if guilty of that blood I was there placed. I, so innocent, who would not have injured one hair of that comely head, was there arraigned as a criminal; upon me had fallen the suspicion of being cognizant of this cruel, dreadful crime.

There are occasions when time must be measured by emotions, not by moments. The longest dream, they say, lasts but a second. To my keenly-excited nerves, awake to each sound or movement, the silence around me seemed preternaturally continued. I could have longed to shout out a " Credo." This stilness was broken by the lord abbot's voice.

" Brother Cyril," he said, " a sore trouble and dire affliction hath passed over this whilome peaceful house. Satan hath entered into the heritage of the Lord. At your cell door has been found the body of one of the brethren, dead by violence. You alone were found by his side; your garments stained with his blood. I now desire to receive from yourself an account of this sad mystery."

With brain all awhirl and a faintness indescribable, I had no

tongue for utterance. My knees trembled. I could only look wildly around; all seemed like a horrible dream.

Again the abbot spoke, "Brother Cyril, we are not accusing you of aught, although some circumstances which hereafter I shall refer to seem to betoken that guilt lieth upon you. I desire to receive your explanation. Speak, brother, without fear, save only the fear of God!"

"Holy father," at length I gasped out, "I know nothing, I know nothing."

"Brother Cyril, know nothing," said the abbot sternly. "I desire to hear from you what, to our knowledge, you do know, and is that a befitting reply?"

"Forgive me, holy abbot, my mind is so troubled; I am innocent of knowing aught more than any here present."

"This is wanton trifling," exclaimed the abbot sternly. "If you will confess nothing, there remains to me only the sad duty of using each means in my power to extort the truth. Once more, by your duty to me as your abbot, I require your full explanation."

"My lord, I should be stiff-necked and abandoned in soul if I refused obedience to my lawful superior; but indeed I have nought to confess but that verily, on leaving my cell for vigils, I found our brother lying there, all stained with his innocent blood, and on my lifting him into my arms, lo! his spirit had fled to Paradise."

After a pause, the abbot said, "Therefore, Brother Cyril, as thou with thine own lips wilt confess nothing; hearken now and explain, if possible, concerning these things which have been testified against thee. It is well known how that the victim of this dreadful deed was ever wont to be most frequent in your company and cell; that yesterday he remained with you some time, during which words in reproof were heard and in high tone between you; that with none else of the brethren held he any communion save with you; that at your door he was found this morning in his blood, and that by his side was also found this knife or dagger; and I pray you discern unto whom belongeth this accursed thing?"

My eyes were riveted on the blood-stained knife thus held aloft. It was mine. I had lent it to Raphael, or rather he had a few days previous removed it from the wall where it usually hung in my cell.

"Holy abbot," I commenced.

"Hush!" interrupted the abbot, "hush and listen until I now conclude. Unhappy man, yet more must follow, yet must come the climax of thy and of our unhappiness; and alas! that such should have happened among us. Remove that pall, and hide, if thou canst, thy confusion."

The monks, who still remained by my side, were about to obey this command, when the prior starting forward, with a countenance deadly pale, save a burning spot in either cheek, with veins so swollen in his forehead that they seemed almost to throb audibly,

held up his hand to enjoin delay, while with an agitated earnestness he whispered something into the abbot's ear.

Surprise seemed first to mark the abbot's countenance, then acquiescence, as he commanded all, save myself, to withdraw. Of all these things, in all their minuteness, through all the tumult of my soul, not one escaped my notice. They being retired, the prior seized my arm with vice-like grasp, dragged rather than drew me close to the bier, and there, pausing a moment, gazed at me with a look of such concentrated hatred, gleaming, burning with such unutterable loathing that (Mary forgive me!) I could term it almost diabolic, the very representation of the arch-fiend himself. Involuntarily I shrank back. "Look!" he hissed, as with the other hand (so trembling that the bier rocked when he touched it) he partially removed the pall, "look and recognize in the punishment of perjury your work accomplished."

"O Christ, was it indeed so?" I cried; my eyes dilated with startled amaze. Exhausted nature could endure no longer: swooning away, I fell senseless on the stones.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEMOIR OF THE LATE W. G. B. SHEPSTONE, ESQ

THE late William G. B. Shepstone, special magistrate of th Transkeian territories, was so generally known on the frontier, and so intimately connected with its history, that some review of his career cannot but be acceptable to those who took a part in the stirring scenes to which many incidents of his life refer, and to that large section of the community who take an interest in border affairs.

His early life was passed, except when at school, in the heart of the Kaffr nation; at Hintza's, in Tambookieland, and beyond the Orange River with the Basutos. His aptitude for understanding native character, language, and customs quickly developed itself, and was matured under peculiarly favourable circumstances. Gifted with talents similar to those of his father, Theophilus Shepstone, whose eminent success in the management of the Zulus has long made his name conspicuous in the sister colony of Natal, and employed in a similar field, his judgment and firmness in the treatment of large masses of natives inspired them with respect and confidence, and throughout his whole connection with them not a single case of mismanagement or misadventure is recorded.

On the breaking out of the war of 1846, when little more than twenty years of age, he was superintendent of the Fort Peddie Fingoes, and interpreter to Captain, now Colonel McLean, Lieut.-Governor of British Kaffraria. Having exhibited courage in driving back a large body of Kafirs, and retaking Fingo cattle, he was appointed to the command of the native force of four hundred men,

and was regularly employed through the whole of that war. Testimony to his valuable services was repeatedly borne by the regular officers under whose command he served, and on the return of the Kei expedition he was thanked by General Maitland at the head of the column, which appeared in the general orders of that day, for his able conduct in bringing his men out of an ambush into which they had fallen, decoyed by some fine cattle. The cattle he captured with the loss of only one man killed, being himself struck down by a spent ball on the head, which forced much blood from the nose and ears, and reduced him very much. On the morning of the battle of the Gwanga he was engaged eight hours in the Fish River bush, and ended that day by taking his full share of that battle, which was the turning point of the war of 1846.

On the arrival of Sir Harry Smith as High Commissioner, Mr. Shepstone was appointed his interpreter and assistant secretary, and filled that office until his appointment as assistant civil commissioner of Eastern Victoria, which now forms part of the division of Queen's Town. Herein his duties were very complicated and arduous, having to deal with, as regards the natives, a large and untrained population; and in the discharge of those duties he is said to have ridden the first year four thousand miles on horseback. For the events which followed this period he was, from information and transpiring events, considerably prepared, and his suspicions were confirmed by the murder of the trader Maitland, in Tambookieland, which although the deed of blood was itself premature, was only part of a general plan, but too soon developed in the breaking out of the war of 1851.

The noble stand made at Whittlesea was one of the most interesting episodes and one of the most conspicuous and daring achievements of the last war. There is little doubt that it saved Somerset and Cradock from being overrun. Often pressed by immense hosts of Kafirs, who blackened the plains by which it is surrounded, cut off from all support, short of arms and ammunition, they were still further weakened by having to fight the rebels at Shiloh, only two miles distant. This latter place, with the church, Major Tylden had loopholed, under the false impression that the Hottentots were loyal; they possessed themselves of the defences, the church in which they had learned to pray for the Queen the rebels defiled by forming into their last stronghold, and resisted all the force led by Major Tylden, brought against them on that occasion, so that it actually did prove to them a sanctuary. In this action Mr. Shepstone bore an important part, himself standing several hours to the knees in water, and twenty-seven of his men fell killed and wounded. The battle of the Imvani followed, which was supposed to be, to the war of 1851-2, what the Gwanga was to the war of 1846, and here by the stratagem of a feigned retreat he succeeded in drawing the Kafirs from the mountains, turning, to use Major Tylden's own words, "untoward-looking circumstances into a complete victory." During these operations he commanded seven hundred natives, and was himself more than twenty times

engaged. The reports of Major Tylden when he was ordered to resume his civil duties bear testimony to his coolness and self-possession in the most imminent danger, and they express how keenly that officer felt being deprived of his services before the war was quite over; nor did all the military activity of the Crimean campaigns at all abate the lively feeling of estimation in which he held the services of Shepstone and Bowker, for one of the last letters he ever wrote was to that distinguished officer the late Marquis of Anglesea, to use his influence with the Government for some substantial acknowledgment of the highly valuable services of these gentlemen during the war of 1851-2.

Mr. Shepstone was afterwards appointed civil commissioner of Queen's Town, and in the settlement of that district his duties were extremely complicated and laborious; for not only had he to manage all details in organizing a newly-established district, but to control the great number of natives located in that country. He had to listen to their constant complaints for land, and to adjudicate quarrels amongst themselves at a time when they either would not subject themselves to English law or maintained that that law was not paramount to their own. He was constantly required to be absent on duty both within and without the district, in reducing to order such heterogeneous elements. The police pay also, a very considerable item, passed through his hands, and very unfortunately and unaccountably the Colonial Office badly supplied him with clerks; he even paid for clerical assistance from his own means. Not a skilled accountant, a discrepancy appeared in the books of his office, which led to a conflict with the head of his department, and he was called upon to resign duties, some of which never appeared congenial either to his previous habits or his love of field exercises. It is understood that the discrepancy has been since accounted for.

His next and last appointment was one which required great knowledge of native character and customs, and would be in times of commotion one of considerable political significance, for as Transkeian magistrate, authority was exercised in a region which can hardly be called British dominion; but the privations and exposure he had undergone in the wars had laid the foundation of deep-seated disease in the chest. His constitution had long been undermined, and with sinking strength he had used stimulants too freely. At last he felt his end approaching, and was just able to reach the residence of his father, the venerable missionary in charge of the Kamastone mission station. His young and amiable wife died about a year before, two boys, still very young, being the fruits of the marriage.

Probably some generations hence, when that "permanent peace" so much talked of by Governors and Secretaries of State shall bless the territories which compose or abut on the present frontier, some chronicler will arise who will endeavour to trace from musty records or through the fogs of tradition those contests which marked earlier periods. Every country has its beginnings, and the Cape

is making that history which older countries have achieved. Brave spirits ought not to be wanting, and are not, who have already devoted their lives and talents to the good of this country and to the spread of civilization, and who also have taken part in those struggles by which it was, step by step, won or defended. In the list of those who "have done the State some service" will be found the name of William Shepstone, for of such men is composed our border chivalry.

SONNETS OF THE CAPE.

I. GOVERNMENT GARDENS, CAPE TOWN.

Oft, when my feet at evening homeward tread
The stately cloisters of the oaks along,
My fervent soul breaks into grateful song,
And I a glad, rapt worshiper am led.
God, what a glorious prospect is outspread!
Impersoned Nature here hath built her shrine:
On yon great altar sacrifice divine
She offers to her Maker. On the head
Of the majestic peak upon the west,
Her favoured seat, at eve oft sitteth she,
Soothing the busy city into rest,
Whilst the sun setting lights the golden sea.
Here, in thy fane, bright Presence, I divest
My heart of lower thoughts, and bow to heaven and thee.

II. NIGHT.

Dost thou not love, O angel of the night,
Above all others this fair southern land?
For thou hast gemmed its skies, with lavish hand,
With rarest stars and constellations bright.
Shines not its vestal moon with purer light?
Hath not its galaxy more lustrous hue,
Whilst star-clouds, set in heavens more deeply blue,
Still gladden ours, as erst Magellan's sight?
O would that while the old grey mountains sleep
There might be silence, in the which to find
Grand music! But if joyous creatures keep
Perpetual chorus shall my captious mind
Object? Creation's harmonies lie deep,
But to the soul attuned the parts are well combined.

C. L.

OUR HOLIDAY.

I.

Where the Kaga fountain's stream,
Proud of vigour yet unsubdued,
Glints for miles an arrowy beam
Through the veldt's green solitude;
Where mimosas fringe the plain
Gemm'd with pendant amber flake,
And aloes' tongues of golden flame
Tip the wild blue-flower'd brake,
And the hazel-eyed dove flocks
And the mobbing mouse-bird mocks
By many an intermittent flight
The hope of some impatient wight,
And scampering hares out headlong burst,
And towards the stream to slake her thirst
The tiny blue-bok, half afraid:
Steps delicately like a maid.
There three half-score of boys at play
Trysted with me their holiday.

II.

Some shouted in exuberant joy,
Some raced about in glee,
One sauntered on, a clerkly boy,
With Froissart dreamingly;
Some, piling fire, fried meat on stake
Like old Homeric men,
And two find out and slay a snake
Abasking in a glen;
These ply th' engrossing marble round,
While those delve eagerly the ground
With strong clasp knife for crystal root,
Yet spurn when boil'd the tasteless fruit;
Another, after Zeno's heart,
Roams hands in pockets all apart,
Surveying boyish games and ways
With stolid philosophic gaze,
Till carbonaatje's savours roll
And coffee's fragrance melts his soul.

III.

Then six sought out a minowy vlei
Framed in with bush and sward,
Where oft the rhee-bok sniffs her way
Or laps the leopard's lord,
And soon their ivory limbs disport
Amid the plashful tide;
The startled wild duck flaps athwart
In denser reeds to hide.
But drawn by this tumultuous joy,
Moves slowly down a Kafir boy,
And stands upon that other shore
Wrapt in one gaze—as 'twere long yore
Of black stone chizelled,—naked, rude,

Genius of that weird solitude;
Or as the troubled mind were fraught
With some vague melancholy thought:
"Be all earth's goods for this white race
And unto us—but servants' place?"

IV.

Oh! Kafir, Kafir, turn they head,
Those young upbraiding eyes;
Upon my heart like molten lead
That dark sad image lies;
I beat it off with both my hands
And stammer forth the law
The savage must die out in lands
Hard Saxon might before.
In vain, in vain! As well with dust
The parch'd lip might allay its thirst.
Lo! twain grieved faces, nobly sweet,
Crowned with awed woe by Eden's seat,
Whose sighs deep, agonizing, torn,
Come heavily down the ages borne,
As nation vaunts o'er nation's cries
And blood, red blood, flares to the skies;
And fiercelier on mid tramp and gore
"Am I his brother?" wings as yore.

V

Then softly as light's ambient hues
Piercing rain's dripping shroud
In bright pavillion'd arch diffuse
Hope's radiance o'er the cloud,
Seem'd then a silver tree arose
Burnish'd by heavenly art,
Whence a thin skin of crimson flows
As from a friend's warm heart
And straight thro' the chaotic night
Streamed rays revealing Love in light.
One show'd a school-room: graceful there
As Christ's pure lily, a maiden fair
Whom in her sweet devoted youth
Dark girlish forms of name uncouth
Surround, for lessons patient given
Of toil on earth and way to heaven;
Her presence by that tender calm
Investing Discipline with charm
Until that day so sad and sere
Of children sobbing round her bier.

VI.

Come, boys, brave boys, each slanting ray
Darts less vehement force.
Ah! could life tranquilly delay
By the clear fountain's source
While freshly yet its ripplets gay
With crystal glance and smiles
Healthfully purl along their way
Nor future taint defiles.

But on the careless rill must pour
Where ocean's thundering billows roar
And each of you is sworn for life
A warrior thro' a deadlier strife
Than clash'd round Sparta's heroes brave
Who made Thermopylæ their grave,
Bear then your burthens "fortes" all,
Not sloping off at Duty's call;
Like men who idly dream o'er last
Steps, cravens ere the first be past.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

SATURDAY ON THE PARADE.

EVERY nation, it is said, has its peculiar mode of seeking enjoyment,—its objects of delight and interest,—distinctive to a great extent of that particular branch of the human race. In a Frenchman this tendency inclines in the direction of a thirst for military glory and display; in a German to the consumption of beer, and the evolution of much material and mental smoke; an Englishman is devoted to field-sports; a Spaniard to dancing and guitar-strumming. The Russian, if he be not belied, delights in train-oil and sleep; the Italian's head is in the pursuit of politics under difficulties; the Yankee's heart is in the "Almighty Dollar." But what any one of these pursuits or tendencies may be to the people who do most affect it, that is a public auction to the Cape Dutchman. Him politics trouble not. The rise and fall of dynasties, the crash of thrones, the dread encounters of embattled hosts disturb not the even tenor of his life—monotonous as the fens, unruffled as the dykes of parent Holland. Local disadvantages hinder him from sporting, his mental constitution saves him from cloudy metaphysics, his physical development is unfavourable to dancing; but with him an auction is a serious business, a thing not to be hurried over and got through any how. He dwells upon it with the gusto of an epicure. He enjoys it to the full, and prolongs it, and diversifies it, so as to make it yield its fullest measure of delectation. He sells and buys by the rise, and then he sells and buys by the fall. He sells and buys in little fractions and instalments, and then, combining these scattered fragments into one grand feast, he sells and buys finally in the bulk. With an ingenuity worthy of all praise, he has thus contrived that the interest and excitement of the

auction suffer no diminution, but are sustained unimpaired up to the last moment, when the final act is played out, and the curtain falls upon actors and spectators alike unwearied.

And why should he not? In the absence of higher objects of interest, why should not "the disastrous chances, the moving accidents" of the sale-room supply their place, and afford a field for the energy of youth and a topic for the gossip of old men as they sun themselves upon the stoep. There may be as much satisfaction in nailing a cheap lot as in bagging a woodcock or landing a salmon. In their different degrees, there may be as much enterprise, as much evidence of fertility of resource, power of combination, perception of opportunity in the successful conduct of an extensive sale as in the winning of a battle; with the additional advantage that in these encounters the hero may literally "fight his battles o'er again, and thrice may slay the slain." Certain it is that we have to thank that institution so peculiar to the Cape, the Saturday sales, for a wide field of observation of the manners and customs of the place.

It is the regular lounge for an hour or so on a Saturday morning, and you will hardly fail to meet any one of your acquaintance taking a look at the multifarious articles which are finding their way to appointed place of sale. The heads of mercantile firms are there, though holding themselves a little aloof from the lanes and alleys of merchandize, and the surrounding crowds. There is an air, a manner about them which conveys to a stranger the impression that they wish to have it understood that they are there merely as lookers-on: that they have other and more important concerns to engage their serious attention. I do not know whether this is so, but this is the impression which a stranger derives from their general demeanour and expression of countenance. The younger members of the same firms, on the contrary, are clearly there on business. With their hands inserted for the most part in pockets situated about mid distance between the hips and the knees, they are inspecting the various articles with professional keenness; going into the matter with the steady earnestness of men who know that learning of that kind, if it be not actually better than house and land, is the readiest way to become possessed both of one and the other.

Here is a well-known capitalist, with cheroot tightly held between his lips, ready to speculate in anything that offers a prospect of moderate gain without risk of loss. And there is an Englishman, whose seedy coat might proclaim him also a capitalist; but there is something about the well-

worn cloth gloves, the cotton umbrella, the pale anxious face, the nervous manner which forbids the idea. He is a small professional man, a teacher of some accomplishment, some branch of a polite education, which it is hoped may impart something of a polish to the younger members of the capitalist's family. He takes off his hat deferentially to the man of wealth, who nods ungraciously in reply. Both are bent on the same errand. Both are on the look-out for bargains: the one to swell his hoard, the other to help to keep the wolf a little further from the door.

Here come a couple of visitors, strangers to the place, as you may see at a glance. Their clothes are not of Cape Town build, and their air of calm indifference, which veils the shrewd glance of intelligent observation, marks them as recently from England, and still possessed by that spirit of lofty superciliousness with which it is the birthright privilege of an Englishman to look down on the rest of mankind. They survey the objects around, ourselves among the number, with the same unmoved placidity, and pass on their easy dignified way as if they were moving among a world of unreal phantoms and shadows.

In happy contrast are those noisy, busy coolies, making more fuss about depositing that crate of blue slop-basins, than a gang of navvies would in tunnelling beneath a range of hills a couple of miles through. What laughing, what gesticulating, what yelping of "Wacht! Wacht!! Wacht!!!" in shrill and rapid crescendo as they struggle beneath the weight, with their brown faces beaded with perspiration, which they wipe off with their loose hanging shirt sleeves. Here is another group which contrasts strongly with the nonchalant indifference of the strangers—that party of Cape lads eagerly studying "life" from a quarter of an acre or so of flash coloured engravings and sporting scenes suspended against the southern side of the Exchange: the only spot on which a few inches of shade can be obtained.

There are limits, however, to the interest created by watching the gradual sale of articles which, however generally wanted, are in quantities which place them beyond the reach of the mere amateur dabbler in commercial transactions. Blankets are necessary articles of domestic comfort, boots and shoes are indispensable, but a private individual does not want to buy them by the bale or the trunk full. A case of six dozen bottles of brandied cherries is beyond the scope of the most liberal housekeeping, and the most devoted consumer of *lekkers* would pause before the stores of confectionary of every shape and hue revealed by knocking the lid off

yonder huge package, which you had thought must have contained a pianoforte, or a chest of drawers at the very least.

It is fascinating, the idea of purchasing your necessary items of housekeeping at such rates as are being given for these lots, but it is visionary, delusive. I have a theory connected with this subject, which is the result of much observation, and some exercise of the inductive principle of philosophy. I see men haunting these Saturday sales—men with pale anxious faces, subdued expression, retiring manner, contracted figure, threadbare clothes,—men, I should say, decidedly poor—who are always to be seen in the little crowd about the auctioneer, but who never buy. I fancy I can trace such a man to his home. I can see him blessed with a partner of his cares and joys, and with a family of smiling innocents requiring to be fed and clothed. He himself is plainly a broken, dispirited man—his wife's female friends probably speak of him among themselves as a poor creature. But his helpmate, though so many pledges of affection surround their board, is still unsubdued, and still fronts the world with a dauntless aspect. In her sphere of action she is full of enterprise and energy. Her domestic difficulties she regards as her natural foes, with whom she has to wage ceaseless war. By bold and open hostility, by far-seeing combinations, by adroit surprises, she repulses, out-manœuvres, all but defeats the common enemy. Her only regret is that the circumstance of her sex restricts her field of exertion within such narrow limits. But with the surplus spirit which swells within her own plump bosom she strives to inspire that broken man her husband. She comes to him with marvellous stories of bargains picked up at sales on the Parade. She has just heard tales of cheap lots which have fired the enterprising ardour of her nature, and she pants for similar trophies to add to her just renown as a good manager. She is convinced that if the broken man her husband would but go to the Parade sales on Saturday mornings he might pick up things for half,—nay, for a quarter of what they now cost them.

If he would but look about him, and be in the way when these things were being disposed of, he might contrive to buy his groceries for much less than they have to pay. Figs for them; and the children's things at a price incalculably below what Mrs. Crinoline charges. And in confirmation of her sanguine assurances, she produces the day's paper,—that which has just been dropped at her door, free of charge,—and points to announcements of sales to take place that very

day; sales of household necessaries, of haberdashery, of boots and shoes, of everything of which she knows so well they stand in pressing need. And the broken man her husband, kindly disposed to do what is desired of him, and not uninfluenced by that mysterious power by which the earnest faith of one communicates itself to others, goes forth, with that pale anxious face of his, and uncertain steps, and retiring manner, to the place where the sales are held.

There are the goods, precisely as he had seen them advertised in the newspaper, and he confesses to himself with a sigh that they are indeed precisely the articles which are most required in his home; but how is it possible for him to avail himself of those advantages, which he has had set before him with so much force and eloquence? Here is the auctioneer, a man to whom it is very plain that such cares and vexations as oppress himself are things unknown, a man accustomed by daily use to do things on a magnificent scale himself, and not disposed to tolerate petty views in others. Here is a crowd of purchasers, all just as keen after good bargains as he is, and with the additional advantage of being ready to take goods in any quantities. It is a hopeless business for him to attempt to take advantage of the splendid opportunities open to him. A trunk full of boots and shoes is going marvellously cheap, considering the number of pairs which it contains, and a wild thrill of excitement rushes through him, and almost urges him to make one desperate bid. But no! he reflects, and reflects wisely, that it will be years before those little feet which toddled after him to the door when he left his home are grown to the size required to fit these boots and shoes; and even then they might not be of the right gender. He has made such mistakes before in endeavouring to take some share in making purchases for the family. And so he refrains from making his bid, and the lot is knocked down to some more adventurous speculator, and he retires, not half satisfied with himself that he did not venture, and filled with regrets that he had not acted with more boldness and promptitude. And his excellent better-half is a little—just a very little—vexed with him at his want of success, and he continues to attend the sales with no better results, and his wife's female acquaintances shake their heads, and express their pity for her, and reiterate their conviction that he is a poor creature; and the chances are that among them all the poor man will be goaded some day into an act of reckless and ruinous extravagance,—will come home, say, with twelve

dozen silver-gilt dressing cases, which he has bought merely because they were going so cheap.

Round the corner, behind that hideous tin structure, with which the Railway Company has adorned our city, you will see a different class of venders, purchasers, and articles for sale. Here are horses and carriages, and various "horsy" people, gentle and simple, collected around them. Under the pines are a few cows, with udders uncomfortably and unnaturally distended, with a view to improving their appearance at the sale.

What advantages there are in living in a small society, which are unknown to dwellers in the great world! One's mind can hardly fail to be opened to a greater degree by an intimate acquaintance with the affair's of one's neighbours. One lives in the centre of a series of little domestic histories. Look at that old carriage, for instance. If one saw it alone, apart from its associations, it would be merely an old carriage, antique in fashion, seedy in appearance. To us, who know its whole career intimately, it becomes the subject of a little drama of private life. That carriage was imported by a great Indian civilian in the days when those nabobs dwelt familiarly among us. It bears his armorial ensigns on its panels now. It was in that carriage that the lady of the said civilian used to display her lovely person and splendid dresses at all public places of resort. You recollect all about it now,—that sad story, you know. Well, when he sold everything off, and went away in such a hurry, the carriage was bought by an officer attached to one of the regiments quartered here, and he disposed of it to the head of a most respectable colonial family at a slightly advanced price. It was used by this family for years; until it came into its present condition, indeed. And now, being voted by the younger members too shabby for further use, it has come down to the Parade to be sold for what it will fetch, and by the day after to-morrow will probably be found on the cab-stand close by.

Horses, again. How well everybody who cares about the subject knows the life and adventures of all the horses in the neighbourhood! If you have not a personal acquaintance with any of them yourself, you have only to ask one of these men standing about, and you may have the whole story.

"That little horse? Yes, he's a nice little horse, and well-bred too; he's by Cockahoop out of a Lismahago mare. Tom Smith brought him down from the Bokkeveld, and sold

him to Brown of the 110th. Brown threw him down, and marked his off-knee: you can't see it as you stand here, but it is marked. When the 110th was ordered away, Brown sold him to Robinson, in Black and White's house. Robinson could never ride, and the little horse bolted with him, and sent him over his head once or twice, and so he's come here to be sold."

It is so with everything else which is not readily destructible or consumable. Everybody knows everything about it; and everybody knows that the most coveted possession may find its way into his hands, in time, in the course of sales, and in the fluctuations of Cape society, if he only has patience to wait for it. I have been told of a piece of property now in the colony—a dessert service—a very handsome one, with rich colours and heavily gilded. Well, a most esteemed member of our society has had his eye on this service for fourteen years, during which time it has passed through eight sales which he has punctually attended, but it has not yet come down to his price. He knows what he can afford to give, and he does not mean to go beyond that price, and at each of these sales it has gone for a higher sum. It was only just beyond his price at the last one—in fact he ran a good second for it; but he has the best hopes of securing next year, when the owner, having realized a good fortune, is going home to spend it.

But, of all the groups collected round the sales, the most characteristic, perhaps the most amusing, are those of the natives of the Emerald Isle, under or close adjoining the pine trees on the south of the Parade. No costly bales of merchandize, no close-fisted capitalists, no care-worn visages here. All is fun, and laughter, and familiar jokes, and grotesque salutations, as if the auction were the pleasantest place of meeting in the world. They are a sort of reclaimed Bedouins, after all, these happy-go-lucky Irish. It is not a matter of any moment to them whether they may possess, for the time being, more or less of the articles of furniture commonly received as necessary in civilized dwellings. They part with their external appendages as easily and naturally as a snake casts his slough, and, like the snake, seem actually better and brighter from the operation. One glance at the sales in this part gives you a little episode of Irish life in South Africa.

Here is a couple whose happy and jaunty appearance, and whose totally undisguised attentions to each other proclaim to all the world, so far as it chooses to take notice of them, that they are engaged to be married. They

have carefully examined the whole array of articles exposed for sale, with many quaint remarks of their own, and assisted by many quaint remarks from the by-standers. And now they pause before a bedstead,—a regular four-poster of the legitimate type,—displayed temptingly with curtains fluttering in the breeze, really almost ready to get into. The bedstead seems to have a history. Everybody knows it. Its late owner, it appears, was Tim Murphy. Tim Murphy, fallen into difficulties, has brought it down bodily to the Parade to be sold; and Pat Cassidy meditates purchasing it for his nuptial couch. The bedstead is at last put up, and knocked down to the bridegroom elect, amid a roar of jokes and laughter from the surrounding circle of his acquaintance. It is so with everything they buy. A volley of jokes, a chorus of laughter do honour to the events. But these owners of property who are thus parting with it, were in the condition of Pat Cassidy but a few weeks since—happy and purchasing swains, and expectant bridegrooms. And Pat Cassidy himself will, in a few weeks, be in the same plight, and will be disposing of the bedstead which has just been made his own with so much *éclat*. There will, perhaps, be a little debate whether it should be the bedstead or the chest of drawers which should go first; but one of the two will surely be on the same spot not any very long time hence. And when it appears, there will surely be a couple eager to become the purchasers; and when they buy it the transaction will be hailed with the same cheers, and when, in their turn, they sell it, and the original couple, having improved in circumstances, buy it back again, it will be with similar ceremonials, similar demonstrations of delight. These articles of furniture seldom abide with any of them very long. As of Iago's purse, it may be said of such a bedstead,

"'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands."

It may serve to mark the comparative circumstances of this or that couple, it may serve as an index to the condition of the labour market, but it can seldom be regarded as a possession, still less as an inheritance. It leads a fluctuating, nomadic sort of existence, wandering from house to house, from room to room, according to the varying fortunes of the owners, making its appearance on the Parade at brief intervals, regularly put up for sale, and regularly knocked down, and always changing owners with the same light-hearted chorus of cheers and laughter.

"Cœlum non animum mutant."

LITERARY REVIEW.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of the literature of this century is the philosophical treatment of historical subjects. Historians are no longer content with the mere arrangement of a barren catalogue of dates and facts; but, taking advantage of the opportunities so universally afforded for collating the theories of early writers with the dissertations of those later authors who have been enabled to take a more extensive view of particular periods, they place before us a representation of the political and social condition of our own and other countries, incomparably more graphic and trustworthy than was achieved by the chroniclers of by-gone times.

Mr. Pearson's work on the "Early and Middle Ages of England" gives us the last results of inquiry into a subject which has been more written about than rightly comprehended. It is a volume which we earnestly recommend to our readers, and more especially to those who are young men, to study. The topics which are embraced in Mr. Pearson's treatise have been, it is true, treated at great length by other authors whose writings are familiar to scholars; but here, where we feel, more perhaps than anywhere, the absence of a good historical library, of learned men, and of learned leisure, a very large number of students and general readers will hail the appearance of a book which, to be understood and to be profited by, does not presuppose an extensive acquaintance with the subject, nor involve reference to obscure writers or ancient records. Mr. Pearson contrasts with great clearness and impartiality the numerous theories which have been held regarding the races of Britain, and the history of the early British Church. On this subject he brings to bear the most modern researches of antiquarians and philologists, and it is curious to notice, when tracing back to their origin, local customs, and traditions, from what scattered sources reliable statistics can be obtained. Even Norse legends and Danish myths become "proofs strong as Holy Writ" of circumstances which at one time it was thought could only be regarded as fabulous even by enthusiasts. In his attempt to give a popular account of the influences exerted by the Anglo-Saxon Church, and subsequently by the introduction of the Norman element, Mr. Pearson has been anticipated by Dr. Lingard and M. Thierry respectively, though he joins battle with the latter author on some of his favourite theories.

The most interesting portions of the work are the last chapters on the characteristics of mediæval literature, and the distinguishing features of Anglo-Norman society. Some of Mr. Pearson's ideas are certainly fanciful, and we notice occasionally a flippancy of expression which though it may perhaps be attributed to carelessness of style, is to say the least, unpleasant in a work of professedly grave pretensions. On the other hand, he is often very happy in his observations. He draws, for instance, a very good distinction between the practice of modern

devotion and the character of the Church in the twelfth century. The former he describes as lyrical,—that is, as aiming at expressing the inward communion of the soul with God, the experiences and thoughts of individual life; the latter as essentially dramatic. Again, he exhibits by a series of well-conceived illustrations the great principle that in proportion as society is simple, the individual will be many-sided; and after applying this to the mechanical arts he passes to the domain of thought. We quote his own words:

"All knowledge in the middle ages was encyclopædic. It started from a few principles, it embraced co[illegible]tively few facts, and a single lifetime was sufficient to comprehend . Scholars in special sciences have replaced the universal monarchs of learning. The belief that all knowledge is connected by certain first principles is still possible. But no man now can believe in his own power to codify all thought and harmonize the contradictions of facts. We are richer by solid experience, and only poorer by a dream, but it was a dream that gave beauty and dignity to the life of Roger Bacon."

After speculating about the "habits of society," good and bad, during the twelve centuries which form the debatable era of our history, it is interesting to walk hand in hand for a while with those teachers of the present day who would have us apply philosophy to the endurance of those evils which are the result of our high-pressure civilization. Reference has been already made in these pages to the works of the most charming moralist of the present day—Mr. Helps; and we have now to notice a work of an essayist who is treading—by no means unworthily—in the path marked out by the author of "Friends in Council." The second series of "Recreations of a Country Parson" is before us. The first series, being simply dull, need not be noticed, but the present volume is well written. The intention of the writer is evidently honest and good, and his week-day sermons will be sure to arrest the attention of every thoughtful man. He is a Scotch clergyman, possessed of shrewdness, originality, a well-informed and well-balanced mind, and throughout the volume is breathed an unaffected geniality which at once places the reader at his ease. After a little confidential prelude he enters upon the subject of Life, its successes and disappointments, the worries, reverses, and chances which beset us all. There is a vein of seriousness, befitting the author's walk in life, throughout the book. Without dogmatism, he never forgets that whatever his recreations, his studies are those of a divine, and though occasionally given to desultory reflections, and to following his train of thought quite away from the subject, he ever recurs to the moral purpose of his book, which is to make us more contented with everyday life, and to invest it with that dignity which is inseparable from the actor, in whatever scenes he may be placed, honestly fighting against the evil influences which beset him.

Dr. Wynter, whose "Curiosities of Civilization" deservedly met with so much favour, has been encouraged to reprint the contents of two small volumes, published some years ago anonymously, with many

additional pieces, under the title of "Our Social Bees." The author's remarkable power of writing cleverly and wisely about common things is very conspicuous. Whatever he sees, and he must professionally and as a thoroughbred Londoner, see a good deal, he forthwith makes it his business to understand; and having done this, in the most chatty and interesting manner, he gracefully takes the reader into his confidence, and imparts to him in a flowery way information of the most valuable and important character. Like the fairy with the magic wand he gilds everything which he touches. If Dr. Timbs possessed Dr. Wynter's talent, or the latter could enjoy the former's leisure, *everything would* become generally known. We could have wished to see the article on the Crystal Palace and an Ode to Tobacco, which were amongst the earliest of Dr. Wynter's effusions (when his *nom de plume* was his own name spelt with letters reversed) republished with the present series. They were second to none, save those articles entitled "Brain Difficulties" and "On Human Hair." These both contain much that can only be the result of careful study and vast observation. Indeed, throughout the volume there are touches which prove the existence of treasures of memory with which very few are gifted. Is London Smoke the theme? In that black and heavy cloud which hangs over London, in density and unwholesome ugliness equal to the canopy over the City of Destruction, the author has authority for telling us that we behold "the great ærial coal field which contains actually no less than 200,000 tons of fuel that escapes from us up our chimneys." Do we turn for relief to the inviting chapter on "Britannia's Smelling Bottle?" We have an amusing and instructive treatise upon the Perfumery Trade as carried on in the South of France, which we are told amounts to £240,000 annually. Under pretence of answering the question, "Who is Mr. Reuter?" we are made acquainted with the whole history of the International Telegraph; and the Universal Private Telegraph which has been invented by Professor Wheatstone is fully described to us under the happy phrase of the "Nervous System of the Metropolis."

Let us accompany Dr. Wynter in imagination to Wenham Lake. How vivid his account of the far-famed ice-field?

The scene at Wenham Lake after a hard frost is highly interesting. At first sight, the stranger is puzzled to make out the meaning of the process he sees going on upon the level surface of the dark ice. If it were land he would not wonder; but what can the horses be ploughing for? That he will presently see is part of the process of *reaping* the ice harvest. This season generally commences when the ice is about a foot thick, provided always no snow has fallen and melted on it. Operations are begun by ruling a line as it were across the slippery surface of a circumscribed space of about three or four acres; this line is made by a small and exceedingly sharp hand-plough, which cuts along the solid mass, throwing up as it progresses a glittering dust. This line, which is two or three inches in depth, serves as a guide to a machine drawn by horses, called the marker, which traversing beside it, cuts two

parallel lines, about twenty-one inches apart. Similar lines are drawn, until the whole surface is thus marked. The grooves are now deepened to six inches by the action of a horse-plough. A similar process is carried on at right angles; so that when the whole is finished, the entire area is divided into squares of twenty-one inches each way. The next step is to detach these blocks from each other, and lift them out of the water. To accomplish this, the saw is brought into play, and a line of squares having been cut through, the remainder are easily detached and floated out by means of the ice spade, a wedge-like implement, which no sooner enters the groove than the block splits off with the utmost ease,—that is, provided the weather is frosty during the operation; otherwise th task is not quite so easy, the ice being much more tough when tha The floating squares have now to be secured and housed; for this purpose, a low platform is placed near the edge of the ice, having an inclined plane of iron, which dips down into the water. Up this plane the great blocks are jerked by the ice-man, who wields his ice-hook with great dexterity. When a load is secured, it is transferred to a sledge, and drawn to the ice stores, which line one side of the lake. The process of lifting is performed by a horse, and is exceedingly ingenious. Each block is pushed from the sledge on to a platform of exactly the same height, in the centre of which is a square opening, fitted with a hoisting frame; on to this the block is slid, the horse immediately pulls, the platform ascends, and when it reaches an opening in the ice-house, it is made to tilt up and discharges its slippery burden into its interior.

These ice-houses are themselves worthy of attention; they are, in fact, gigantic refrigerators. Generally, they are built of pine wood, with double walls, placed about two feet apart, the space being filled up with sawdust, a very perfect non-conducting medium. In these houses the loss by thawing is very inconsiderable compared to the mass in store—the greatest waste, as we shall see presently, occurring on the voyage of such as is exported.

To secure this perishing crop, numbers of men are employed in fine frosty weather. As many as a hundred men, and between thirty and forty horses, are often to be seen busily engaged upon the lake, and the scene is full of bustle and life. If, however, a fall of snow should come on, all further operations are put an end to, and the proprietors look with an anxious eye to the weather-glass; if it is high, and no thaw succeeds, there is not much harm done. When the snow-storm ceases, the surface of the ice is swept clean, and the process of cutting again proceeds. If, on the contrary, the snow should thaw, *snow*-ice would be formed with the next frost; and this being quite worthless, must be removed before the sound portion can be gathered in. This process is performed by a plane drawn by horses, which, guided by a grooved line, smoothly cuts off to the depth of three inches all the rotten surface, and exposes the black-looking solid ice beneath. If by this skimming process it is rendered too thin to store, a night or two's frost will add below the required thickness.

When the ice is wanted either for home consumption or shipment, it is placed in air-tight trucks, which carry it at once along the line to Boston, and even to the ship's side. When taken on board, it is carefully packed in sawdust, and excluded as much as possible from the external *salt air*. But, notwithstanding every precaution that it is possible to take, waste of from a third to a half of its substance often occurs. A ship which left Boston, for instance, fifty-one days since, with five hundred and two tons of ice, arrived in London with only three hundred and twenty-six tons—thus there was a loss of one hundred and seventy-

six tons in that time. This loss was owing to two causes. Firstly, the great difficulty of procuring a good drainage in a ship, in consequence of which the sawdust becomes saturated and is converted into a conductor of heat; and, secondly, the extraordinary solvent powers of the sea atmosphere, impregnated as it is with salt, which housekeepers know thaws ice instantly."

Without attempting any melodramatic effect, Dr. Wynter is very pathetic in his chapter on "Shop Windows;" his suggestions regarding women and their work; and in closing his account of the hospital where St. George keeps eternal watch against the insidious attacks of the grim dragon, Disease. That his fun can be as genuine and as unforced will be proved by the following extract, with which we must close our notice of the book, and which will tempt our readers, we hope, to procure and read it.

"*A capital* article might be written on 'Things one can't make out. How many enigmas stare one in the face every day in the ordinary routine matters of life? Among other things that I can't make out, is her Majesty's dreadful extravagance in the matter of wax candles. Not a chandler's can one pass in London without seeing piles of spermacetis ticketed "Palace candles;" their wicks just singed to give them a second-handish look. One naturally asks, what can be the meaning of this? Is Prince Albert practising Herr Dobler's trick of blowing out a couple of hundred lights at a time with a percussion cap; or has the Master of the Household the perquisite of the grease-pot? The number of ships her Majesty has at sea, doubtless, justifies a pretty liberal illumination at the palace; but how comes it that so many of them find their way to Mr. Sperm's, and others in the chandlery line?

"Another thing that I can't make out is, where all the club cards come from? Order as many hundred dozen as you like, and the supply never appears to get lower. It is insinuated that they are the rejected packs of club gamblers, never having been used but once for fear of fraud; but all the hells in London, if they were to try for it, could not supply as many as you could obtain in the next street. The card-makers, I suspect, must have a workshop for their manufacture in some concealed den, where the artizans, dressed as gentlemen of fashion, play furiously away for enormous imaginary stakes, until they sit up to their knees in rejected packs, which are then taken away, after having undergone the due ordeal previous to sale. I have heard people of imaginative turns of minds, sometimes when they have been gently gliding out the deals, with one of these packs, paint a picture of the estate that has been lost, perhaps, by its very pips, and of the ruined man rushing from the hell with frenzy to Waterloo-bridge, and a great deal more of the like fancy work, that the maker would have smiled to have heard.

"Bank pens, again, are called upon to explain themselves. Where do they come from in such quantities? Are we to believe, as the stationers would have us, that they are the discarded quills of Threadneedle or Lombard-street? It certainly gives us a vast idea of the profuseness of bank stationery. Merciful clerks, no doubt, like not to exhaust the willing pen, by "carrying forward" such heavy sums from page to page, and so have many relays for the work. Be that as it may, bank pens always seem to have been oppressed with too much calculating, for they manage to split right up in the head by themselves, after the slightest exertion. Inspecting a bundle of them that now lies before me, I find that they are all dipped into the ink exactly the same depth, so that the

clerk who last used them must, in some momentary frenzy, have gone to work with the whole quarter of a hundred.

"These three things are a puzzle to me, as great as the Chinese nest of balls. I have turned them over and over in my mind without even hitting upon their *rationale*, and so I shall go on perplexed, I fear, to my grave."

Mr. Adolphus Trollope, who in 1859 wrote "The Decade of Italian Women," being biographies of those whose names are immortal, has, in 1861, written a novel called "La Beata," about a Florentine flower-girl, which is simply one of the most trashy and puerile books we have seen. The purpose of the story is obscure; the plot involved; the caricatures are grossly exaggerated, and the morality is of a very low standard. It is strange that a writer who has done great things should have been led away by his prejudices to misrepresent so much that is good and beautiful in the daily lives of Italians belonging to the humbler classes.

There are blots on other names also. Mr. Owen Meredith has seriously compromised his reputation by giving to the world a great deal of bad verse mixed up with clumsy plagiarisms and transparent adaptations, under the title of "Servski Pesme," which is supposed to mean "a translation of the national songs of Servia," but which will henceforth represent the symbol of Mr. Meredith's ignorance and audacity.

Mrs. Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island" is a book which proves that the authoress exhausted the talent which she unquestionably possessed when she introduced Uncle Tom to the world. As a novelist, this lady is becoming merely fatuous. It is one of the most common and unaccountable forms of human vanity which prompts people who have made themselves famous to endeavour, year after year, first to compromise, and finally to destroy their reputation. The Archbishop will *not* believe that his sermons are getting dull. In the case of Mrs. Stowe, however, the congregation is unanimous in the expression of disapprobation. The new book is vulgar, as only a New England Puritan story *can* be vulgar.

As some of our readers have probably perused the letters of the subject of that extraordinary trial which recently convulsed Irish society (in the absence of any more powerful stimulus to excitement, such as a Cardinal or an Opera singer), we think it advisable to warn them against a novel which Mrs. Yelverton has been induced to write, or, at any rate, to publish with her name attached, but which though professing to give some autobiographic sketches of her own life as one of the "martyrs to circumstance," is really destitute of all interest, and written in a style which must fail to fascinate any human being.

After all, the only novels which we can recommend are those publishing in the magazines. "Philip" is more than usually exciting in the last number of the *Cornhill*. "Tom Brown at Oxford" leaves the scene with more credit than has attached to him for some months past. But we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that revelations regarding his

mature life may be spared us. At school he was a fine manly English boy. At Oxford we have a strong impression that he must have been a "prig." The late chapters of "Ravenshoe" stamp Mr. Henry Kingsley as the most rising novelist of the day, and the "Seven Sons of Mammon" by our old friend Mr. Sala, will ensure the success of his ably-conducted periodical, "Temple Bar."

DEATH OF MRS. BROWNING.

Again we have to record the setting of a bright star in the realm of English literature. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the noblest and most highly gifted of English women, died at Florence on the 28th of June. Called away at an age which may be considered yet early, in the full vigour and maturity of her great powers, she has nevertheless left behind her a name which will be remembered with gratitude and affection for many ages. The variety and high character of her contributions to our poetic literature have long since determined her right to a foremost place among the poets of our own time; and, although the large hope and bright promise of the future have been thus suddenly cut off, the volumes which she has already given to the world leave no doubt that to her will belong much of the honour of representing to posterity that which is most characteristic in the English thought and excellent in the English poetry of the nineteenth century. With her, poetry was no mere pastime or amusement; it was the earnest business of her life. The sense of a poetic vocation, a calling of God to "deliver forth the music of her nature," was ever strongly upon her. And with rare and wondrous effect did she accomplish her high calling; bringing to her work the most careful training of her fine intellect, the most delicate perception of outward and spiritual beauty, the strength of a man in harmonious blending with the tenderness of a woman; while, surrounding the whole, we may read the bright record of that love to God and man which, alike in the realm of poetry and the sphere of daily life, is the fulfilling of the law. For many years past Mrs. Browning has resided abroad. It is well known how heartily her own sympathies, and those of her noble husband (the author of "Paracelsus") were enlisted in the cause of Italian freedom. Her later writings especially abound with passionate lamentations over the misery which oppression has wrought in that fair land, and with triumphant assurances of its final deliverance and regeneration. She has lived just long enough to witness the dawn of the day of its redemption. Her last resting-place is in the land she loved so well, among the quiet graves of the English at Florence. Her memory will be long and gratefully cherished in many a heart which has learned from her pages not merely to rejoice in the attractions of a sensuous beauty, but also to repose in the full serenity of faith, and to worship at the sacred shrine of truth.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR JULY, 1861.

(Deduced from five observations daily.)

Hours of observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.
Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1861.	Barometer corrected at 32° Faht.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Hum. of Air, Sat. = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Hourly Velocity.	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
July	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	miles.		inch.	
1	30·055	62·46	56·08	70·4	56·0	50·80	68·2	29·679	7·8	NW		5·4
2	30·196	58·75	54·85	64·2	54·2	51·40	77·2	29·815	7·2	W		4·5
3	30·000	61·24	54·50	67·7	52·5	48·74	64·8	29·653	7·1	SbW		7·4
4	29·970	59·24	55·04	65·4	55·4	51·42	77·2	29·587	6·8	NW		7·0
5	30·039	57·48	55·06	62·9	51·6	52·90	85·0	29·638	4·6	NW		5·4
6	30·107	58·58	55·84	62·8	55 1	53·40	83·0	29·698	10·3	WNW	0·430	7·6
7	30·369	56·68	50·98	60·7	52·1	45·70	66·8	30·061	12·6	S		0·4
8	30·278	54·08	48·40	64·0	45·5	42·96	66·8	30·000	4·0	S		0·0
9	30·166	57·02	50·20	66·7	51·2	44·06	63·6	29·876	6·3	SbW	0·095	2·7
10	30·415	52·06	47·54	56·2	47·7	43·02	72·0	30·137	13·9	SSE		4·0
11	30·502	52·40	48·54	59·1	43·3	44·86	76·4	30·204	10·3	S		0·7
12	30·483	53 56	50·46	59·9	48·0	47·44	80·0	30·154	5·0	SWbS		0·3
13	30·412	54·60	51·16	60·4	49·0	47·86	78·2	30·078	6·2	SWbS	0·036	2·2
14	30·303	53·08	48·52	59·0	42·2	44·12	72·4	30·012	12·5	S		0·2
15	30·227	53·38	47·16	63·5	41·2	41·22	64·6	29·966	7·3	S		0·2
16	30·302	57·18	53·02	61·6	52·4	49·20	74·8	29·950	16·1	S		0·3
17	30·282	57·62	51·02	65·0	46·5	45·18	65·2	29·979	7·4	SSW		0·1
18	30·133	59·60	51·90	70·6	50·2	45·22	59·8	29·830	5·4	NW		0·5
19	30·018	61·36	51·12	71·2	54·3	42·34	50·4	29·747	4·8	NWbW		3·4
20	30·062	58·24	56·28	64·0	54·4	54·54	88·0	29·636	6·9	NW		8·6
21	30·161	56·70	55·74	64·0	54·6	54·86	93·4	29·730	5·4	NbW	0·678	9·8
22	30 054	56·10	54·14	60·3	51·6	52·34	87·4	29·661	6·0	NWbW		8·0
23	29·942	56·34	54·60	59·6	53·3	52·98	88·8	29·540	10·6	NNW		9·7
24	30·089	54·34	53·24	56·9	51·0	52·16	92·4	29·698	8·0	WbN	2·178	9·4
25	30·266	54·12	50·12	58·8	50·0	46·24	74·8	29·952	7·6	WbN		6·7
26	30·273	54·98	53·44	57·3	52·2	51·98	89·8	29·884	5·8	NbW		9·9
27	30·235	53·98	50·36	60·0	44·3	46·88	77·0	29·913	6·8	S		2·0
28	29·928	54·90	51·36	62·5	45·0	48·10	79·2	29·589	8·3	S		0·9
29	29·893	56·18	53·38	60·8	53·8	50·82	83·2	29·520	9·8	NW	0·573	9·4
30	30·034	56·88	55·18	59·1	55·0	53·62	89·2	29·622	13·0	NWbN	0·307	7·6
31	30·109	54·84	53·52	61·3	46·8	52·24	91·0	29·713	4·5	WNW		5·2
Means	30·171	56·39	52·35	62·4	50·3	48·66	76·8	29·823	8·0		Sum in 4·297	4·5

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A. M. 5h.	A. M. 9h.	P. M. 1h.	P. M. 5h.	P. M. 9h.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. at 32° Faht.	30·160	30·203	30·162	30·152	30·178	30·530	29·828
Press. of Dry Air	29·834	29·853	29·805	29·794	29·831	30·265	29·436
Thermometer—Dry	52·22	56·23	61·55	57·43	54·44	69·7	43·0
Wet	49·53	52·38	55·04	53·27	51·47	59·4	41·0
Humidity of the Air, per cent.	82·7	77·7	66·0	76·2	81·2	97·	42·
Dew Point	46·8	48·8	49·5	49·6	48·6	56·9	36·6

G. W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

A. GILES, Cape Town

THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE CAPE TOWN VOLUNTEERS

Colonel Eustace, C.R.R.

Colonel Duprat, C.V.A.

Captain Poritt, C.A.V.C.

Colonel Tucker, V.S. & M.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ELSDALE.

CHAPTER XVI.

"But *must* you go this afternoon, Mr. Johnstone?"

The speaker was Mrs. Thornton; the scene was the stoep before the drawing-room windows at Elsdale; the time was the close of Friday afternoon. And Maurice Johnstone, holding his watch in an abstracted manner between his fingers, had been looking first at that, and then at the sky, and saying more than once that it was nearly time for him to set off on his return to Cameron's Hoek.

"But must you really go this afternoon?"

"I always do go back on Friday afternoon," was the hesitating and irresolute reply.

"But I suppose it is not a fixed and unalterable law that you should do so, without an occasional exception," said Mrs. Thornton, laughing.

"No; certainly, I am not under any positive obligation to anybody to return on Friday afternoon. But I ought not to be absent from the parish longer than two or three days in the week. And it is the time I always determined in my own mind that I would go back. And Harvey will be expecting me. And, in short, I think I must go."

"I don't think that Job and 'the missus' would sit up for you very long," persisted Mrs. Thornton. "They would very soon make up their minds that you were not coming home to-night. I think you need be under no anxiety as to their night's repose being disturbed."

Johnstone laughed the little meaningless laugh of one whose thoughts are too much preoccupied to admit of any exhibition of real mirth. Any moderately observant person might have seen that there was a contest going on in the Curate's mind. He had the very strongest inclination to stay another day at Elsdale, but such remnants of resolution and strength of purpose as were left to him did battle bravely against the temptation. Resolution had had the best of it

all the morning. It had held its ground without a sign of wavering or flinching. He was positively going back in the afternoon. That was a settled point; and he had not the slightest intention or idea of swerving from it. But being so resolute as he was it was allowable for him to admit to himself that it was highly disagreeable to have to leave his pleasant quarters, and return to all that was so irksome and painful to him at "the Hook;" and he might also, without blame, delay his departure until the last minute. And now the last minute had almost come. The day had been passed much as usual with them. In the morning, when the household matters had been rapidly arranged, she had been occupied with her work while he had read to her. And in the afternoon they had rambled over the hills together, she riding a quiet pony while he walked by her side; and they had explored a part of the Mersey Heights, which was new ground to them, and had fixed upon a spot from which to take a sketch of the Knoll, and the dark river flowing in a semi-circle round its green slopes, and the far-off Drift, with a glittering white speck of a wagon, and long span of oxen, half wading, half swimming through the ford. After they returned, he had lingered in the garden with her, clutching at the flying moments, and so painfully intent on enjoying them to the utmost that he failed in the very object of his pursuit. He had better, far better, have left when first they came home, he said to himself, again and again. It would have been less of an effort then. Now, he felt that every moment the saying "Good-bye" was becoming more difficult, more hateful. If he had but gone earlier!

An awkward little silence was broke by Mrs. Thornton. "I know you will not think," she said, "that I would endeavour to influence you, in any way, to do what you might regret afterwards. I can quite understand your wishing to return home as usual, and indeed I would not attempt to dissuade you from what was right. But, really, I cannot see what insurmountable reason there is for your setting off on a very threatening evening, when it would make no difference whatever if you were to return to-morrow. You have made no appointments for to-morrow, have you?"

"Oh no, I have no particular engagement for to-morrow. And, as you say, there is really no reason why I should absolutely return this evening."

"I felt sure there was not. You know you have made me so well acquainted with all your parish matters that I feel almost competent to remind you of your engagements. I think," she added with a bright smile, "I think I could

almost say, at any hour of the day, how you would be occupied at Cameron's Hock."

Johnstone felt a thrill and a glow, which he had to hide by stooping down to gather some sprays of mignionette whose fragrance hung upon the still air. Did she really feel so much interest in him as to have ever thought of how he might be occupied when he was absent! For one moment he allowed himself to be carried away unresisting by the torrent of feeling; the next instant he had rallied his resolution, and was battling against the temptation like a brave and good man sore beset with overwhelming odds.

"It is very kind of you," he said, "to urge me to remain, but I think I ought to go. And you, who know so much about my parish, will find excuses for me, when you remember how old Saartje will scold me next time I see her, if I neglect her to-morrow."

He spoke in a tone of gaiety which he was far from feeling, but Mrs. Thornton made no response. He glanced at her as she stood silent, with her head bent down, arranging the mignionette flowers. It was not often that he allowed himself to look at her as he did now. He shrunk like a coward, from meeting her eye, and always dreaded lest she should find him gazing at her. He felt there was no danger now. He looked long at her, and he thought she had never seemed so lovely. Her face was bent down, and half hidden by her black riding-hat with its little tuft of white heron's feathers He could not see her eyes; only the long dark lashes lying upon the cheek which glowed with a heightened colour; the delicate outline of nose and chin; the lips, not now parted with their usual bright smile, but compressed with some feeling which was not pleasure or satisfaction. There was again an awkward silence. She did not seem disposed to speak; and what was there for him to say? He must be the veriest puppy if he were to assume that she was displeased with his resolution to leave that evening. And yet some such feeling her conduct did seem to evince, and he felt that at such a moment any mere common-place remark would be almost an impertinence. So they continued silent: she smoothing the flowers, he gazing at her.

At length she looked up at him, still with a heightened colour, and with eyes to which a certain moisture lent an additional radiance.

"I am afraid I am very childish," she said, "but I have been so much spoilt, all my life, that I cannot help feeling very much disappointed when I have to give up any pleasure I have been looking forward to. But it is

very wrong, and selfish of me to wish you to remain when you feel you ought to go."

What could an impulsive, susceptible man like Maurice Johnstone do? Resolution, which had with varying fortune maintained a stout fight up to the present time, and had made so brave a rally only a few minutes before, now gave way utterly before the fresh reserves which had arrived on the side of Inclination. With scarcely an effort at resistance to be overcome, the forces so suddenly and unexpectedly recruited bore down all opposition. Resolution was routed utterly. Horse, foot, and artillery were in full flight, and Inclination was master of the field. Johnstone did not do as he felt strongly disposed to do,—tell her that her lightest wish should be law to him—that his greatest delight was to give her pleasure; but he said, in a voice which was made tremulous and low by suppressed emotion, that it would be a base return to make for all her kindness—her friendship—to allow her to suffer disappointment when it was in his power to gratify any inclination she had formed; and as to his resolution to leave, it had been little better, in point of fact, than a piece of self-willed obstinacy, which he was ashamed of. There was no necessity for his going, and he would not go.

There was no time for further words. Henry Thornton was coming up the path from the stables towards them. Their eyes met for one moment, but it was a moment which neither of them ever after forgot.

Mrs. Thornton went forward to meet her husband, and taking his arm, told him that she had induced Mr. Johnstone to stay till the next day.

"That's right, old fellow," was the hearty response. "There is no use in going moping yourself to death at Cameron's Hoek. I don't see why you should not take up your quarters here altogether, and just ride over for the Sundays. I believe you would be doing just as much good as you do now."

This was one of those little double-edged speeches which cut both ways; and Johnstone winced a little as he felt that there was more truth than his friend thought in his remark, and that it was a question whether he was really doing anything for the good of the people who were committed to his charge. Henry Thornton had no secondary intention of that sort. He was far too blunt and frank to harbour doubts or suspicions of others; least of all would it have occurred to him to think there was anything unusual in the circumstance of his old schoolfellow making Elsdale his home

in a strange country. He was himself well pleased to have such a companion to save him from going to sleep after dinner, and only desired to see him there as frequently as possible.

Kate, on the contrary, did not hail the news of Johnstone's change of plan with the same entire satisfaction. She merely said, when Mrs. Thornton told her of it as she was hurrying up stairs to dress for dinner, that she hoped, as Mr. Johnstone was so much afraid of a wetting, that he would have a fine day to-morrow. The two sisters did not seem to be quite of one mind upon this subject, any more than upon many others. Kate Thornton liked Mr. Johnstone well enough; he was very clever and agreeable; but she did think that he came rather too frequently to Elsdale, and that, when he did come, he and Annie were a little too much engrossed with each other's conversation and society.

Whether this feeling, or some other which she kept to herself weighed upon her, nobody could say; but the fact was that, of late, she had not been the merry Kate of other days. It seemed almost as if Mrs. Thornton's increased cheerfulness had been robbed from herself, so completely had their respective appearances and demeanour been changed within the past three months. Her brother used to laugh, and say that her heart had gone away with the *Maid of Mersey*, and sing in his rough hearty way—

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew.
My love!
No more of me you knew.

But poor Kate did not seem to have much spirit for banter. She became silent and moody; and, to the loudly-expressed dissatisfaction of the children, refused to romp with them; but would saunter about, by herself, for hours in the most retired parts of the garden. On the evening of the day over which Johnstone extended his visit, she was more than usually silent and low-spirited. She could not be prevailed upon to sing or play, and retired early, complaining of a headache, which excuse her poor pale face and heavy eyes seemed fully to confirm. And the next morning she set off alone on horseback, as she frequently did, and wandered over the hill at the back of the house, intending to go by that road to Eastbourne, to pay a visit to her sister, Mrs. Beveridge.

And was Maurice Johnstone really repaid for his breach of resolution by the few additional hours which he gained at

Elsdale? He would have found it no easy task to answer that question himself. It would have been difficult for for him to say what he had gained by it. He had secured a few more hours within the charmed circle; he had put off, for so long a time, the struggle and wrench of parting. But he could not say that the reprieve so gained really brought him any happiness. He was conscious of an uneasy feeling of restraint, a sense of something that had marred the free intercourse with his friends, which had been so full of enjoyment to him. He could not but feel that there was a change —that things were not, never could be again, as they had been before. He was oppressed with a sense of embarrassment, which made that evening unlike anything he had known at Elsdale.

At first he was silent and *distrait*. He wanted to think; to go down into his own heart, and analyse the new and almost painful sensations which possessed him. But, by degrees, he began to perceive that Mrs. Thornton was even more absent and preoccupied than himself. And observing this, he roused himself to shake off his own dulness, in order that her silence might be the less remarked. Thornton was beginning to think his three companions unusually quiet, and might have been led to make further observations, had not Johnstone's exertions caused a diversion. He threw himself, head-first as it were, into the conversation, and talked and laughed for the entertainment of his host; without any sense of enjoyment himself, with the one object only of averting attention from Mrs. Thornton. He scarcely ventured to look at her during the evening; but when he did glance towards her, he saw that she was looking grave and thoughtful, and intensely occupied, apparently, with some mysteries of needlework. She left the room before they had separated for the night, and did not again return; and Johnstone, who lingered to the last, retired to rest wearied with his spasmodic efforts at cheerfulness, but tossed by conflicting emotions which totally banished sleep. Now, he bitterly reproached himself for having been betrayed into any sign of the state of his feelings. Now, he cursed his folly and weakness in having delayed his departure. Had he but left when he ought to have gone, and when he had resolved that he would go, all this would have been spared him. And, above all, there was the craving, hungering, longing to see her again; the intense eager anxiety to know whether he had offended her; to know what feeling it was that had kept her so silent and preoccupied during the evening.

Sleep was impossible. He was in a fever of agitation,

which would not allow him to rest. After a while, he rose from his tossed and uneasy bed, and, hastily dressing himself, opened the door of his room, and went out on to the terrace-walk of the garden.

What a contrast between the still, deep calm of the night, and his own feverish agitation and throbbing pulses! The crescent moon, sinking into the west, hung bright and sharp above the hills beyond the Mersey, the entire disc clearly though faintly defined against the dark purple vault. The little peep of the lake seen between the wooded headlands of the valley was a sheet of shimmering silver. The stilness and silence had something solemn, almost awful in it. No living thing seemed astir. There was not even the cry of a night bird to be heard. Only, now and again, there came a passing breath in the air, as if Nature were sighing softly in her sleep; and then he felt for a minute a cool air upon his burning cheek and brow, and heard a faint far-off shiver though the trees, and

> A sound as of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune.

The silence, the freshness, the dewy fragrance of the garden soothed and restored him. He walked quietly to and fro on the short turf that bordered the walk; not so much to escape being heard and noticed, as out of a sense of unwillingness to break, even by his footfall, the holy peace that reigned around. He gazed up into the deep sky hung with the brilliant stars of the Southern Hemisphere. He looked out over the dark still hills and woods. His glance fell upon shrubs and flowers and turf spangled with dew-drops; and with the familiar objects there rushed back into his memory the thought of her who was so closely associated with that scene. There, on that very path, they had walked by the hour together. There were the creepers that he had trained for her, the roses which he had taught her to bud—the white worsted with which her own fingers had bound them was glistening in the moonlight. There, at his feet, was the very tuft of mignionette to which he had stooped to hide the tell-tale glow which forced itself over his face, as he heard her confess how she thought of him when he was absent. His heart throbbed at the recollection of that moment. How lovely she had looked! Never had he felt so towards any woman before—never had any woman's voice so thrilled through him. And as he dwelt upon the recollection of her he glanced upwards at the long many-gabled

house, and his eye rested on a well-known window that lighted the room within which she was at that moment sleeping. But suddenly, with a great pang, there shot through his mind the recollection of that day, but a few short months before, when he had first come to Elsdale; and his frank, confiding, warm-hearted friend had stood almost on that very spot, and, making him acquainted with the place, had pointed out the window of "*our* bedroom." And for the first time the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and he saw beneath him the fearful precipice upon whose brink he stood!

The suddenness and violence of the shock almost stunned him. When he recovered himself a little he sat down on the steps, and with as much calmness as he could command, looked fully and fairly at his position. He had but barely avoided—if indeed he had avoided—bringing shame and misery upon those from whom he had received nothing but the most constant, unvarying kindness. He had repaid their warm friendship with the blackest ingratitude. He had betrayed the trust which his friend had reposed in him. He had proved himself unworthy of the confidence of the gentle, unsuspecting creature whom he had taught to look to him for support and counsel. He, the priest, the preacher of righteousness, the minister in holy things—he saw himself on the very verge of the vilest treachery, the most desolating sin! Nay, had he not even crossed the verge? Tried by that stricter law which reaches even to the thoughts and intents of the heart, was he really free from guilt in this matter? It was true, or he hoped it was true, that, as yet, the evil consequences of his weakness and folly had not spread to others. But was he himself the less guilty on that account? Johnstone was at heart too honest a man to be led away by specious and self-deluding sophisms. He was too candid a man to spare himself. There, alone, in the waning moonlight, subdued and chastened by the solemn stilness around, he held commune with himself, and tore the veil from his own inner self. And none who can comprehend his trial will deem it a reproach to his manhood that his frame was convulsed with bitter sobs, and the tears fell fast upon the stones, as he sat with his head clasped between his hands in that hour of his first great agony.

The moon had sunk behind the hill, and the fresh breeze that heralds the morning was rustling through the leaves, as Maurice Johnstone crept to his room, and prayed long and earnestly to be delivered from temptation.

But the battle was not won merely because he had discovered the strength of the enemy and his own weakness. The way was

not retraced simply because he had found out that he was in the wrong road. At breakfast the next morning, Thornton, who was full of projects connected with his new mill, begged him to go with him and give him his advice on the subject; and with that strange weakness and inconsistency which seems inherent in our nature, though he knew that whatever took him away from the irresistible fascination should be welcome to him, yet he was annoyed and angry at being borne out of reach of the eddies of the fatal vortex. Loss of sleep, mental agitation, the fierce struggle of contending emotions made him gloomy and irritable. He was impatient with his friend, dissatisfied with himself, harsh and morose even towards Mrs. Thornton. When he bade her good-bye, it was with a cold, offended manner that distressed, almost frightened her. He knew he had been uncourteous and unkind, and he hated himself for it; but he would not undo it. Right or wrong, he would not go back again into that dangerous presence. He would begin now, however late, to act with firmness. And so he wrung Thornton's hand, and got to horse, almost pleased that the rain, which had been threatening for the last two days, had at last set in.

The young horse had need to exert both speed and power to-day to suit his master's mood. He bounds wildly under the angry and causeless thrust of the unaccustomed spur, goaded to mingled wrath and terror. His glossy coat becomes dark with rain and sweat, the throbbing veins stand out like cords, and a broad streak of white foam gathers on either side his neck under the chafing of the bridle reins. Still his rider presses on, as if he would fain gallop away from the black care that clung behind him. The road is slippery with wet, and the rain-laden branches hang low across it. But still Johnstone presses madly on, finding a relief from bitter feelings in the violence of motion, in the contest with physical difficulties and dangers; plunging through the brushwood, spurring over prostrate trunks of trees, dashing from side to side of the narrow pathway, wherever a patch of grass gives promise of a surer foothold for his horse. Soon he emerges from the woodlands on to the open grassy down, and is stretching madly across it like the demon of the gathering storm. Down in the dell before him lies Buffel's River; he can hear its roar already, and as he nears it, he sees its turbid current already far above its ordinary mark. He feels a grim sense of pleasure at the prospect of the coming struggle with the swollen torrent. For one moment, as he checks his horse's speed in the steep descent to the river and looks on the brown whirling flood—for one

moment, a wild thought flashes through his mind that it were well if it all ended here, if the hoarse river cut short his brief span of life so sadly marred of late. Would *she* grieve for him, when his poor distended body, mangled out of all recognition, was found one day at low water on the shore below, and brought home for Christian burial? He had no time for thoughts such as these now; he was near the river's brink; and spurring his horse across the intervening space of ground, he sent him at the water as if he would have cleared it in his stride. Nothing but the weight and force with which they stemmed the water saved them. Three lifts with hand and heel, three wild plunges; and the horse stands quivering and panting on the further side, and the hoarse river growls behind them baulked of its prey.

A few miles more, with flagging pace, man and horse tired with their own mad efforts, and they reach the slope of the high downs; and before them spreads a grey hazy expanse where the sea is heaving behind the curtain of mist; and far below the sound of the breakers is heard, and close by, nestled behind the sheltering wood, is the Cottage of Woodside.

On the morning of the same day that Maurice Johnstone had ridden back in such an evil frame of mind to Cameron's Hoek, anybody who had been there to see might have observed preparations of an unusual character in front of Reginald Warren's house at the Knoll. In the first place, Tom Bowline appeared, towing after him, by the neck-reim, his master's old horse *Blesbok*—a gaunt and hideous animal, of morose aspect and ill-defined colour—who followed his conductor with unwilling step, and head raised high as if in dumb protest.

Between these two important members of Warren's establishment there was endless feud and bitterness. Tom Bowline was hyper-nautical, *Blesbok* was super-equine; and the two never could come to any mutual understanding, or find a common ground upon which they could meet in comfort and harmony. To all Tom's aquatic objurgations *Blesbok* was accustomed to turn the deafest ear, with an expression of countenance that said, as plainly as possible, that unless he was addressed as he was accustomed to be, and as he had a right to be, in proper horse language, nothing would induce him even to make an effort to understand what was required of him. Tom regarded him with undisguised contempt and aversion, and coupled his name with abusive and contumelious epithets while he was safe on *terra firma;* but the tables were turned when occasion required him to get into the saddle. He seemed to be

possessed with a belief that the horse was endowed with human faculties; and certainly the peculiarly knowing glance which he turned back at his attendant while he was shortening Warren's stirrups to his own length would seem to give some countenance to this idea. And while he was busy about the horse, he would abuse him, after his usual fashion, but in a lower tone, as if unwilling that he should hear it,—it being his object for the time to keep him in good humour. And when at last he had mounted, much in the same way as he might have climbed into the rigging, he was evidently anxious that he and his steed should be on the best possible terms with each other; and, in order that he might compass his own selfish ends, he would address him with a hollow mockery of flattery and endearment, by which, however, that wily quadruped was by no means taken in. *Blesbok* always took advantage of these occasions to settle all outstanding accounts between them, and he was not the horse to be cozened out of his legitimate revenge by a few honeyed phrases from that arch-hypocrite who was only anxious to maintain his seat.

So, first, he would stand stock still, as if he had not the faintest idea that he was required to move on; and when reminded of his duty, by a touch of the heel or switch, he would jump forward with a clumsy curvet, as if he had been only just aroused to consciousness, and was eager to make up for lost time. Then he would affect to be the victim of a series of panic tremors. He would start at a leaf or a straw as if it were some noxious reptile; and pass the familiar wagon snorting with pretended alarm, his neck and body curved in a segment of a circle. When he reached the little stream that wound round the foot of the Knoll, he would be so terrified at the sight of the water that he could only turn short round, and gallop home again as fast as possible; stopping so short at the sliprails of the Kraal that Tom would be very nearly sent over the bows. And when at last he allowed himself to be prevailed upon to set off, it was at a long hard trot, which he reserved expressly for these occasions, with his forelegs shot straight out in front of him, and coming to the ground with a concussion grievous to his rider. And this line of conduct on the part of *Blesbok* had the effect of exasperating Tom Bowline more and more against him, and a bitter and vindictive feeling had grown up between them, which displayed itself in many acts of reciprocal annoyance.

On the present occasion, it was plain that Tom was not about to ride; for he pulled and jerked at the reins, and

abused the old horse in a manner which made it evident to any one acquainted with their habits that Tom had no present desire to propitiate his good humour. Having hauled him up to the front of the house, he first administered a kick in the ribs, in return for which the old horse tried to squeeze him against the wall, and then proceeded to put on the bridle and saddle, drawing the girths as tight as teeth and hands could strain them. *Blesbok* bore all with the most provoking expression of stolid indifference. As soon as Tom had departed, he relaxed the distension of his ribs, by which he had defeated the malicious intention of the other of pinching him with the girths, and seemed about to take a nap. Now and then, he flapped his under lip up and down in an abstracted manner,—sucking his rusty bit as if it had an agreeable flavour, and turning it in his mouth, from time to time, to try if it would taste better in some other position.

Presently Warren himself came out of the house, dressed with more attention to appearance than was usual with him on mere week days, and began buckling a leather side-bag on to the saddle; *Blesbok* expressing his emphatic disapproval of the imposition of this additional burden by a more energetic flapping of his under lip, and a more spiteful laying back of his ears. The tightening up of his girths he acknowledged by a vicious snap with his long teeth in the direction of the skirt of Warren's jacket; and when his master swung his thirteen stone of bone and muscle into the saddle, and gave the old horse a hint to move on, he acted upon it with the strongest manifestations of sullen discontent; lowering his head and arching his back as if he had all the will to "buck," if time had not stiffened his muscles.

Reginald Warren was one of those men whom it is a pleasure to look at. His large powerful frame was well matched by a ruddy brown face, expressive of candour, sincerity, and simple good nature. A more guileless, gentle, tender-hearted fellow did not exist; and he carried his character in his countenance. Not a man, you would say, to make his way in the world; too easy-tempered and unselfish to push through the crowd; but one whom you might trust with the most entire reliance. Indifferent about what concerned himself, he would exert to the utmost every faculty to serve his friend. And there was need, which he little thought of, for the exercise of this quality, in behalf of the man whom he was most anxious to regard in that light. He was going to pay a long-promised visit to Maurice Johnstone at Cameron's Hoek.

It was not a bright or cheerful morning, but the sunshine of his own contented spirit gilded everything with some of its own brightness. The familiar road to Eastbourne seemed to abound with objects of interest. He crossed the treacherous drift, with its narrow bank of gravel, and the deep holes on either hand, scooped by the eddies of river and tide meeting in daily contest; he wound round the wide bend which the Mersey makes before it expands into the lake, with the brown water on one hand and the steep red cliffs on the other; he dipped beneath the shade of mimosa thickets in the sober green of their winter livery; and ever as he rode at the quiet pace which *Blesbok* loved best, he found something to admire, something to draw forth quotations from poets English, Latin, and Greek: which, from long habit of being much alone, he usually uttered aloud, and which were none the less relished because they were familiar and oft-repeated. For Warren was not one who allowed the dust of neglect to accumulate upon his little stock of books. He kept up his acquaintance with standard works, especially poetry; and anybody curious as to his habits would not have to remain long in doubt that he enjoyed his pipe together with his favourite authors.

On the Elsford bridge he paused awhile, and gazed long and wistfully up the valley. Very lovely it looked, nestled amid its green wooded hills; but it was not the beauty of the spot that arrested Warren's attention. He was watching for a moving figure, a light dress, on the terrace or in the garden of the house with many gables, enthroned amid the surrounding loveliness. He would not have been loitering there if he had known that Kate Thornton was, at that very time, riding alone on the hills that separate Elsdale from the village.

There are few prettier places in the colony than Eastbourne, even apart from its advantages of scenery. The long wide village road—street it could not be called—was broad enough for an army to have traversed it. A narrow track in the centre was sufficient for the traffic of Eastbourne, and all besides that was an expanse of the shortest greenest turf. On either side the road were luxuriant gardens with trim hedges of quince and monthly roses; and vigorous young oaks gave promise of sylvan beauty increasing year by year. The houses were mostly of the colonial type, long and low, whitewashed and thatched, with a centre gable over the entrance door. Even the stores and smiths' and wheelwrights' shops retired modestly from the road, and buried themselves in gardens: and there was scarce a man in

the village who was not something of an horticulturist, inclining to vegetables or flowers according to the bent of his character and tastes.

Of course, Warren must turn in for a few minutes' chat with Mrs. Tokers; and having heard from her all the gossip of the village, he next bent his steps to the desirable business premises of Mr. Hadley, of whom he had occasion to make inquiries about seed oats. Here he left *Blesbok* standing beside a row of young gum-trees enclosed in old casks, that bordered the double-front of Mr. Hadley's store and residence; and that morose animal expressed as plainly as possible, by his sulky attitude and flapping under lip, his disgust at there being no shade for his comfort.

Mr. Hadley's store had altered, with the rising fortunes of the place, into something very different from what it was when he first made acquaintance with it; but, in spite of its improved appearance, the scent of moleskin, dried fish, and boer tobacco still clung to it in all its pristine pungency. A young man, dressed in the very latest Cape Town style, was behind the counter, transacting business with a boer with much condescending familiarity.

"Is Mr. Hadley in?" asked Warren, in his quiet tone.

"Don't know," answered the young man, to whom Warren was a stranger. "Was here just now."

"Will he be in again soon, do you suppose?"

"Can't say. If you want to see him, you had better ask for him at the house door, round the corner."

The young man indicated, with his thumb over his shoulder, the direction in which Warren should go, and, without bestowing further notice upon him, applied himself to his business with the boer.

Warren was a very placid, even-tempered man. Without any further notice of the want of civility than a great bloodhound might have bestowed upon a yelping cur, he quietly left the store, and, proceeding along the stoep in the direction pointed out to him, he arrived at the front door, at which he knocked gently with the handle of his hunting-whip.

If he had been looking towards the window just beyond the door he might have seen the muslin curtains slyly pushed aside, just enough to allow of a pair of bright eyes peeping round it to see who was at the door. But Warren was standing with his back towards the house, gazing across the lake and out between the Mersey Heads.

Presently, from within the room from which the bright eyes had peeped out, he heard a polka struck up upon the piano. The piano was not in good tune, the polka was not

pretty or well played, but it was an unusual sound to Warren, and he paused for a few minutes to listen to it before he knocked again. Then it began to occur to him that a jigging polka was not quite in harmony with the quiet morning and the broad landscape, and he knocked a little louder, in hopes of silencing the performer. Nobody heard or heeded, and the polka was continued with unabated liveliness.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tum-tum: tinkle, tinkle, tum-tum: tinkle-tinkle, tinkle-tinkle, tum-tum-tum!" muttered Warren to himself. "I wish I could put a stop to that music."

Again he applied his whip to the door, but with no better success than before. His knock was drowned in the jingle and clatter of a grand finale, amidst which it was vain to attempt to make himself heard. At last it came to an end; and Warren, rendered desperate by previous failures, made the house resound with his blows against the panel of the door. A light step approached from within, the hook by which the door was kept open was unfastened, and the tall and blooming Miss Hadley made her appearance.

Warren, always polite to women, raised his hat and bowed courteously. He was about to ask for Mr. Hadley, when the young lady went off with the lead, as Bob Ormerod would have said.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Warren? Walk in. I hope you have not been standing long at the door. I was just practising, and the girl never hears anybody knock. Take a chair."

Warren was by this time fairly in the room from which the sounds of music had proceeded; the piano was open, and the piece of music lying upon it.

"I am afraid," he said, in the gentle tone which was natural to him when speaking to women, "I am afraid I am disturbing you. It is very early for a call."

"Oh dear, no! not for the Mersey. But they do not call so early at the Bay—not before twelve o'clock. Very warm it is this morning. I think we shall have rain, eh?"

Warren assented in an absent sort of way, for he was pondering what it behoved him to do under these remarkable and unexpected circumstances. He had come to Mr. Hadley's on a matter of business. He had never been within his doors before, and there was that kind of dignified reserve about him which some called pride, which would probably have shrunk from any actual acquaintance with Mr. Hadley's family. And now he found himself, by a series of unlooked-for occurrences, actually committed to the fact of having paid a visit to his daughter. He was too good-natured a

man to find it in his heart to mortify her by telling her what was the real object of his visit, and yet his sense of dignity and the unswerving truthfulness of his nature revolted from the idea of allowing her to continue under the impression that his call was intended for her. He looked round him in some perplexity. The room was airy and well-proportioned, with a beautiful view across the lake, but it had an unused look about it as if it were not the ordinary living-room of the family. There was a round mahogany table covered with knicknacks. There was a mahogany sofa and chairs covered with black horse-hair. There was a carpet of springbok skins under the table in the middle of the room, a lion's skin before the sofa, a leopard's skin in the doorway. The walls were decorated with a pair of oil-paintings—portraits; one of Mr. Hadley in black coat and black satin stock, looking very stiff and uncomfortable, and as if he had been quite recently subjected to a severe course of soap and water and rough towels. The companion portrait of Mrs. Hadley represented that deceased lady in yellow satin dress, and lace cap with a profusion of artificial flowers. The most conspicuous feature in the painting was a large and apparently costly brooch by which the dress was fastened at the neck, which was represented with striking fidelity. Warren noticed these things as he glanced round, uncertain how he should make known the real object of his visit. He felt exceedingly uncomfortable and embarrassed, for he was a shy, reserved fellow, totally wanting in that kind of audacity which was necessary under the circumstances. The young lady, on the contrary, was totally free from awkwardness or *mauvaise honte*.

"Are you fond of music, Mr. Warren? I thought you were, for I saw you listening to Miss Thornton as she was singing at the picnic at the Heads. How beautifully she sings, eh? I learned singing, too, at Algo' Bay."

"Oh," said Warren, feeling that something was required of him, and too much discomposed by the mention of Kate's name to be able to decide upon any definite line of action; "have you been to Algoa Bay?"

"Oh, yes! Didn't you know? I was at school there for sixteen months. That's where I learnt the piano. I learnt to make wax flowers, too. I made all these. Does Miss Thornton make wax flowers, Mr. Warren?"

Warren had an awkward trick of blushing at the mention of that name; and feeling conscious of his infirmity, he feigned a sudden interest in the wax flowers, in order thereby to create a diversion.

"And so you made all these," he said, coming forward to examine the group which occupied the centre of the table, executed with great boldness and originality of conception, both as regards form and colouring. "Do you employ yourself much in that way?"

"Oh, no; not now. How could I, you know? I have not got any of the proper instruments. Those that we used at school belonged to the mistress, Miss Cramner; and she used to show us how to use them. But, of course, after we had done one group we had learned how to do them, and had no occasion to do any more."

"Oh," said Warren again, rather mystified as to the practical end and object of the young lady's education.

"No," continued Miss Hadley. "It's the same as with music. You learn two pieces, or three, or four, just according to the time you stay at school; and then, of course, you have done learning music."

"And was that all you learned at Algoa Bay?" asked Warren, becoming rather interested in his investigations.

"Oh, no. I learned to crochet, too. I crochet'd all those anti-macassars." And certainly Miss Hadley had not neglected this accomplishment. There were specimens of her skill and industry on every chair, on the sofa, on the piano, even on the table. Warren mused, in his kindly way, as he looked at her; and thought that if this poor girl had only been taught to exercise her fingers in any useful employment she would have made some man a very good and industrious wife; whereas now——

That lively young lady broke in upon his meditations. "I had my photograph taken at the Bay, too. Did you ever have your photograph taken, Mr. Warren? How nice it is to see oneself, eh?"

She rose and took a small portrait-case from the table, and walked towards the window.

"You can see it best in the light," she said, opening it, and holding it for him to come and look at. Warren, with a good-natured desire to give pleasure, walked to the window to inspect it. Certainly, some ingenuity was required to discover the precise point at which anything resembling a human face and figure could be discerned, and they had to stand very close together in order to see it at the same time.

"Some people say it is like me and some say it isn't," said Miss Hadley; summing up, in this comprehensive synopsis, the whole body of critical opinion at the Mersey.

They were so intent on ascertaining the precise position in which the portrait could be seen to the best advantage,

that they did not notice a horse's footsteps slowly approaching on the road. The sudden sound of the horse starting off into a canter caused Warren to raise his head. He caught but one glimpse of the passing figure, but his heart throbbed and his cheek glowed as he saw that the figure was that of Kate Thornton.

DINING AND TESTIMONIALIZING.

It is, no doubt, pleasant to reflect upon one's own good qualities; pleasant to have them appreciated by a circle of admiring friends; pleasant to hear them publicly proclaimed, and doubly pleasant to touch their appropriate reward in the shape of a substantial testimonial. For to say truth, gentle reader and loving friend, that quaint old proverb which *must* have first passed current in the days of chivalry, the proverb, I mean, that tells us "Virtue is its own reward," is practically ignored in this age of iron and gold. The Quixotism of our forefathers (albeit their goodness or their folly in this respect has been much exaggerated) finds but little favour in the sight of their nineteenth century children. Formerly it was thought sufficient to do great or good deeds and leave posterity to judge of them, but in this, as in everything else, we have outstripped the past—the past that looks so quietly down from the vantage ground of ages upon the feverish turmoil of our busy life—the past that we find embalmed in history, or hidden away in the quiet nooks of antique cities, or lingering among us in some wild tradition, or living yet, clothed in the solemn grandeur of our ancient laws. This past, towards which, looking back, we yearn, we have yet left far behind, and in nothing more than in the impatience for fame, for notoriety, for the recognition of merits that we may or may not possess. And, indeed, the age fosters—it may be exaggerates—this tendency; in country or in town—in the great agricultural county and in the, in some respects, still greater commercial city—wherever, in fact, men and women assemble to carry on the ordinary business of life, you will find the newspaper giving publicity to every occurrence of the slightest interest, and blazoning forth to the world the name of every actor therein.

We may all of us be said to live in public, for, thanks to the police, to neighbours, to intelligent children, dogs of preternatural sagacity, the electric telegraph, and the daily and weekly journals, our every movement can be ascertained with little or no difficulty. We have not, it is true, carried this state

of things to the pitch of perfection at which it has arrived in the United States and in some continental nations—notably France. As yet we preserve the custom—doubtless an absurd one, but a custom to which we cling with not the less pertinacity—of dining in private as the rule, and in public only as the exception. The first-come first-serve principle of the American boarding-houses has, happily, not yet taken root, much less has it budded and bloomed either in England or in South Africa, and up to the year of grace 1859, we retain at least this one vestige of "the manners and customs of the English." How long we may still be fortunate enough to retain it is more than any ordinary mortal can foresee, as we are wonderfully apt at providing excuses for a frequent indulgence in that public institution—a public dinner. The departed wit who said that if the world should be destroyed one day Englishmen would meet somewhere among the ruins the next, to celebrate the event by dining together, put the case in rather a strong light it is true; but the sparkling fun really flows in a substantial channel of fact. For, indeed, do we not dine in public on a hundred vague and shadowy pretences? We dine that the blind may be taught to read; we dine that the dumb may find comfort even in their mute and melancholy life; we dine to provide orphan children with good instruction and honest companionship; we dine to relieve the sick; we dine to clothe the aged; we dine to thank the Earl of Debate for having saved the Empire from we know not what, or whom; we dine to express our joy on the accession of young Mr. Bombazine to the old established firm of Bombazine, Ledger, Cash, Book, & Co.; we dine to celebrate the retirement of old Mr. Ledger into private life; we dine that we may present a testimonial to Alderman Snubandgrub for his public labours and his private virtues, and we dine to protect the British victualler (licensed) in the exercise of his calling; we dine, uproariously, by way of announcing that Sir Charles Culverin Culverin, Bart., has attained his majority, and a year or two later we dine, equally uproariously, out of pure joy because the worthy baronet has also attained his wife; we dine by way of patting our naval commanders on the back when they go to sea, and we dine to welcome our military heroes—men who have ridden through the valley of death—to their native land again; we dine that schoolmasters may be encouraged to teach the young idea how, &c.; and we dine to provide the funds for the maintenance and relief of aged and necessitous clergymen, their widows and orphans; in short, for the

list is long, and the reader is out of breath, it would seem that we dine for the purpose of promoting everybody's happiness and convenience but our own; either, therefore, we are great hypocrites or notable philanthropists—which shall it be? Are we to wear the cloak of deception or the garment of the good Samaritan? The conscience which makes cowards of us all settles the matter. It allows for a certain proportion of benevolence, but charges by far the larger part of the account to the innate love of that feeling of good fellowship which an occasional—mind, I say an occasional—public dinner is very apt to increase.

And, sooth to say, a public dinner in England is a really enlivening spectacle—if only as an illustration of the pursuit of enjoyment under difficulties. Does the true gourmand, the epicure, the *bon vivant*, whose palate is more delicate than his stomach, ever attend one of these convivial gatherings, except upon compulsion? Does your professed diner-out ever go there of his own free will? I doubt it. Did any one ever find every course well served? It is at least an open question. It may be done at the Lord Mayor's annual banquet, and I have reason to believe that the feat *is* accomplished at those smaller and more select gatherings in the city of London, at which the Worshipful Company of Candlestick-makers and other equally choice specimens of the republic of Old Fogeydom assemble for the purpose of enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." (Can reason and venison be considered convertible terms, and is soul ever held to be champagne, I wonder?) But, elsewhere, I believe it to be impossible. If the soup is good the fish is half spoiled, and if the meat is eatable the game is detestable; while, as for the pastry and the jellies, heaven preserve my friends from the deadly sin of eating either the pastry or the jellies served at the ordinary run of public dinners. I speak here principally of public dinners as I have experieneed them in the English provinces and in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. I scarcely know how they usually manage these things in London. I have some faint idea of the Lord Mayor's banquet, which is looked upon with awe and reverence by my plethoric cousin, the Common Councilman, who never fails to descant, when I am in his company, on the glories of real turtle. (By the way, I am disposed to think that that cousin is wanting in influence, for he never yet procured me a ticket for the grand annual ceremony to which I allude); and from the same source I have obtained some crude notions as to the delights certain to flow from the fact of being a member of the Worshipful Company of Candle-

stickmakers; but on this latter subject my plethoric cousin is singularly reticent and grandly mysterious. He leaves it to my imagination—and my imagination is vivid—to decide whether that august body occupy themselves after the cloth is removed by continually passing "the loving cup" round the table or whether they proceed to the discussion of the leading political events of the day. It may be that they rise, one after the other, with due solemnity and propose the health of every worshipful member, in succession; and it is also probable, though not equally probable, that they sit and contemplate each other gravely for an hour or two, and then toddle off home to enjoy the society of their female relatives. I am disposed to favour the former rather than the latter supposition, because I have observed that my cousin always complains of his head on the morning after one of these gatherings, and it is notorious that talking *does* affect the head.

I may state it, then, as an incontrovertible proposition, that public dinners are not necessarily nor even usually good dinners, and that the epicure would not voluntarily attend one of these heterogeneous assemblages for the dinner's sake. Why, then, are public dinners attended at all? From a variety of causes, I fancy, and principally from that love of publicity to which I have referred as a very marked tendency of the age. We go to public dinners chiefly because they *are* public. In nine cases out of ten we could get better dinners at home; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we do not enjoy the dinner as we enjoy the anticipation of it. We go for the speeches, for the company, for something wholly apart from the dinner itself, and which, if we could but think so, could be secured equally well without dinner as with it; but the mischief is that we cannot think so, and it consequently happens that we dine and grumble, and grumble and dine, to the end of the chapter.

Intimately connected with the public-dinner superstition is the testimonial mania,—a mania that is rapidly spreading, and the proportions of which are really growing so formidable that it is worthy of the consideration of the intelligent portion of the public whether it is not desirable to establish an Anti-Testimonial Presentation Society. It is during the winter season that the distribution of testimonials rages most violently; but the malady is chronic as well as epidemic, and attacks all ranks of society under all circumstances and at all seasons of the year. The violence of the disease is generally in proportion to the position of the persons attacked, and the lower we descend in the social scale the more virulent

are its manifestations. The noble lord who knows half the secrets of all the cabinets of Europe has his portrait painted by an admiring constituency, who delicately present said portrait to the fair partner of his fortune and his fate; but the landlord of the Spooney's Head, who has had the good fortune to conduct that old licensed house to the satisfaction of his customers for the space of five years and three quarters, is presented with a meerschaum pipe, silver mounted, and "elegantly chased," in a room redolent of very strong drink and reeking with the fumes of equally strong tobacco. Nor does the nuisance stop here. It now often happens that a man is presented with a testimonial by his friends, by way of whitewashing him for some offence against the laws of morality, society, or humanity, as the case may be. It would, perhaps, be excusable if the amiable custom prevailed of presenting to every man who conducted himself to the satisfaction of his friends and acquaintances some sort of token of their regard,—a kind of certificate of good conduct; though in that case society would certainly be turned into a gigantic Association for the Promotion of Egotism, if, indeed, the ordinary character of the gift did not deprive it of all kind of interest or significance; but, at present, the fact that a man has had a testimonial handed over to him is supposed to entitle that fortunate individual to a more than ordinary degree of regard, on the presumption that he possesses some special virtue; while, if the truth were made known, it would probably be found that about every fourth person we meet rejoices in some such symbol of distinction.

It was only the other day that Mr. Alderman Snubandgrub of Cowberry was entertained at a public dinner, and solemnly presented with a service of plate. The reason for getting up the testimonial was alleged to be "that his public services had endeared the alderman to the inhabitants of Cowberry; those services having been of inestimable benefit to humanity in general, and the people of Cowberry in particular." The precise nature of "those services" will be best gathered from the speech of Mr. John Jenkins Smithers, who took the chair on the auspicious occasion, and, after the dinner and a large quantity of wine had been consumed, made the presentation.

He rose, he said, with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure, to perform a duty which he was glad had devolved upon him, though, at the same time, he regretted that it had not been intrusted to abler hands. (N.B. Smithers originally proposed the testimonial; it was Smithers who collected the necessary funds; it was Smithers who chose the committee;

it was Smithers who elected himself chairman of the committee; and, finally, it was Smithers who settled that Smithers should present to Snubandgrub the testimonial that owed its existence mainly to the energy of Smithers.) He felt that the borough of Cowberry—he would say the ancient, the wealthy, the loyal, the patriotic, and the important borough of Cowberry (cheers)—was regarded with no ordinary feelings of interest by every true-hearted son of that little island on the dominions of whose Queen the sun never ceased to shine (cheers, of which Smithers availed himself to take breath). He felt that the eyes of Europe and of the world were upon the British empire, and that of all the component parts of the British empire those eyes were specially fixed upon the borough of Cowberry. Of all the individuals resident in the borough of Cowberry, he was confident that the most eminently virtuous, the most eminently enlightened, and the most eminently talented, was the illustrious (cheers)—yes, he would say the illustrious—gentleman who was that evening the honoured guest of his admiring fellow-townsmen (renewed cheers). He would tell the men of Cowberry, and through them he would also tell the people of England and the people of the whole civilized world that they would find one of the purest philanthropists, one of the most amiable of men, and one of the best of citizens, in the person of Alderman Snubandgrub (vociferous cheers). It did not become the position he held to indulge in unseemly flattery (hear, hear), or to exaggerate the good qualities of one whom they all felt it was no slight privilege to be able to honour; but he could not neglect that opportunity of telling them that if there was one man on the face of the earth more thoroughly honest, more thoroughly straightforward, and more thoroughly conscientious than other men, that man was Alderman Snubandgrub (immense applause). They knew as well as he did that, from his youth upwards, Alderman Snubandgrub had been a public man; they knew as well as he did that the enthusiasm with which the worthy alderman, at the early age of twenty-three, threw himself into the great contest concerning the town-clock was beyond all praise; and they knew as well as he knew that the credit of getting the hands of the clock gilt belonged mainly to their energetic and persevering friend. At a later period, when Mr. Snubandgrub had already become a member of the council, but before he was invested with the aldermanic dignity, he it was who, as they were well aware, with that deep sagacity for which he was still famed, resisted that dark, dangerous, and insidious innovation—the introduction of water-carts (cheers). It was urged on behalf of those

modern inventions that they laid the dust, but at the time the question was mooted it was to him peculiarly significant that those who proposed watering carts to lay the dust were the very persons who would a few years later raise a dust as to the question of their cost, thus endeavouring, if he might use the expression, to throw dust (a laugh) in the eyes of a public who were then, and still were, too intelligent to be easily misled (hear, hear, and loud cheers). He would not trouble them with the details of that important struggle, but this he would say, that Alderman Snubandgrub, and those who were induced by the force of his noble example to rally round him, were mainly instrumental in defeating a project which would have been absurd if it had not been dangerous (cheers). The conduct of the worthy alderman on that occasion had made the name of Snubandgrub famous throughout the length and breadth of the greatest empire in the world (loud cheers). He would not detain them longer (hear, hear) by descanting upon the merits of Alderman Snubandgrub. Their dear friend, if he would allow him (Smithers) to call him by that sacred name, not only possessed genius (hear, hear), but also possessed that instinctive modesty which was its invariable accompaniment (cheers). While he could not be insensible to the fact that he deserved well of the world, he yet never courted the world's applause, and with true delicacy disliked public praise. The few remarks to which he had ventured to give utterance had not been made with any intention of paining the too sensitive nature of their honoured guest; but he felt that he should not have done his duty unless he had expressed, in his imperfect way, the high sense that his fellow-townsmen—he might say, without fear of contradiction, his fellow-countrymen entertained of the private virtues and the public merits of the head of the house of Snubandgrub (cheers). It was now his pleasing task to present to the worthy alderman a trifling, a very trifling, mark of the esteem and honour in which he was held by all parties and all classes of society (hear, hear). He would beg of him to accept of that service of plate, not because of its intrinsic worth, but rather because it embodied and expressed the sentiment that the benefactors of their country would ever be remembered with undying gratitude by those to whom their best energies had been devoted.

Smithers, of course, sat down amid enthusiastic cheers, and "the head of the house of Snubandgrub," blowing his nose violently, was held to be overcome by emotion. He, however, by great good fortune, succeeded in mastering his feelings; and, rising to respond, gave the signal for what the *Cowberry Chronicle* called a "tempest of applause."

He was surprised, he was gratified, he was overcome by that spontaneous expression of good feeling towards an individual so humble and so unworthy as himself. He felt that he did not merit so flattering a testimonial (an unlucky "hear" was interposed at this critical juncture, but the offending monosyllable was at once swept away in a perfect tornado of coughs and hems), but as they had been kind enough to confer it upon him, he should be only too happy to accept it, to treasure it as a memorial of their goodness, and to look upon it as an evidence that public spirit was not yet extinct (loud cheers). He considered that the testimonial that had been so handsomely presented to him was a convincing proof that efforts to serve the public, however imperfect those efforts might be, were sure, sooner or later, to meet with their reward. Allusion had been made by their talented chairman to his (Snubandgrub's) public services. It was true that he had devoted himself from earliest manhood to a public life, and from the first he had adopted that course which seemed to him best adapted to serve the public interests; but his exertions had been shared and nobly shared by a number of his fellow-townsmen, who were at least as worthy of honour as himself (another unlucky "hear" was blown out of existence in a gale of deprecatory "no, noes"). He repeated it—his toils and his triumphs had been shared by a band of noble-minded and large-hearted individuals, who deserved the utmost credit for their exertions. The town-clock contest had been referred to—he trusted he might be pardoned if he dwelt for a moment on that subject (hear, hear, and cheers). When it was proposed that the hands of the clock should be painted he said at once that to adopt such a course would be a meanness unworthy of the important borough of Cowberry, which, as his friend the chairman had justly and eloquently remarked, was regarded with feelings of no ordinary interest by the people of England and of the whole of the civilized world. Yet when he proposed that "gilt" should be substituted for "paint," what a storm of opposition was immediately raised. Great heavens! if he had proposed to destroy the venerable fabric of the British constitution, if he had set afloat some dark scheme for deposing their beloved monarch, if he had openly advocated the practice of assassination, he could not have been met with more bitterness or violence. He was represented as a public enemy; he was held up to ridicule as an individual of litigious disposition; and some of his foes had been base enough to rend the veil that hid the sanctuary of home from the inquisitive gaze of

prying eyes (Snubandgrub was again overcome, and his nose again had to suffer in default of his eyes, which would *not* shed tears), and to spread a report to the effect that in early youth he had manifested a disposition to torture and annoy his younger sisters (savage cries of "shame"). It was unnecessary for him to waste breath in repelling so base an insinuation. He was happy to say it failed in its intended effect. He still battled on hopefully, manfully, and perseveringly in the cause of gilt *versus* paint, and he was happy to say that his efforts were at last crowned with success. When the introduction of water-carts was proposed he resisted that dangerous innovation. If the council had sanctioned anything of the kind who could tell where the waste of public money would have stopped (hear, hear). In other places the inhabitants had been taxed to provide baths and washhouses, and he defied any one to say but that the same misfortune might have befallen Cowberry if the thin end of the wedge—the water-cart—had been introduced. The party who proposed the introduction of water-carts ought to be held up to the reprobation of all intelligent men. He hoped that by this time they saw and repented of their error; but he confessed he doubted it. If that party were unfortunately in the ascendant he should see no hope for Cowberry, but, as it was, he doubted not that the inhabitants of that ancient and important borough would still go on and prosper (cheers). He would not trouble them with any further allusion to public matters, but would simply thank them for their very great kindness to so unworthy an individual. The handsome testimonial which he had just received he should ever preserve with the utmost care; as years rolled on he should look upon it with increasing interest; he should train his children to regard it in the light of an heirloom, and he doubted not that, to the remotest posterity, it would remain in the family of Snubandgrub, a memorial of the generosity of the men of Cowberry (enthusiastic applause).

And Snubandgrub, having received his testimonial, at a later hour proposed the health of the chairman, the worthy Smithers, and Smithers then proposed the vice-chairman, and that important personage proposed somebody else,—the end of the whole matter being that the diners-out did not go home till morning, and then very generally required soda-water, and got curtain lectures.

And so in a hundred other places besides Cowberry the Smitherses are presenting and the Snubandgrubs receiving testimonials. But would it not be well, ye gentlemen an aldermen, ye burgesses and dignitaries of our English towns,

ye Legislative Councillors and Municipal Commissioners of South African cities, if you interested yourselves less in questions of gilt *versus* paint, and more in matters of real and vital moment. In the "blind-alleys" and the squalid "back-slums" that are not very far distant from your homes, vice is festering, poverty is moaning, and crime is preparing the weapons with which it makes war upon society. It might be yours, if you did but know your influence and power to check the growth of that vice, to render a little less hopeless that poverty, to blunt the edges of some of those deadly and dangerous weapons. We may thank Heaven that in some places this truth is widely felt, and that the good work is vigorously taken in hand. It *may* be that no services of plate will reward "public services" such as these; but it *must* be, to quote the good old proverb I mentioned at the commencement of this chapter, that "Virtue is its own exceeding great reward."

J. S. L.

THE OLD MONK'S TALE.

PART SECOND.

When my senses returned I found myself lying in a subterranean cell to which there was access from the chapel. I would have passionately entreated the lay brethren who carried me thither; by a sign, however, they imposed silence. Left alone, I cast my eyes sadly round. Through a small orifice in the side the light that fell hardly revealed the damp stone walls and the scanty portion of straw which was allotted for a bed. Instinctively I felt for that which forms best comfort in trouble, my rosary,—but now I remembered how it had been broken. What was that, nevertheless, but the loss of a shadow; prayer need not depend on the aids to prayer. Is a crowded church or a lonely hill-side more fitted for religious thought? So I repeated fervently the *Exaudi Domine*, and prostrated my spirit before the cross.

Then remembrances came flooding into my mind of how many others had some time or other occupied this dark chamber; how much of despair or sullen rage, or of broken sighs and groans had echoed within these walls. What had been their faults? Had any languished out all their remaining days in misery? Then, also, what a trivial consideration was that of their faults in comparison with that of how they suffered their penalties. Did *they*, going through suffering, whether it seemed to them rightly or wrongly, simply for themselves, use it for a well out of which to obtain living water? Or did they persist in saying, "Why, what evil have I done?" and so shut God in heaven out from the

governance of His own world? Thus musing, I thankfully smote my breast, saying, *mea peccata, mea peccata,* thankful, I mean, that in punishment for other sins I should now be chastised for that of which I knew nothing by myself, yet thankful for this mercy.

Thus soothed, I fell asleep, and being still somewhat affected by my fall, a dream came upon me after this wise:

A large and handsome building raised itself before my eyes; many windows were in the lower, and many others in the lofty upper story, and below, through a spacious entrance, a multitude of people were pressing in, clad in brave and splendid costumes. But what riveted my attention was an enormous serpent, which, with vast coil, twined over the whole front of the edifice. It was winged or belted with colours of most brilliant hues—crimson, blue, purple, green, and gold,—and as its vast folds twined to and fro with continual vibratory motion, these tints shot out a flood of amazing splendour. Yet that gloriously bright creature none in that numerous crowd paid any semblance of attention to. Suddenly its spiral convolutions ceased, colour seemed to separate from colour, and to show distinct in many brilliant ribboned circles of the long moveless form; another moment it divided to a hundred fragments, and each individual belt of blue, or rose, or amber, became instinct with its own life, became a fair damsel, arrayed in the alluring robes which courtly fashion permits for festival or dancing gatherings.

Hardly had I time for surprise when the scene changed. I appeared to myself within this large building, and these various gay forms of female beauty were down there below me, conversing, walking to and fro, dancing, or laughing with sprightly cavaliers. Numerous dazzling lamps shed round a vivid blaze of light. The resplendent serpent seemed even more resplendent in its new bewitching divisions, while a buzz and a hum and shuffle and resounding patter of many feet told all the wild excitement of pleasure that pervaded their hearts. Carelessly my eyes were resting with a half-reluctant and ashamed gaze on a scene so strange to them, when suddenly they were arrested by one form standing apart,—tall, beautiful, masses of brown hair folded round her large forehead; more I know not, than that a bust and arms of alabaster were not wholly covered by a bright dress, for when I saw her her eyes were intently looking up where I stood. Our glances met, and mine was instantly riveted. What a thrilling gaze was that; so Circe gazed with all her divine power into Ulysses. Everything else faded away into unreality, those eyes alone filled up all my vision, as they streamed towards me with a glance of resistless fascination. Were mine equally wild in their attraction? I know not; so it was, as her large eyes, like a twin soul, entered into mine. She was some way borne upwards; no movement of the feet accompanied her, she glided up towards me, as it were, in a stream of light, ever holding me in that circled enchantment

of her gaze. Then nearer, nearer still she came, my heart the while throbbing with excitement; nearer still—close by—until her arms fell with a gleam round my neck, and her hands pressed my cheeks against her bosom. One brief interval succeeded of an intolerable anguish of exultation, which caused my brain to reel and my blood to rush back from the extremities of this poor body,—only a brief interval; then I wrung from her embrace, shut violently my eyes, and almost inhumanly and frantically dashed my hands against that too lovely countenance.

They passed through empty air; I looked, and instead of the allurement of a woman's beauty there hovered another form, sweeter, calmer, purer, like an angel of light. Yes, I knew it. Raphael's face, only more refined and happier than ever in its happiest moments I had known it. Joyfully I held out my arms, it seemed towards her, but she waved me back, not unkindly, while with eyes glistening rays of beatified gentleness, and voice clear and soft as the bell which rings for vespers, came the words, "Be at peace, brother, you have won the victory, and now your trouble is over." "Oh! Raphael, Raphael," I said, "bear witness now that you still live."

But the vision all passed away in innumerable motes and spangles of fire, only before I fully awoke the words still murmured from my lips, "Raphael bear witness for me. Where—are—you—Raphael?"

"With the blessed saints, I trust," responded the deep, awful voice of the Prior.

Starting up and casting off my drowsiness, I saw the Prior standing beside me, a lamp hung from his hand, the flicker of which he cast towards me while speaking, and stedfastly regarding my features.

"Thou hast slept, my son, and so calmly?"

"Yes, father, with a vision strange, and yet at last sweet."

"Arise," he replied with abruptness, "and offer God thanks."

Raising my glances to that stern pale visage, through which, as through a thin veil, one perceived the gleamings forth of terrible and suppressed emotion, I replied, "Yes, gladly will I at all times and through all changes."

"But now, I say, in particular, for that your innocence, so far, has been clearly established in the sight of all."

Whether from the rapid succession of events, or whether it were in consequence of bodily weakness, I cannot tell,—how often, in looking back over past eventful occurrences of our lives, we are astonished at the apathy we then seemed to feel over momentous circumstances; so that we took them as of everyday happening, as if the very extremes of joy or sorrow had in themselves a something of a benumbing influence,—so I heard these words only with apparent listlessness.

"Do you not hear me?" said the Prior, moving his foot impatiently. "I, who most wrongfully suspected you of a great crime,

have come to assure you that your innocence is established, and you heed me not. Or what evil fancy is leading you astray? What words were those I heard but just now?"

"Pardon me, father, I am confused, although still thankful. But I knew it would be so; a dream—"

"Dreams!" interrupted he harshly." "Have I come to hear your dreams? And your dreams perhaps anticipated me in saying your trouble is now over—did they?"

"Yes, father, *he* did say so,—that is, Raphael, in a vision, said those words."

"He! He! How? What? Is this acting on your part? I knew your sleeping thoughts had been busy with the departed."

"I said so from habit, Father Prior, and from habit shall always so think of Raphael."

He regarded me thoughtfully awhile, placed the lamp on the ground, and folding his arms, said: "Now, listen; recal your senses. Circumstances pleaded before heavily against you, but a monster of whom I ought to have thought has now vauntingly revealed his share in this frightful crime; as I, therefore, before, most earnestly sought that the bolt of justice should strike you while I believed your hand stained with blood, so now I come myself to lead you forth to ask, brother, for your forgiveness."

"And is the Paternoster so unknown to me, father? Would I make it a curse?"

"Is it so, my dear son?" he said, holding out his hand. But, checking himself, he continued, in a tone of authority, while a hectic flush burned suddenly in the centre of each pale cheek, and the searching eyes seemed to grow more luminous, "But first answer me truly; listen to my question. I adjure you by this holy rood,—take it in your hands,—swear by it; did you never know —never even surmise—the sex of her now in Heaven?"

"Never—never—I swear it by this rood, oh never; such a thought never entered into my imagination."

His glance had been fixed on my countenance with an eager, devouring scrutiny. As I said these words he drew in a long breath, then covered his face with his hands, murmuring, in low tones, "I believe it; I must believe it."

Then suddenly tossing his arms upwards he exclaimed, to my horror, with an inexpressible agony of tone, "How, then, have I injured you, purest and dearest Beatrix, and therefore you have not appeared to me! Are you less forgiving than this poor monk? My sorrow is greater than I can bear. But I live to avenge you; yes, I will take vengeance; blood for blood!"

Then followed a silence of some minutes, while he, in vehement agitation, paced to and fro through the cell. My mind being troubled and confused, I scarce dared raise my eyes from the ground; on the one hand I felt pained at witnessing his great and evident distress, on the other a cold and sickly terror of something wrong and wicked crept over me.

Suddenly pausing, he exclaimed, "Judge nothing. Forgive by rendering to me a better measure than I rendered to you. Promise to reveal nothing and I will now reveal to you what you should wish to know."

"I am not curious, father, to know more than how to say my prayers."

"Yes," he said, sharply, "you must, you shall hear." Then, observing me shake my head mournfully, he added, "It is necessary for her sake. You will be haunted with doubts; you will never hereafter know peace of mind if you do not hear everything. Promise me, then, to reveal nothing, at least until a quarter of a century has elapsed."

"For her sake I do, father, give you this promise, yet I would rather fain have thought of her as in that brief sojourn of hers here I had known her, and would desire to know nothing which might cast a shade over many pleasant recollections, in future days, of one so dear."

"Be not afraid of that; innocence dwelt in her heart, ever and ever."

"For that am I thankful; confide then in me, since it so pleaseth you, father, without distrust."

He placed his hands to his forehead and walked slowly once or twice, as if recalling the past. "No, I cannot bring myself to relate these things now as I should wish you to know them. You shall to-morrow know everything. Meanwhile, I now lead you forth from this unhappy cell. This evening a missive came from the murderer, acknowledging his guilt. See, he writes, 'Prior, having obtained hospitality in your abbey under the disguise of a merchant, I sought opportunity for speech with Beatrix, knowing how you had concealed her. Failing this in the day, I watched early in the morning to discover which door belonged to her. As chance would have it she herself appeared before the matin bell. Perceiving me, she would have fled for refuge to the nearest door. But I caught and held my dainty bird too securely for that. Fortunately, the storm was high, so that her screams could not be heard. Then I told her of my love, and pressed her to fly with me. Some of my men were outside the abbey, and we could easily defy pursuit in free Switzerland. But she replied that she loathed me, and added taunt to taunt. My anger arose, and I would have carried her off by force, but she tried to stab me with a knife in her hands, and then, somehow, I sent her to Heaven. So, Prior, you've made a poor move, and you may now say masses till we come some day and burn your abbey over your head. To-morrow I am over the border."

"Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed, "can such things happen, and unavenged?"

"Such things? Yes, and worse, while Italians are miserable women, and every brutal heretic lanzknecht from Switzerland or Germany may trample them under foot! But this be unavenged? No! I have sworn revenge, and will accomplish it."

"Nay, father, it belongs to another."

"Rise, brother, rise, lean on me; I am suffocating, let us leave this place."

Thus we departed, it was midnight, and that day never to be forgotten, which wrought so much affliction to me, was over. The Prior separated from me with a softened, kindly farewell. Once more he came back into my dormitory, and saying, "Farewell, a long farewell, my brother," he kissed me on either cheek; and so he went, and never more did I behold him thereafter. But in the morning a packet, carefully tied and fastened with wax, was brought to me; at once my Lord Abbot desired my attendance upon him, and said that the Prior had desired himself to be commended to my love and prayers. Then when I would have humbly sought to know more, he said loftily, but kindly, "My son, be thankful for that you possess the gift of discretion, and desire not to occupy your mind with things that are too high for you." So he dismissed me with his blessing. And this is all that happened to me during that day, or in consequence of it.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Foully they wrong mankind, nor man alone,
Who say no trace of goodness yet remains
Within his fallen breast. Though overthrown,
Some grandeur still the ruined arch retains.
Aye, lovelier far the world, and better too,
Than the cold censure that suspicion gives:
Yet not e'en she shall say that nothing true,
That nothing pure is man's, while still *thy* memory lives.

I hear rich music float. The marriage lay
Riseth amid yon* tents. The diadem
Of beauteous-daughtered Germany to-day
Gives up its fairest and its noblest gem
To sunny France: 'tis thus her sire hath willed,
Nor she unwilling, though with anxious care
And doubtful joy her fluttering heart is filled:
For she hath left her home to go she knows not where.

Are princes, then, not men? Have they not hearts?
Or doth their empty splendour make them wise
To act, unpropped by sympathy, the parts
Heaven meant for two? History's page replies,
Tainted with crimes of kings, "Woe, woe, to those
Who traffic in God's holy ordinance,
And bind unkindred spirits till the close
Of life, for schemes of State, and leave the rest to chance!"

The rest! and who shall say what joy they find,
Joy like the angels; where the golden chain
Of mutual godliness is intertwined
With hallowed love's own roses? Not in vain

* Alison's History of Europe, ch. iii, sec. 6—15.

Hath heaven such helpmates joined. In spirit one,
They fight with double strength against the foe.
But Oh! their loss, who fail such union,
God only knoweth: time is all too short to show.

And now new life was thine. How brightly fled
The sunny hours of peace, ere yet the crown
Of royal power was placed upon thy head,
Far from the bustle of yon busy town.
Aye, sweetly did they pass. Yet was thy joy
Not all untinged with sorrow;* thou wouldst see
Thy husband's confidence, with no alloy
Of doubt, reposed in full security on thee.

And so it shall be. Thou hast ready skill
To please; thy heart is armed with constancy,
With loving patience, and an earnest will.
Yet oft, when he has passed unnoticed by
Thy studied kindnesses, or calmly cold
Received them, hast thou turned away to hide
The passing flush, the starting tear, that told
That hope's last trace within thy breast had well nigh died.

But other thoughts rush in. The haughty throne
Of Bourbon's race, that like a ray of light
Upon the stream of time, swift rushing on
From hoar antiquity, hath shone with bright
Unfading brilliancy, is thine. Thy brow
Is decked with royalty; the warrior's lance,
The bishop's mitre, all before thee bow,
To own thy high estate, to hail thee Queen of France.

Oh! proudly on that day of solemn rites
Didst thou receive the sceptre. Many kings
Had borne it. Earls of fame, and valiant knights,
And barons bold, whose deeds the minstrel sings,
Had died to save it. Many a sword had leapt,
To avenge its cause, like lightning, from its sheath.
Ah! little didst thou dream, as backward swept
Thy memory, it should bring thee care, and woe, and death.

Few months, and lo! from all that bright array
Of honours hastes she, from the brilliant hall
Where as a star she shone; and far away,†
Lulled by the murmuring of the waterfall,
She tends her flowerets; or beneath the shade
Of the o'erhanging grove, with quiet joy,
Drinks in the music by the wild birds made;
Happy such simple life, such peace without alloy.

Aye, happier far thy days than his, I ween,
Who, long ere this, has found that rankling thorns
Beset the kingly crown, though all between
Be decked with roses; and his sick heart mourns

* Alison, ch. iii, sec. 11—note. † At Trianon.

His fated country's doom. The threatening skies
Already darken with the coming storms;
And from the future's unknown depths arise,
To people night's unrest, vague fears and shadowy forms.

But these, as yet, thou knowest not. Near thee bloom
The lilac's purple spires, while the dark pines
Enshrine yon peaceful refuge from the gloom
That waits on studied pleasure. Round thee shines
Nature in winning beauty; nor when she,
The Queen of Cities, calls thee, mid the throng,
Dost thou forget the sweet simplicity
That beauty taught thee, shield from many a grief and wrong.

He could not see thy daily life, nor feel
That thou wast good and pure; he could not see
Thy joyous heart's bright innocence, and steel
His own against thee; nay, it *could* not be,
Though anxious thought had well nigh worn away
Its finer feelings. Now, at last, above
That mental chaos, streams one peaceful ray,
And he is all thine own; for thou hast gained his love.

Ah! had your lot been cast in happier days,
Ye gentle pair! Then had the nations known
What peace and blessedness, what fame and praise,
That kingdom gaineth where the rightful throne
Is fixed on kindness. Now, with reckless hand,
The strong oppress the weak, the poor rebel
Against their tyrants. From the burdened land
A cry goes up to heaven, and pierces down to hell.

Alas! for this sad world, that guilt's foul stain
Has marked it as the mighty battle-field
Where good must strive with evil! But though pain
Sow bitter seed, its harvest time shall yield
Full crops of golden fruit. Oh! blinded man!
That feel'st the present woe, nor see'st that still
It aye works out the great Physician's plan,
As toils the fettered captive at his master's will.

And thou, too, France, and thou pure-hearted king,
Though now for you the cup of woe is stirred
With mingled degradation, there shall spring
From your black ruins—as the fabled bird
Bursts from its parent's ashes—light and life
To the surrounding nations. Through all time
Stands beacon-like the record of that strife
To warn the world,—a fearful monument of crime.

And now thine hour hath come; o'er all the skies
The war-fiend spreads his lowering wings, and hastes,
Forescenting blood. As once to Paradise
On his fell errand, through the dreary wastes
Of Chaos, Satan with his hell-hounds sped,—
Through such a troubled path thy way must be,

With worse than pristine horrors dark and dread;
And Sin, and Woe, and Death shall ever go with thee.

Yet vain they search, as his; to thee no rest
Could Eden bring, who carriest ceaselessly
Thine own tumultuous curse within thy breast,
For ever changing as the waving sea;
And finding nought of good, though seeking aye
With weary heart. So on his couch of pain
The sick man tosseth, all the restless day
Longing for night,—all night, till morning dawn again.

France, I would weep thee, but my voice is hushed
By shame,—a shame which there was none to show
In those dread hours when every heart was crushed
To selfishness by its own weight of woe,
Save those whom mad ambition's fiery dream
Bare up and urged to crime without restraint.
But, lo! the lyre indignant spurns a theme
So tainted; silence tell those deeds no words can paint.

But thou, O Queen, wast good. Methinks e'en now
I see thee stand in queenly dignity
Of conscious innocence and unshamed brow,
Before those murderous judges;* in each eye
Read their own doom unmoved,—nay, not unmoved,
For thou wast woman. Yet to frenzied crime
Thy heart would yield no homage, self-approved;
Few scenes hath Time to show so holy, so sublime.

Again my fancy marks the sudden thrill
That ran along, as at the thunder's roar
The mute earth quaketh: every pulse was still
To hear the Queen (O when was Queen before
Arraigned at her own land's tribunal? When?)
Challenge each mother, mid that human sea,
To answer for her. Who would think that men,
Nay Hell itself, could breathe so foul a calumny?

Condemned! Yet wherefore wish to linger here?
Waits there not for thee, in yon angel train,
Thy murdered husband? Wipe away that tear;
Thou soon shalt join him, ne'er to part again;
Oh! do not count him dead, but gone before.
Thy daughter, too, is there, the budding flower
Transplanted, ere it bloomed, to yon bright shore.
What links thee, then, to earth with such a wondrous power?

O mother's heart, how deep thy love! they thought,
When thy calm majesty so nobly stood
Unruffled, 'mid their tumult, they had wrought
A change within thy breast; thy husband's blood
And their foul slanderous lies had washed away
Thoughts of thy child. But, nay, he lives above
All else within thy bosom; nought can stay
Thy faith that he is pure, no sorrow shake thy love.

* See an account of these scenes, Alison, ch. x.

How didst thou dote upon his infant smile,
When from those joyous eyes the light divine
Dawned by degrees, and many a playful wile
Lit up his childhood, while the exhaustless mine
Of thoughtful love, that years but served to fill
And deepen, soothed thee. Sweet it was to range
The garden walks, and gather flowers at will,
And list his childish questions, wondrous wise and strange.

Sore pang it is to leave him. Who shall cheer
The captive child? Beneath the cold dark sod
They lie who loved him, and a dreadful fear
Clouds all his future.* Mother, trust in God!
Not long he stays; and ere the last great Friend
Shall quite admit him to the realms of rest,
His longing soul shall leave its shell, shall rend
Its earthly bonds, and flee to nestle in thy breast.

What! is it not enough that, one by one,
Thy husband, sister, all thou lov'st must die?
That hidden in the cell, where, hidden from the sun,
Strong men have withered down to idiotcy,
Thou liest a captive? See; the savage band
Before the grating of thy window bear
Thy Lamballe's lifeless head and bloodstained hand,
Strong, e'en to death, her love: and she, too, waits thee there.

Slow passed those weary hours of lingering woe.
Yet many a time didst thou shut out the view
Of that dull cell with closèd eyes; and lo!
Thy childhood's sunny days returned; anew
Thy sister sported with thee 'mid the flowers
Of the dear fatherland; in those chill walls
Thy mother's presence awed thee,† as in hours
When life was young, within thy father's royal halls.

The scaffold! France, on thee I call to say,
Borne down by Terror's reign, hast thou decreed
This deepest blot upon thy name? Away!
I cannot, dare not, see the bloody deed:
Just heaven shall store thy wrongs. And France shall be
Accursed among the nations. Civil strife
Shall ever vex the land; and ceaselessly
Shall restless discord gnaw the sinews of her life.

Aye! they may bid thee to the felon's death,
And brand thee traitress; but they ne'er can soil
Thy pure heart's innocence. Foul slander's breath
'Gainst thee is powerless. Yea, their rage shall foil
Its own endeavours. Ne'er the world had known
One half thy goodness and firm constancy
Had sorrow never tried thee. Death alone
Could show thy worth, and bid thy name should never die.

* The young prince had lost his reason for some months before his death.
† The character of Maria Theresa was of that energetic, manly nature, which is rather calculated to inspire terror than affection.

VOLUNTEERING.

THERE is a good tale told of Sir Vicary Gibbs, who was once upon a time Attorney-General to King George the Third. He was a little shrivelled-up, parchment-skinned lawyer, who dined every day on Coke-upon-Littleton, had no ideas beyond his profession, and had never been on horseback in his life. During a brief interval of peace, this worthy and a kindred spirit and companion visited the Continent, and found their way to Prussia, then under the sway of Frederick the Great. Their introduction to the king was on the eve of a grand review, and the soldier monarch who apprehended only that his guests were men of distinction, and that one of them was a "general," invited them to be present at the spectacle. They went, and to their dismay were accommodated with a couple of prancing chargers, and with some difficulty found themselves seated on military saddles, very uneasy at the curvettings of their steeds, and quite uncertain how to hold the reins. The review proceeded, and after vain and gallant efforts to maintain a quiescent position the steed got the mastery of the Attorney-General and broke away with the lawyer on his back, in front of the astonished king and his court, and to the discomposure of the military array. "What madman is that?" yelled Frederick, as the little lawyer, holding fast by the mane of his horse, after the manner of Johnny Gilpin, burst into full view. "The English general, please your Majesty," was the courtly answer. "What sort of a general is he?" said the king, in a tone of contemptuous anger. "The Attorney-General, sire!" was the prompt reply. "Ah!" said Frederick, with an interjection, which for the sake of the ladies we will suppress, "I would have no such generals in my army."

And in good truth, it is not from such men that despotism chooses its generals. It is only in a land where freedom is valued that citizens can be relied upon or be found to undertake its defence. The alarm of invasion has often roused the spirit of Britain, and armed her people to resist aggression. Those stirring pages in Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary," which describe the lighting of the beacon on the Scottish hills, and the prompt answer to that call to arms, gives a true picture of a period still vivid in the memory of some of us, and which many more of us will remember to have heard recounted as we stood in childhood by our mother's knees. The low dark archway of Gray's Inn has often seen the muster of the volunteers of a past generation, and the thoughtful men who daily pass beneath it now must sometimes remember that Romilly once kept guard there. But the English bar has

not been famous for deeds of arms or military chivalry ; our own country and times have furnished more remarkable instances of legal valour. The Chief Justice of Natal not long since took the field against a foe who, had he known his strength, might have been only too formidable, and no colonist need look twice at the frontispiece without recognizing the lineaments of an Attorney-General of whom the great Frederick might have been justly proud, and would probably have compelled to play his part rather in military than forensic strife. The group in the picture is composed of other men well deserving of special notice ; but the purpose in view is not to pay compliments or to write separate biographies. Were it so, the absence of the old veteran peninsular officer, Colonel Hill, Commander-in-chief of Volunteers, would be more regretted. The group is not complete without him, but as a *souvenir* it will be valued; and as the statesman who was asked whether he had been reading history, answered, "Sir, I have been making history," so we prefer to say of the men whose faces we gaze upon, that they are each still busy with the materials for biography.

It is not as individuals that they are here to be regarded, but as "representative men." The lawyer, the diplomatist, the engineer, the merchant, each one in addition to the special calling of his life, proclaims himself soldier. The movement in English society indicated by this fact is already so great as to form a remarkable feature of the age we live in. It has been reviewed in many ways and in divers places,—at Wimbledon and Hyde Park, before the Statistical Society, and in the columns of the *Times*. In the colonies of Britain Volunteers have been tested in actual duty, and on the very field of battle. So great a fact must have something in its nature that may be fittingly considered apart from figures and separate from feeling. The relation which it bears to our national life, the purpose which it answers, and the destiny it may accomplish, is a philosophical question, not inappropriate to the pages of a magazine. If it appears to touch upon the domain of politics it is only in that high sense which is superior to party feeling, and which can be nowhere out of place. A few pages on Volunteering in general and the phase of contemporary life which it manifests are suggested by the illustration, and the consideration cannot be wholly unprofitable.

Dr. Arnold wisely observed of war that the admiration felt for it by mankind is not in respect of its slaughter and wounds, and death agonies, but of those qualities of endurance, combination, and valour which it calls forth, as nothing else can.

The sentiment was worthy of its author, and very unlike the opinion of Mr. Yorick's curate. The fine passage in Sterne thus suggested may be repeated here, for it will help the argument. "I thought," said the curate, "that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all." "I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night," said the landlady, "very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it." "Are you sure of it?" replied the curate. "A soldier, an' please your reverence," said I, "prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world." "'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "But when a soldier," said I, "an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged," said I, "for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can." "I believe," said I, "for I was piqued," quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence," said I, "that when a soldier gets time to pray he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy." "Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who has done their duties in this world and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with the story."

As valour is allied with gentleness and true courage with forbearance, so do strong men and mighty nations for the most part employ their force with moderation. The Nasmyth hammer will forge an anchor and shape the rivet of a watch, and the nice adjustment of power is in proportion to the

knowledge which wields it. It is a democratic sentiment which declares that—

> "War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play at."

The decisive battles of the world have for the most part been won on freedom's side. The resort to physical force is always a sad necessity, but enervation has retarded civilization and crushed nationalities more frequently than war. "Every bullet" is said to have "its billet;" but, like most aphorisms, that is more pointed than true. War does not devastate nearly so much as pestilence, and the latter scourge is mostly attributable to the neglect and folly of mankind. Peace may be reserved for the enjoyment of a millenium age, but that age is not our own. No efforts of philanthropy and no preachings of peace societies can alter the fact that human life as it now is, even in its highest and best development, is a continual strife against opposing energies; and the essence of virtue consists now, as of old time, in the most perfect attainable strength and the most heroic daring Christianity is muscular, and physical force is divine. Corporal Trim spake the truth in declaring that the trade of war is compatible with prayer, and faith, and child-like simplicity of nature; and my uncle Toby has suggested the only principle upon which the apparent anomaly can be reconciled.

In the latest series of *Friends in Council,* the philosophic Milverton remarks that it is now just about nineteen hundred years since the religion of peace was made known to mankind. In the year 1, he says, the peace of Europe was maintained by a standing army of about 300,000 men. Readers curious in such matters will find a learned and probably accurate analysis of the forces of the Roman empire in the essay on war in the thoughtfully-written and interesting work just mentioned. The result seems to show that at the commencement of the Christian era the military and naval forces of the known world were constituted thus:

Land forces	343,850
Naval forces	30,000
Contingents	5,000
Grand total	378,850 men.

The land forces of Europe alone have been recently calculated as follows, and have probably been within the last two or three years very largely increased:

Russia	600,000
Austria	380,000

France	366,064
Prussia	161,000
Turkey	143,500
England	140,000
Lesser German States	124,592
Spain	112,000
Naples	92,586
Bavaria	87,682
Belgium	73,718
Switzerland	72,000
Holland	58,495
Sardinia	48,273
Sweden and Norway	42,000
Lesser Italian States	36,979
Principalities	34,144
Hanover	26,938
Portugal	26,849
Saxony	25,396
Denmark	21,000
Greece	9,686
San Marino	27
	2,682,929 men.

We have thus before us the figures which prove that armaments are not dwindling away, and that we are living surrounded by circumstances which may, any day, bring about collisions involving not only individual but national existences. The question, then, is, shall the force requisite for self-defence or needful aggression be placed entirely in the hands of a profession or be undertaken by a people themselves. For many successive generations a standing army was an object of hatred and distrust to Englishmen. The Tudors, accounted the most despotic of sovereigns, had not a regiment of soldiers to guard their throne. The army that Queen Elizabeth reviewed at Tilbury sprang up at her call and was dismissed at her bidding; it was composed entirely of volunteers. The Ironsides of Cromwell were the same. The exigencies of modern science, no less than the altered relations between the sovereign and the people, have made soldiership a distinct profession and a standing army an inevitable necessity. But a single glance at the table exhibiting the comparative forces of the European states shows England as still occupying a low numerical position. She stands sixth in the list; but lest in the hour of invasion her gallant but scattered army should be crushed by numbers, the spirit of her people has rendered needless the subtraction

of more men from the pursuits of industry, or the establishment of an overwhelming force, that might yet be employed against liberty, by the creation of a Volunteer army, more numerous already than the troops of the line, and likely soon to be as perfect in discipline and as resolute in battle as the veterans who defended Torres Vedras and those who composed the "thin red line" which more recently maintained the ancient fame of our country on the well-fought battle-fields of the Crimea. There was a danger, but it has passed away, that forty years of peace and a long career of prosperity might have tempted Britain to repose its trust on professional service, bought valour, or even foreign mercenary aid. But the Volunteer movement has proved the soundness of the nation's heart, and stands forth in huge dimensions to protest that the age of manly enterprise and heroic daring has not yet passed away.

The Volunteer force of the several colonies has proved itself so respectable and effective that in many respects it may, saving in point of numbers, be said to be in advance of that in Britain itself. The patriotic spirit, at all events, has lost nothing of its force in the dependencies of the Crown. That which is needed to give permanency to the Volunteer system is, its distinct recognition as an arm or adjunct, and not as in place and stead of the regular army. In the next place its organization should be of a nature not needlessly interfering with the pursuits of its members; and lastly, it should have within itself a recruiting or continuing power.

It is clear that Great Britain, with a population comparatively so much smaller than either France, Russia, or Germany, respectively, cannot spare so many men under arms. A numerous army would cripple industries, and be both politically and commercially disadvantageous. The aim, therefore is to make the army which does exist the most perfect of its kind, and to supply its deficiency in numerical strength by a Volunteer force. It is precisely the same principle that can only be applied with advantage in the colonies. "Let the cobbler stick to his last" is a homely proverb which refers to soldiering as well as other callings. The regular army will always be most effective, because its duties are the especial business of the people of whom it is composed. It is something superadded to the proper life's business of the merchant, the clerk, or the tradesman to do any part of a soldier's duty. The reasons for undertaking that are sound, patriotic, and good, but the training should be the employment of leisure, and not interfere needlessly with the especial work of the man. There are some who

have embraced Volunteering from enthusiasm, some for a liking of its tinsel and parade, but not a few from an earnest love for the liberty which is both expressed and guarded by its force. Such men, discerning its worth and value, must desire to see their regard for a wholesome principle of defence more deeply rooted and more widely spread, and will watch with jealous care the growth of that continuing principle by which alone it can be sustained.

And this can only be done by making the Volunteer service a part of education. The Volunteer uniform should be put on with the young Englishman's assumption of manhood. His introduction to the business of life should begin with drill. That is the way by which, and which only, permanence can be given to Volunteering as an institution—it is thus that it would become part of our being and grow with the nation's growth. The fear of invasion will subside, enthusiasm will die away, and novelty grow old; but where a system becomes engrafted in the habits of a people it never can be extirpated. For young men themselves the military training is of all others the most useful, and Volunteering stands out at present as the protest of our youth against the enervating influences of art and over-refinement, against an overdone cultivation of the brain and the vagaries of reason run mad. And what can be more wholesome at the outset of life than a training which develops the muscles and teaches a stripling what to do with his legs—what more useful than the discipline which inculcates the habit of obedience, and the teaching which makes men graceful, precise, and correct? There can be no danger in encouraging a martial spirit, for those who acquire some idea of the stern realities of war will be least likely rashly to promote it.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the system of governing and directing a Volunteer system embracing the whole youth of the colony would require a more perfect organization than exists at present. Nor is it needful that the entire population should remain under arms. After a year or two's service a young man would find the pursuits of the world opening before him and presenting new claims to his energies; but the training of a soldier once learned is never lost. The habit of order would especially be retained; and the value of this to every man cannot be overestimated. It is needless to add that the ideas in this paper have not been submitted to those whose features in the illustration have suggested its subject. The aim has rather been to look at volunteering in its first principles; and if, public attention being called to it, the Government would reserve in various

localities drill and exercise grounds, these might become the sites of schools for physical training and for educating men in those arts and exercises which fit them best for the duties of life, and qualify them to render good service to their country. No men are better qualified to initiate such an undertaking than those who represent the various Volunteer corps of this colony; and by providing thus for the continuance of the present system upon an extended plan, the Volunteer service of South Africa would remain a useful and enduring monument of their intelligent and patriotic zeal.

WALLENSTEIN.*

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

"ONLY think, papa," said little Julia Delmours, as she came bounding in from her evening walk, "Riquet, the tailor's house is again to let; we saw the notice stuck up on the garden gate on our way home. What can have become of the ugly old Madame Deridon, whose very look used always to frighten me, so that I dare hardly pass in front of her house? People used to say that she was half a witch."

"If she were a witch, Julie," said the little girl's papa, a respectable tradesman of Granville, "she is gone to that place where she must give an account of her sorceries, for she was found dead in her bed last Thursday morning, and nobody knows how she came by her end."

"That is very strange, papa; everybody who takes Riquet's house seems to come to a bad end. Surely it must be haunted, or the tenants would never leave it so quickly, one after the other. What became of the old Chevalier Toussaint, papa, who lived there before Madame Deridon?"

"He was found hanging from one of the trees in the orchard, and was barely cold, when old Mustache, as you call him, the crippled soldier, happened to pass by and cut him down; but it was too late, for life was quite extinct, though nobody could tell why he should commit suicide."

"And what became of Madame le Rat, who lived there before the old Chevalier? She always used to call me into her little garden and give me flowers and fruit when I happened to pass by. I one day asked Madeleine, her maid-servant, what had become of the good old lady, but she

* We publish the article on the distinct assurance that it has never appeared except in a manuscript magazine compiled by a few literary amateurs, and circulated at one of the Hill stations of India in the year 1835. As a general rule, we decline publishing any reprints or translations from foreign authors.—ED. C.M.M.

frowned and told me not to ask questions, and then added that Madame le Rat had gone away long ago. I do not like that Madeleine, though she sometimes tries to kiss and coax me with bon-bons."

"Madeleine was deceiving you, my child, when she said that Madame le Rat had gone away, for the poor lady was found drowned in the well behind the house, and the body was thought to have marks of violence upon it. Both Riquet, the tailor, and Madeleine were examined before the mayor, but Riquet declared that he knew nothing about the matter, as he seldom went out of town; and Madeleine said that she, too, was away when the accident happened; and as for the bruise on Madame le Rat's neck she must have hurt herself in falling into the well; how else could it have happened? So she and the tailor were both discharged for want of evidence."

"But I think, papa, that there was another grand gentleman who lived in the same house, and who disappeared suddenly. Did not somebody say that he ran away for fear of being tried for forgery, or something of that kind?"

"Such a story was circulated, Julie, but it seemed very improbable that a rich gentleman like de Beauvois should be guilty of forgery. He was supposed to have been murdered, Julie; for some of his clothes were found in the Bois de Nemours, and when an inquiry was instituted, Riquet produced a bundle of forged notes, said to have been left in a drawer by Monsieur de Beauvois; but it is strongly suspected that Riquet himself carried off the good notes, and deposited the forged paper in their place. He has a bad character, that Riquet, and I should like to see him fairly convicted. But see, Julie, your mother is ready, and it is time that we should go over to the Rossignol's to supper."

A few days after this conversation it was known in the town of Granville that a stranger had taken the above-mentioned house, which was situated a short distance out in the country; and people almost began to wonder how any one should have the hardihood to enter a mansion about which such evil rumours had gone abroad. The stranger, however, Wallenstein, who seemed to be a German by his name, might not have heard of the strange manner in which all his predecessors had vacated that house; and, moreover, the exceeding cheapness of the rent (which was far below the usual rate given for a mansion of that size and appearance) might be an inducement to the new comer to hire the tailor's house, for he professed to enjoy but a moderate income,

though he paid ready money for the various articles of furniture and other things purchased in the town of Granville.

Among the shops which the stranger visited was that of Julie's father, Delmours, the bookseller, for he wished to collect a little library at "L'Hermitage," Riquet's country-house, and begged the worthy tradesman to commission from Paris such works as he did not happen to have by him at the time. During Wallenstein's frequent visits to Delmours' shop he could not fail to be struck with the pretty face and graceful manners of the little Julie, who frequently made her appearance at her father's side.

One morning when a small packet of stationery had just been made up for the stranger, Delmours inquired whether Monsieur Wallenstein would take it away with him, or whether it should be sent to L'Hermitage by one of the shopmen.

"Leave the packet where it is for the present," said Wallenstein. "I have told my new maid-servant, Madeleine, to come into town this afternoon, and she will call for it."

The little Julie happened just at the time to come into the shop, and was passing behind the stranger while he was speaking. On hearing Madeleine's name she gave an involuntary start, and standing close beside Monsieur Wallenstein, looked up anxiously in his face.

"Qui va la, ma petite?" said he kindly, laying his hand upon the glossy curls which covered her fair forehead; "what is the matter with you?"

"I do not like that Madeleine," said the child, abruptly, "and I do like you, so I wish that you had not taken her into your service."

"But there are many Madeleines, ma petite, as well as many Julies; perhaps it may not be my servant whom you dislike so much."

"If it might be excused," said Julie's father, "may I inquire, sir, who recommended that maid-servant to you, and what is her family name?"

"Certainly," answered the stranger; "your question may be odd, but can give no offence. Her name, I think, is Laval, and she was strongly recommended to me by my new landlord, who said that she would be contented with very moderate wages, and was so willing and hard-working that I need keep no other domestic. To say the least for her, she is a tidy-looking young woman."

"Tidy-looking she is indeed, sir; but I fear that my Julie has cause for her prejudice. Six francs a-month would hardly

purchase such clothes as Madeleine wears, were she to spend the whole of her wages upon them, and her parents are known to be in indigent circumstances, though she is always so gaily dressed. My mind misgives me, sir, whenever I think of that woman, and I hope that your confidence in her may not be misplaced."

"Well, well, never mind," said Wallenstein, with a smile, "she will be here presently," and so saying he quitted the shop.

It was late in the afternoon, and Julie had just put on her bonnet and cloak to take her evening walk, when Madeleine hastily entered the house, and begged that the packet for M. Wallenstein might immediately be given to her as she was anxious to get back to the Hermitage before nightfall. The packet was committed to her care, and Madeleine retired as hastily as she had entered, but instead of going up the road leading to L'Hermitage she turned down towards the quay, where Riquet, the tailor, resided.

This movement did not escape the quick eye of the little Julie, who determined to follow her. Being equipped for her walk, and having no engagement for the evening, she was accordingly at leisure to follow Madeleine, which she did with a mixed feeling of fear and curiosity, keeping at such a distance behind her that she did not appear to be dogging her footsteps.

Madeleine hastened on without looking round, and on passing that part of the quay where Riquet's house was situated, paused for an instant at the shop window, coughed twice, and passed on with rather a slow pace. Julie hung back a little, thinking that to be some preconcerted signal; nor was she mistaken, for the tailor immediately issued from his house, as if he had been waiting for Madeleine, and followed her without a word being said on either side.

The little Julie now became more confirmed in her purpose of following the object of her aversion, but thought it prudent to keep rather further away from those whom she was watching. So she walked a little slower, but kept them in sight until they had reached the suburb of the town. Here they quitted the high road, and crossed a style leading into a meadow which was divided from the road by a thick hedge, behind which they thought themselves quite sheltered from observation. They had already commenced a conversation in a low tone of voice before Julie came near them. She crept along with a stealthy pace, and trembling with apprehension lest she should be discovered; but, fortunately, the pair were so engrossed in their conversation that they

were not aware of anyone being near them on the other side of the hedge. Julie could only hear a part of what was said; but that little was enough to horrify her.

"The sooner it is done the better," said Madeleine, in continuation of something which she had previously been urging; "he has already parted with much of his ready cash in making purchases at Granville."

"Surely it is too soon," replied Riquet; "remember the stir that was made about de Beauvois, and Madame le Rat, and that old owl, the Chevalier Toussaint."

"True," said the maid; "but we must run some risk or the bird will be flown. He met me coming into town, and said something suspicious, which I did not relish. It must be done to-morrow night, if at all."

"Be it so, then," said Riquet, "I am always ready; but how shall I gain access?" and here he lowered his voice so much that Julie could hear no more.

She had, however, heard quite enough to convince her that danger threatened the stranger, and, moreover, that it would be hazardous to remain any longer in her present situation. So she retired with the noiseless step of one who felt her life hanging on a thread, and having by good fortune withdrawn unobserved from the neighbourhood of that field, she sped back to the town with as much haste as her little trembling feet could master.

Her first impulse was to run home and tell her father all that she had overheard, but with a presence of mind far above her years, she considered that any delay might be fatal to the stranger, so she went off at once to report the whole to Monsieur le Maire, whose house was not far from her father's. The chief magistrate was a kind man, and often noticed the little Julie, so that she had the less hesitation in going before him.

Great was the worthy mayor's astonishment when a domestic informed him that the little Julie Delmours had run breathless into the hall below and begged to be immediately shown upstairs.

"Let her come up," said the benevolent magistrate; "but what can the little girl want with me now?"

Julie's entry cut short any further conjecture. The servant retired, and finding only the mayor in the room, Julie proceeded at once to communicate to him all that she had seen and heard that evening.

Any other person than the mayor would perhaps have treated the matter lightly, and thought that the little girl's terror might have magnified a commonplace conversation into

something horrible; but the former inquiries into the strange deaths of those persons who had occupied L'Hermitage had taken a great hold upon his mind, having been brought specially before him, and he could not but remember much evidence tending to criminate both the tailor and Madeleine, but it was not sufficient absolutely to convict either of them.

He carefully committed to paper the whole of Julie's evidence, without embarrassing her with any of its technicalities, and when it was finished took her kindly by the hand, and led her into another room, where Madame le Maire and the rest of the family were just sitting down to supper. Julie was kindly received by them, but was anxious to be gone. The mayor, however, saw that she was still agitated and prevailed upon her to remain at his house until after supper, when he sent a servant to accompany her home, and to explain to her father that the chief magistrate was himself the cause of her protracted absence at which they had been so much alarmed.

The servant was directed, after executing this commission, to call at the houses of two or three of the town council and say that the mayor would be happy to see them on the following morning, as he had something of importance to communicate to them.

Monsieur Delmours heard with wonder, as soon as the mayor's servant had departed, all that had befallen his darling daughter, and though he felt inclined to blame her for the rash manner in which she had run into danger, he could not help commending the prudent way in which she had afterwards conducted herself, and he dismissed her to bed with a kiss of more than usual tenderness, giving her at the same time a strong injunction to be silent as to all that had occurred.

On the following morning there was a meeting at the mayor's, in pursuance of the notice sent to some of the principal burghers on the preceding night. The information given by Julie Delmours was fully discussed, and the mayor explained to his municipal brethren the line of conduct which he intended to adopt. This manner of proceeding was fully approved by them, and was afterwards acted upon, as will be seen in the sequel.

In the meantime Wallenstein, the object of their solicitude, was quite unconscious that he was the cause of so much anxiety and bustle among the town council of Granville; nevertheless, there was a slight heaviness upon his spirits as he pondered upon the warning given him by the bookseller, Delmours, regarding his servant Madeleine, and her late

return to the Hermitage on that same night served not a little to justify his suspicions. Lowness of spirits brings loss of appetite, and Wallenstein sent away almost untouched the food which Madeleine had prepared for his dinner. Rising early from the table, he strolled out into the flower garden which divided the house from a by-road which ran near it, and leaning on the railing in its front, he mused upon the propriety of leaving the neighbourhood of Granville, or at least seeking other quarters, for his inquiries during the morning had not only confirmed the character ascribed to Madeleine, but had brought to his notice other particulars connected with the frequent change of tenants at L'Hermitage.

It was a fine afternoon, and Wallenstein remained, he hardly knew how long, absorbed in thought, and at the same time enjoying the mild sunshine, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of an old soldier with a wooden leg, who came trudging sturdily down the lane, but stopped within a short distance of Wallenstein, gave him a military salute, and remained, as if willing to enter into conversation with the stranger. The neat, though tarnished uniform, the erect carriage, and especially the medal upon the breast of the old soldier, interested Wallenstein in favour of the veteran, who was the same that Julie Delmours used to call Mustache, and seeing him wait as if hoping to be spoken with, he courteously returned his salute, and addressed to him a few words which at once opened the old man's heart.

"A fine afternoon this, comrade," said Wallenstein.

"Oh! heaven bless your honour; I knew that an old soldier would not be turned away without a kind word; surely your honour has served in the army?"

"I have," said Wallenstein, "and made my *coup d'éssai* in the same action for which you received that medal; but I was but a youngster then."

"Proud am I," said the old soldier, "that your honour should condescend to call me comrade, but gladder should I be if you would take a veteran's advice and hear the warning I wish to give you."

"Speak, then, your warning can do me no harm, and may be of service. What is it that you would caution me against?"

"Sir," said old Mustache, "there was danger in the field of Austerlitz, and there was danger on the Bridge of Lodi. You have escaped unharmed from both; but there is greater danger for you within the walls of L'Hermitage, and the maid Madeleine is more to be dreaded than the Austrian archduke."

"How strange!" exclaimed Wallenstein; "it was but yesterday that I was warned against the same individual, and that, too, by a most respectable and disinterested person. What can be your reason for thinking that Madeleine has any ill-will against me?"

"I have long been in this neighbourhood, your honour, and many a tenant have I seen in the Hermitage; but none of them ever remained in it more than a few weeks. One after another they disappeared, until suspicion was excited that foul play had been used towards them, and I myself found one of them, the Chevalier Touissaint, hanging from a tree in the orchard, though Heaven only knows how he came there. Madeleine's parents are poor, and her wages are small, but she is always dressed like a lady, though nobody knows where the money comes from, and yet, to give the devil his due, she is never seen gallivanting with those who are likely to keep her so smart. Nevertheless, sir, curious things have come out upon investigation, and strange stories have been whispered against her; so what everybody says cannot be wrong; and again I entreat you to have nothing to do with her, and to leave the house as soon as possible."

"Well, my friend," answered Wallenstein, "I will consider about what you have told me, and in the meantime here is a trifle for you to drink my health."

The trifle mentioned by Wallenstein was a louis d'or, but the old soldier could not be prevailed upon to accept it; under any other circumstances he would have been proud to have accepted his honour's bounty, but as matters stood he scorned to receive payment like a common informer; so he again begged to decline the gift, and respectfully saluting Wallenstein, continued his walk and was soon out of sight.

It may easily be imagined that this interview with Le Vieux Mustache did not tend to make Wallenstein more cheerful than he had previously been. He quitted the garden and returned to the solitude of his chamber, trying to break the spell which seemed to bind him by reading some works of fancy which had been forwarded to him by Delmours. He had hardly turned over the second leaf when he was startled by a loud knocking at the door, which was repeated after a short interval and seemed to carry with it an air of authority.

Madeleine happened to be out of the way, and the knocking was repeated a third time, when Wallenstein himself hastened to open the door, and see who it could be that made such a disturbance. A couple of gensdarmes were standing without, and summoned him in the king's name to attend

them immediately and wait upon the mayor. Wallenstein knew no reason for this hasty summons, but conscious of his own integrity, made himself ready without delay, and accompanied his conductors to the police office at Granville, wondering what could be the result of this strange and unexpected incident.

After waiting for a short time in an ante-room he was ushered into the private office of the chief magistrate, where there was nobody beside the mayor himself and his clerk. An examination was entered in the usual form, and after his name, age, profession, place of abode, and other particulars relating to the stranger had been registered, he was asked whether he were a man of courage and would defend himself if attacked.

This singular and almost insulting question sent the blood mantling into Wallenstein's face as he proudly answered the magistrate, "Sir, I have already told you that I have been a soldier; surely such a question is almost unnecessary."

"Pardon me," replied the mayor, "I had no intention of hurting your feelings, but I have received authentic information that evil is meditated against you, and this night is fixed upon for the perpetration of it. Measures have been taken to ensure your safety as much as possible, at the same time that the criminals are to be apprehended while in the commission of their offence; but much depends upon your own discretion, and I, therefore, speak the more freely to you. By withdrawing at once from the Hermitage all personal danger would be avoided, but the suspected criminals would, by such a step, escape the vengeance of the law, and the ends of justice would thereby be defeated. Will you promise me then to return quietly to your home, as if nothing unusual had occurred; to retire to bed without taking any extra precautions for your defence; and to be perfectly still without raising any alarm, notwithstanding anything which you may see or hear? These are, I know, hard conditions, but I trust entirely to your honour and prudence."

Wallenstein listened attentively to the mayor's address, and after a little hesitation gave him an assurance that he would act implicitly according to his instructions. The mayor thanked him most cordially for so readily acceding to this singular proposal: and after wishing him a pleasant termination to the adventure bowed politely and dismissed him from the office.

The stranger returned to the Hermitage full of gloomy thoughts; strange warnings had been accumulating upon him from various and very different quarters, but all tending to

the same end, and this night was to bring on the crisis of his fate, whatever it was to be. Could he take an active part in his own defence, it would have been some comfort to him; but to be a passive spectator in he knew not what appalling scene, was a severe trial of his courage. Notwithstanding the promise made to the mayor that no unusual precautions should be taken for ensuring his safety, he could not, upon retiring to his bed-chamber, resist the feeling which induced him to take down his pistols from the place where they were ordinarily suspended over the fire-place. He examined them minutely, and found that although the priming of each remained untouched, the balls of both had been drawn. He turned to the drawer in which his ammunition was deposited, and which always remained under lock and key; but though the drawer was fastened as usual, and nothing else appeared to have been touched, he could not find the little canvas bag containing his bullets.

Fearful of exciting suspicion, as well as of breaking his promise by going into any other of the rooms in search of a substitute for his lost ammunition, he replaced the pistols upon the mantel-piece, and with a heavy heart retired to bed, without extinguishing his candle, and feeling no inclination for sleep tried to beguile the heavy hours by reading.

The curtains of his bed were open and the candle at a little distance from them, but sufficiently near for him to read without inconvenience. He remained occupied with his book until midnight, but occasionally fancied that he heard a light footstep approach the chamber door as if some one were coming near it to see whether the light was extinguished in his apartment. Sometimes, too, he heard whisperings in the corridor and in the room beneath him, but still he durst not move from his bed without violating his promise. He conjectured that Madeleine had not yet retired to rest for the kitchen fire was stirred now and then, and the sound of footsteps, as of one impatiently pacing the stone floor, came faintly at times upon his ear.

Wearied out at length by the intense state of mental excitement which he had been enduring for some hours, Wallenstein at length fell into a broken slumber which afforded his mind a trifling relief; but even this respite was of short duration. His nervous state of impending danger made him start at the slightest noise, and his brief dose was interrupted by the sound of some one cautiously turning the handle of his chamber door. Scarcely could he refrain from leaping out of bed and striking at the intruder with his trusty sword which was hanging near the pistols, but the

remembered that his honour was pledged, and that in addition to the human means which had been taken for his protection, an unseen eye was watching to ensure his safety. These considerations enabled him to maintain the semblance of sleep, and to put on an appearance of tranquillity which his heart possessed not.

The door was opened and the footsteps of two persons were heard, the first of whom cautiously extending a hand drew together the open bed-curtains, which movement was effected without noise. Wallenstein continued his heavy breathing as if in a deep slumber, but watched with a beating heart the shadowy forms that passed between his curtains and the chair upon which the candle was still flickering. Their profiles were distinctly thrown out in shadow and there could be no mistaking the figures. The first was that of Madeleine, and the second Riquet, the tailor, armed with a large carving-knife. Wallenstein suppressed his convulsive shuddering by a powerful effort, and prayed with agony to be delivered from this fearful and apparently inevitable death.

The tailor addressed Madeleine in a scarcely audible whisper, yet every syllable of it rang in the ears of Wallenstein like a peal of the tocsin. In answer to the question "Is he asleep?" Madeleine merely gave an affirmative nod, and they passed on toward the other end of the room where their victim's arms were always deposited. The brief interval of time thus occupied in moving half the length of the chamber appeared to Wallenstein like an age of suspense, and ceased when Riquet, after seeing that none of the weapons had been removed, said to the servant maid, "It is all right —now we will finish him."

Bitterly did Wallenstein repent the implicit confidence which he had placed in the mayor's assurance of protection, and as bitterly did he regret the promise to remain quiet in his bed, a promise that he feared had been fatal to him. No aid appeared at hand, escape by flight was hopeless, and resistance was equally so, for he was totally unarmed, and his first movement would have been a signal for Riquet to stab him to the heart. Had he been aware of the nature of the danger which threatened him, or could he have guessed that only two persons, and one of them a female too, composed the whole of the murderous band, he would, by the aid of Providence and his own good arm, have ridded himself by a single sword-thrust of one of his assailants, and would have then grappled with the other upon more equal terms.

But a new doubt added if possible to his former anxiety. Were these two persons alone about to assassinate him? or

were they only preparing a number of hired ruffians to accomplish the murder which they dared not perpetrate themselves? It must be so; his agonizing situation had, as above mentioned, made his sense of hearing intensely acute, and he heard beyond a doubt the sound of numerous footsteps stealing along the corridor with so light a fall that no human ear but his own could have caught the sound.

Wallenstein now prepared himself to die, for all hope of life seemed crushed within him; the assassins had arrived, and awaited but the signal for butchering him the moment Riquet should call them in, and with a calm despair the stranger awaited the blow.

Riquet, however, seemed determined to do the foul deed without any other aid than Madeleine's, for as soon as he had pronounced the fatal words, "*A present nous le finirons*," and while the above-mentioned conjectures were coursing like lightning through his victim's brain, he approached the bed with a noiseless pace, listened for a second to the supposed slumberer's heavy breathing, and raised his hand to strike the blow, while Madeleine was cautiously opening the curtains which had hitherto concealed Wallenstein from their sight.

In another moment the weapon would have been buried in the stranger's heart, when a shot from the chamber-door broke the right arm of Riquet, and his knife fell bloodless upon the floor. Madeleine shrieked and attempted to fly, while Wallenstein sprang from his bed almost frantic with joy at his unexpected deliverance.

The footsteps which he had heard were those of a party of gensdarmes sent by the chief magistrate of Granville to watch over his safety and to apprehend the miscreants who sought his life. They had gained access to the house unperceived either by Wallenstein or Madeleine, and lay waiting in a distant apartment until the time that Riquet and the maid-servant stole up, unperceived, as they thought, to Wallenstein's chamber.

All that passed there was but the work of a minute, though it has taken so long in narrating. The policemen had followed close upon the guilty pair, and they were both heavily ironed ere Wallenstein had risen from the kneeling posture in which he thanked Heaven for his deliverance.

Detected thus in the very perpetration of a crime of which they had been long suspected, though it could not be positively proved against them, nothing interfered to prevent the full measure of justice from being dealt upon the abhorred criminals. They were kept in safe custody at L'Hermitage

during the remainder of the night, and were then transferred to the town gaol at Granville.

Their trial came on in a few days, and the court-house was crowded almost to suffocation. The evidence against them was complete, and ere long the world was rid of these two cold-blooded murderers, who paid the penalty of their crimes upon the scaffold.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN THE GOVERNMENT GARDENS.

The operations of the Parent Agricultural Society become more and more important every year. From being disregarded and passed by with indifference, they are now scanned with critical eyes, and the least flaw is commented upon with a keenness almost amounting to severity.

With the general public the institution is exceedingly popular, and the most intelligent of all our agriculturists are availing themselves of its aid in a variety of ways. The Society is getting additional support from all quarters; and from doing nothing at all to help it forward, men of influence see the advantages which are to be gained by its successes, and are coming rapidly to its assistance. The Journalists, without exception, whilst they criticize somewhat keenly, approbate what is being done, and seem resolved that nothing less than perfection in every department shall be voted completely satisfactory.

If space could be afforded in this number of the *Magazine*, I might be inclined to describe more fully than I have yet done the exhibition which was held in the Paddock, Government Gardens, upon the 24th of last month; but I am forbidden by the occupation of all the pages but two, and I must therefore content myself by giving the bare facts, which should, if only for the sake of reference, be chronicled in this serial.

First, then, it is as well to notice that at these annual exhibitions the committee has found it undesirable to invite imported implement dealers to send their importations, and has wisely resolved not to have the show-yard cumbered with lumbering articles of any kind which neither contribute to the general interest nor promote the object for which these exhibitions are held. It was stated in the prize list that the committee would be prepared to give prizes for useful inventions. It does not follow, as some suppose,

because machinery and implements are not sought after at these annual exhibitions, that therefore the exhibition of implements, the ploughing matches, reaping matches, and threshing matches are to be overlooked, or that they are undervalued; quite the contrary. They will all take place at the right season, and benefiting by the experience of past years the committee will take care, as the farmers seldom come and inspect machinery, to take the machinery to their doors.

The exhibition in the Paddock was one of live-stock, grain, poultry, vegetables, and flowers; and with the exception of grain, there was a capital exhibition of all.

The judges of wines reported that both for quality and quantity this department greatly excelled that of last year, and the brandies, or "colonial cognac," as they are now named, were very superior to Cape smoke. In flavour, the prize sample was very similar to French; and the maker of it feels confident that in a few years he will be able to supply the Cape market with a much better article than is now imported. Of live-stock there was an abundance of various kinds. Each prize offered for horses was strongly competed for—the two-year-olds were considered the best part of that department, but not up to the two-year-olds of last year. Saddle-horses were superior, and so were the carriage-horses.

There were some handsome bulls, North Devon, Ayrshire, and Short Horn. The cows numbered upwards of thirty, and nearly all of them well-bred. The heifers were very handsome. There were but two fat oxen; but even that was two more than were to be found in our exhibition last year. High prices are offered, but nothing induces agriculturists to try stall-feeding, although at exhibitions held at Malmesbury and Worcester proof has been given that stall-feeding, even under great disadvantages, is very profitable. The sheep pens were but poorly filled; the breeds exhibited were Negretti, Cotswold, and Merino.

In no class of animal has there been more improvement than in pigs. Imported Berkshires of immense size and very handsome were exhibited with litters of promising young porkers by their side. There were also Shanghai pigs with curved noses, and South American pigs with bristles four inches long. The consumption of pork has increased greatly of late, and it is gratifying to see that the quality of animal is improving.

The flower and vegetable exhibition in the Great Western tent presented the chief attractions to the visitors. The tent

had been fitted up with fountains, and ornamental vases of Ipswich manufacture had been arranged with great care and taste. The Botanic Garden contributed a gorgeous display of azelias in magnificent bloom. These filled the vases. In the basins over which the water played water-lilies and ferns in pots, from the Garden, were placed. Around the side of the tent were tables filled with flowers sent to compete for the prizes—there were begonias, cinerarias, primroses, the polyanthus, geraniums, gladiolus, ranunculus, mimulus, roses, and a number of other varieties of exotics. There was scarcely a single variety of vegetable but was exhibited, and the improvement achieved in vegetable-growing was a subject of general remark. In this tent there were some fine samples of cotton grown in the Eastern Province, and the samples of wool forwarded by the Bradford Wool Association as a guide to wool-growers here were also exhibited.

There were but few samples of cereals. The butter show was very fine, and for the first time colonial-made cheese competed for the prizes offered.

The poultry was shown in a separate tent. The varieties present were buff Shanghais, black Spanish, grey Dorkings, white Dorkings, game, Bramah Pootra, and white and black Bantams. There were turkeys, geese (of various kinds), and ducks.

In giving this passing notice and testifying to the success of the exhibition, it is but fair to express the thanks of the public to the committee. If next year's exhibition shows as much improvement over this as this did over last year's, it will be indeed a success. I venture to suggest to the committee that next year the exhibition should be kept open for two days.

LITERARY REVIEW.

We hope that the counter-attractions of the Race-course and the Agricultural Exhibition, to say nothing of the preparations for the approaching field-day of our gallant Volunteers, have not tended to diminish the interest which is usually taken in the monthly additions to our stock of current literature, for we have to chronicle the advent of several works which will fascinate the general reader, as well as to refer to others of a more exceptional character. Before, however, passing these in review we must briefly notice one of those periodical "quarrels of authors" which is of unusual dignity, and which will afford plenty of entertainment to those who may be familiar with the

boundaries of the debatable land. The combatants are in this instance the three grand Professors Newman, Blackie, and Arnold, and the subject-matter of their dispute is the *quæstio vexata* of the translation of Homer. Each of these authorities contends for a different metre as the most appropriate garb in which the immortal bard should be presented to English readers. They all adduce weighty reasons for their respective preferences; all condemn their opponents with unreasonable animosity, and ignore altogether the incontrovertible conclusion that where Pope and Chapman fail, no living translator can hope to succeed. The fact is that the wondrous pliancy and completeness of the Greek tongue precludes the possibility of a just and sufficient translation into English as utterly as the elaborate imagery of Shakspeare forbids our interpreting his beauty to a Hottentot. To those who would follow in detail all the arguments of the professors, we commend the pamphlets published by Mr. Arnold and Mr. Newman, and the paper by Mr. Blackie which appears in *Macmillan's Magazine*. The telling castigation bestowed by the London University champion upon the Oxford poet and professor of poetry reminds us of the terrific onslaught made some little time since upon a luckless and impertinent critic of the dishonoured name of Perowne by the illustrious editor of "Jaspar," Dr. Donaldson, whose untimely death has been mourned by every philological scholar in Europe.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the editor of the *Athenæum*, whose work upon Lord Bacon we had occasion to notice, has been made the subject of severe criticism in a pamphlet on "Shakespere and Ben Johnson," and in another upon the "Stratford Portrait." We are of opinion, however, that as an author and a scholar Mr. Dixon will hold his place in the lists against opponents of such insignificant importance.

The demise of Sir Francis Palgrave, of the Rolls office, leaves a blank in literary circles which will not be easily filled up. To his labours and official assistance students have been much indebted for the rare series of historical records which have been published during late years. The most valuable work on our early history, and one also in which Sir Francis took a very active interest, is the edition by Mr. Thorpe, of "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." This venerable record differs from the early chronicles of other nations in being throughout authentic, and untinged with mythical romance or valueless mythological details. It has, therefore, been always regarded as one of the most precious monuments of our literature, and we are glad to find so able a writer collating the various readings of the text with such care (and as those are printed in Roman characters, he has rendered the task of comparison easy to the great bulk of his readers), and grateful for the translation which he has executed with such affectionate fidelity. The preface to the book is incomplete; but this shortcoming must be attributed to the conditions under which the task was undertaken. Pending an edition on a large

scale, and on a more liberal plan, every independent student of English history should possess these volumes.

Another publication which will no doubt arrest the attention of lovers of early history is a translation into English rhyme of Wace's poem of the "Roman de Rou;" but we fancy that they will be disappointed by the manner in which Sir Alexander Malet has performed his self-imposed task. The style is pretentious, and reminds one of the prose rival to Bulwer's "Harold" by General Napier. Indeed, the versification of Sir Alexander is throughout the poem about as miserable as that of the headings to the chapters of the General's novel. The poem itself, however, contains passages which in spite of their English dress—so bald and unsuitable—throw valuable light upon many episodes which can never lose their interest to those who regard the Norman conquest of England from its right point of view.

A book which we presume should be reckoned as a historical work is "Miss Strickland's Lives of the Bachelor Kings of England." The authoress, as our readers are aware, rarely attempts any subject which she cannot render interesting, and in the present case, though her materials are not more reliable than are her examples of unmarried kings of striking social or political importance, she has contrived to supply us with a book of average merit. Her notice of William Rufus is necessarily founded upon traditions which are more than ordinarily apocryphal, and she cannot, therefore, be surprised if her theories regarding this questionable character are received with distrust; and as regards the favourite ideal of youthful piety, Edward VI, we fancy that most adult readers will smile at Miss Strickland's innocent predilection for him.

On the whole, we fancy that this was a supplementary chapter in the History of England which would not have been missed if it had been left unwritten.

In biography there is but little new. We have a memoir of Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, by his sister, which is marked by the usual faults of works of this class. We believe that in almost every instance a biography must be imperfect, particularly where a diary is the source from which the author of the work draws his or her materials. Either the diary is written, as Dr. Chalmers' was, under an idea that it would at some future time be made public, when its real value must be very slight, or it contains a record of the writer's most secret feelings and deepest aspirations, in which case we question much the right of any friend or relative to give it to the world. The life of Dr. Wilson was not marked by any event of extraordinary importance. As a memorial of a benevolent and useful career, the book will, however, be kindly received by a large circle of friends.

A memoir which will be more widely read is that of Mr. Joshua Watson, a layman, who was privileged, as one of the founders of the National Society, to exercise an immense influence for good upon the

middle and lower classes of society, and materially to strengthen the hands of the English Church in her contest with dissent and with unbelief. To those who would know what may be done by a merchant of ordinary wealth, devoting himself heart and soul to a good cause, we commend a perusal of this most instructive memoir by the Archbishop of Cleveland.

Two books of this class which are of political importance are worthy of more than a cursory reading. Mr. Murray publishes the first volume of the Private Diary of Public Events which came under the notice of Sir Robert Wilson when he was connected, first, with the staff of the British ambassador at Constantinople in 1812, and, during the two subsequent years, with the embassy at St. Petersburg. The stirring occurrences which thronged the course of these three years were noted by a shrewd observer, and by one who had the fullest opportunities of becoming acquainted with the secrets of statecraft and military policy, and Sir Robert is as careful to do justice to the character and services of those who became famous during these campaigns as he is modest in recounting the extent of his own sacrifices or the value of his personal exertions.

The other work to which we would refer is one edited by the Dean of Westminster. With such a literary sponsor, it cannot be wondered at that, independently of its intrinsic value, "The Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight" should become a popular book. This lady, who resided a long time in the household of the Princess Charlotte, and who was during a long life a wonderful confidant of all the royal and noble personages who had skeletons in their closets, does not favour us in this volume with all her impressions regarding the court of George III, but confines herself more or less to narrating those occurrences which interested her during a visit to Germany in the years ending the last and commencing the present century. But the book is chiefly valuable for the pictures of continental life before the new order of things which was inaugurated by the Revolution had set in; and, at any rate, will amuse most readers by the familiar gossip about the late royal family and the political and literary celebrities of her age.

As a matter of course the flood of novels, which never ebbs, has suffered no diminution in quantity since our last notice. We wish we could recommend any as likely to repay perusal; but beyond "Our New Rector," which is a mild intellectual stimulant to be taken in any quantity by the most sentimental young lady, we can single out nothing for praise or blame.

Always excepting, however, the tales of striking interest which occupy the pages of so many of our serials. We must quote a passage which commences one of the last chapters of Mr. Henry Kingsley's "Ravenshoe," which, as suggestive of the most serious reflections, graces appropriately a story which is so evidently written with the

gravest moral purpose. It introduces the hero in his most depressing "situation:"

"In the long watches of the winter night, when one has awoke from some evil dream, and lies sleepless and terrified with the solemn pall of darkness around one—on one of those deadly, still dark nights, when the window only shows a murky patch of positive gloom in contrast with the nothingness of the walls, when the howling of a tempest round chimney and roof would be welcomed as a boisterous companion—in such still, dead times only, lying as in the silence of the tomb, one sees life as it really is, and realizes that one day we shall lie in that bed and not think at all; that the time will come soon when we must die."

"Our preachers remind us of this often enough, but we cannot realize it in a pew in broad daylight. You must wake in the middle of the night to do that, and face the thought like a man, that it will come, and come to ninety-nine in a hundred of us, not in a maddening clatter of musketry as the day is won, or carrying a line to a stranded ship, or in such like glorious times, when the soul is in mastery over the body but in bed by slow degrees. It is in darkness and silence only that we realize this; and then let us hope that we humbly remember that death has been conquered for us, and that in spite of our unworthiness we may defy him. And after that sometimes will come the thought, 'Are there not evils worse even than death?'"

We are delighted to see that Mr. Bohn has published a volume of Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Legends and Tales" at a price which will place them within every one's reach, and we could wish that the beautifully illustrated edition of another series by the same author which has just appeared could be produced in a cheaper form. The healthy tone of these Norse and Danish legends can have no other but the most beneficial effect upon young and old.

The indefatigable Dr. Timbs has written a book entitled "Something for Everybody," which fairly earns its name, but we fancy that the little bit of information which each individual reader appropriates, scarcely repays him for the trouble of wading through a book which, like the rest of his works, is of that encyclopædic character which implies an Admirable Crichton as the discerning reader.

We will close our review by commending to all who care for pure and tender thoughts expressed in a truly feminine and graceful manner, Miss Adelaide Proctor's "Legends and Lyrics." Most of our readers are familiar with the writings of this lady's father, under the signature of Barry Cornwall, and they will not be surprised to hear that his daughter has inherited in no slight degree the poetical temperament.

We do not, of course, place Miss Proctor among the first rank of poetesses—indeed, that is left blank by the death of Mrs. Browning; but we think her verses calculated to sooth and delight a great number of persons whose ordinary habits of thought and feeling incline them

to that class of writers who draw their inspiration from similar sources. We can only afford space for one specimen of Miss Proctor's talent:

Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled:
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping
Safe for ever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere:
No true crown of honour can be given
Till we place it on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us: and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, for ever gone; and in their places,
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,
On their dead white faces, long ago.

When our joy is lost—and life will take it—
Then no memory of the past remains;
Save with some strange, cruel sting to make it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow, fond regret:
We shall find, in some far bright to-morrow,
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own?
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
Death's last kiss has been the mystic sign
Consecrating love our own for ever,
Crowning it eternal and divine.

So when fate would fain besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,
And to save our treasures, claims them all.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR AUGUST, 1861.

(Deduced from five observations daily.)

Hours of observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.
Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1861.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahr.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air, Sat.=100.	BAROMETER, minus Tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Hourly Velocity.	Direction.		
Augt.	Inches.	°	°	°	°	°		Inches	miles.		Inch.	
1	29·853	57·10	52·64	65·1	49·7	48·70	75·2	29·509	4·5	NWbW		8·4
2	29·925	56·30	54·56	60·7	53·8	52·96	88·6	29·522	11·4	NNW	0·153	9·2
3	30·127	56·18	55·38	60·6	52·9	54·64	94·8	29·700	5·0	NW		6·6
4	30·115	55·58	52·05	60·0	53·8	48·70	77·8	29·770	10·7	NW		8·5
5	30·161	55·64	53·60	58·4	51·0	51·68	86·8	29·778	7·4	NW	0·166	8·8
6	30·211	54·96	52·32	60·2	49·5	49·86	83·4	29·852	3·4	NWbW		2·9
7	30·241	57·80	53·32	62·0	53·3	49·24	74·0	29 888	10·9	SWbW		1·5
8	30·150	61·46	53·26	68·0	49·5	46·38	59·2	29·834	10·0	SbW		0·7
9	30·033	63·78	57·06	74·5	56·0	51·80	68·2	29·647	9·5	W		6·3
10	29·971	57·62	55·58	60·3	54·0	53·74	87·0	29·557	3·9	NW		9·6
11	30·074	55 60	53·26	60·1	50·4	51·04	85·0	29·697	5·5	WNW	0·761	7·8
12	30·332	54 52	51·22	60·4	44·2	48·14	80·0	29·993	5·1	WbN		1·3
13	30·243	56·00	52·56	62·2	51·0	49·36	78·6	29·889	7·2	SSW		0·4
14	30·143	54·82	52·18	61·2	46·5	49·70	83·0	29·785	5·7	SbW		5·6
15	30·198	55·30	53·24	60·0	51·1	51·30	86·8	29·818	2·7	NWbW		9·0
16	30·160	53·24	49·66	60·0	43·5	46·22	78·0	29·846	2·8	NW		6·9
17	30·153	55·42	51·52	57·5	52·2	47·86	76·0	29·820	8·9	NNW		9·9
18	30·235	54·80	52·18	61·4	46·0	49·76	84·0	29·875	5·7	S		2·6
19	30·101	54·90	52·28	65·0	46·2	49·86	83·8	29·741	3·0	SSW		2·3
20	30·002	55·66	54·20	60·9	50·2	52·84	90·6	29·601	7·3	WbS		7·9
21	30·100	57·82	54·64	60·7	54·1	51·74	80·6	29·715	14·4	NWbN		6·5
22	30 027	57·52	55·22	62·5	53·8	53·16	85·8	29·622	14·0	NW	0·331	6·0
23	30·286	51·44	46·14	56·6	45·0	40·80	68·0	30·030	5·1	SbW	0·081	6·2
24	30·439	51·76	46·70	57·3	48·2	41·66	69·0	30·175	7·4	SbW		1·4
25	30·301	53·64	48·18	61·3	40·8	43·02	68·6	30·021	6·1	S		0·9
26	30·325	55·42	51·66	60·2	51·8	48·08	76·4	29·989	19·5	S		0·6
27	30·255	56·72	53·26	61·6	48·7	50·10	78·8	29·893	14·2	S		0·1
28	30·088	57·26	55·14	61·6	52·5	53·24	87·2	29·681	13·3	S		0·3
29	29·888	58·98	56·54	64·2	53·2	54·38	85·0	29·463	8·6	SW		3·1
30	30·071	57·96	55·72	61·8	53·2	53·70	86·0	29·657	10·7	NWbW	0·423	7·4
31	30·249	56·92	53·24	62·3	52·8	49·86	78·0	29·889	10·1	SbE		3·4
Means	30·144	56·20	52·86	61·6	50·3	49·79	80·1	29·782	8·2	WbS	Sum in 1·915	4·9

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A. M. 5h.	A. M. 9h.	P. M. 1h.	P. M. 5h.	P. M. 9h.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. at 32° Faht.	30·134	30·174	30·132	30·127	30·153	30·471	29·736
Press. of Dry Air	29·794	29·807	29·756	29·755	29·799	30·213	29·401
Thermometer—Dry	52·00	56·59	60·73	57·42	54·40	74·0	43·2
Wet	50·07	53·27	55·43	53·84	51·77	61·0	41·6
Humidity of the Air, per cent.	87·0	80·1	71·1	78·9	83·4	98·0	42·0
Dew Point	48·1	50·2	50·8	50·9	49·2	58·0	37·5

G. W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

Omission in Summary for July.—Mean direction of the wind, WbS.

A. Green, Ph.o

THE NEW SOMERSET HOSPITAL.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ELSDALE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WARREN was not mistaken. It was Kate Thornton who passed Mr. Hadley's house, rode rapidly up the ascent to the parsonage, stopped her horse with a sharp jerk at the gate, where the Fingo boy was standing who was supposed to take care of Mr. Beveridge's pony and cow; and, springing from the saddle, hurried into the house.

Mrs. Beveridge was sitting in her little drawing-room—herself, and all about her, scrupulously plain and neat—engaged in her morning's task of teaching her children. One glance at the room and its occupants revealed that the clergyman was not wealthy, and that his wife was a careful manager. There was nothing costly, but there was nothing mean. The walls were relieved by two or three simple pictures—a print of Baliol College, Oxford, a lithograph of the Martyr's Memorial, and a couple of rather feeble water-colour drawings—the artistic triumphs of Mrs. Beveridge's school days. The book-cases, well filled with soberly-clad volumes, were of plain yellowwood, the work of the village carpenter. On the table, which was covered by a cloth of dark purple with a border embroidered in gold-coloured silk, lay two or three handsomely-bound books and other articles which looked like presents; and in the centre was a china vase on a carved ebony stand, filled with flowers which scented the room. At the cottage piano, in one corner, the eldest girl, with a gravity beyond her years, was initiating her younger sister into the mysteries of "the scales;" while Mrs. Beveridge herself was hearing a sturdy little fellow, with hands, face, and legs tanned to a dusky red, repeat his lesson in geography. At the present moment, that young gentleman seemed to be what is popularly called "stuck;" and, with his hands clasped behind his back, and fingers working uneasily, was gazing out into the garden, vainly endeavouring to draw inspiration from thence.

"Well, Georgie?" said Mrs. Beveridge in a quiet, patient tone.

Georgie transferred his gaze from the garden to his mother's face; frowned, sighed deeply, and twisted one leg round the other in a vain attempt to recollect his lesson.

"The Persian sheep"—suggested Mrs. Beveridge.

Off went Georgie at score: "'The-Persian-sheep-are-much-admired-for-their-flavour-and-for-the-size-of-their-tails-some-of-which-weigh-thirty-pounds'-and-that's-all," he concluded, taking breath, and holding out his hand for the book.

"That's not very nicely said," remarked Mrs. Beveridge gravely. "You go through it as quickly as possible, as if you were quite glad to get to the end."

"So I am," said downright Georgie.

"Oh, Georgie; I hope you will not grow up to be a dunce."

This dismal prospect did not exert a very depressing influence upon that young gentleman. He was busy putting away his books with a good deal of unnecessary clatter. "I say," he said suddenly, turning round to his mother, "what stunning tails, eh!"

"Georgie, I have told you before that I do not like you to use that word. It is not pretty."

"Why, Mr. Ormerod used to say 'stunning,'" argued Georgie.

"When you are as old as Mr. Ormerod you may use what words you like, but not before; and I hope you will never fall into a habit of using vulgar words. Your papa has a great objection to it."

"Hollo!" exclaimed this degenerate offspring of the correct Mr. Beveridge. "Hollo! Here's a jolly lark! Here's Aunt Katie!"

Mrs Beveridge looked the reproof which she had not time to utter, as Kate Thornton entered, flushed and breathless, by the window.

"My darling," she said, "what brings you here so early this morning? George and I were talking at breakfast of going to Elsdale this afternoon. It seems an age since I have seen you."

Kate kissed her sister in a nervous, hurried manner, without speaking, and continued to hold her hand. Mrs. Beveridge's quick and loving glance saw in a moment that something had occurred to trouble her.

"Georgie," she said, "you may go out to play now. And put your old straw hat on. And don't chase the calf across the flower beds, as you were doing this morning. And, Janet,

you go on teaching Minnie the scales till I come back. Aunt Katie is going to my room for a few minutes."

When poor Kate reached her sister's room, her quick breathing had become almost hysterical, and she was no longer able to repress her emotion. Mrs. Beveridge, always thoughtful and considerate, refrained from asking her any questions, but took off her riding-hat and gloves, opened her jacket, and bathed her brow and temples with eau-de-cologne. She seated herself beside her on the little couch at the foot of the bed, put her arm round her, and drew her close to herself; while Kate nestled to her sister like a child in its first grief, and laid her head upon her shoulder. And by degrees she grew more calm, and the hysterical sobs came less frequently.

All this time, Mrs. Beveridge was turning over in her mind what could have happened to her sister; and, at last, came to the conclusion that what she had always feared had come to pass, and that her sister, while riding alone, had been in some way frightened, or in danger. So she continued soothing her with a mother's tact and tenderness; smoothing her glossy curls with her hand, and pressing her lips against Kate's burning forehead. They sat there for some minutes without speaking; and Kate had become so much calmer that Mrs. Beveridge thought she might venture to ask what had occurred to cause her such agitation, when she herself broke silence.

"I have been very foolish," she said, disengaging herself from her sister's arm. "But I am better now, thank you."

"What was it my darling? Did Mameluke frighten you?"

"Oh, no. It was nothing. I felt a little giddy. I am quite well now."

Mrs. Beveridge looked at her with an affectionate but searching glance. "Katie, dear," she said, "you are not quite well: and something has happened which has distressed or frightened you. You are just as pale now as you were flushed a few moments since. My own darling," she went on in a caressing tone, "you will tell me what it is. You will tell all your troubles to me. You will let me comfort you. You have no one but me now, you know."

The words seemed to touch some chord in poor Kate's heart, for her tears began to flow afresh. She threw her arms round the sister, who for so many years had been as a mother to her, and sobbed out, "No; I have none but you now. I had thought—I had once hoped—I have been very—foolish—and I am—very—very—miserable."

A new light suddenly broke in upon Mrs. Beveridge's mind. It was not from the effects of fright that Kate was suffering. Her heart was aching with some new grief or

disappointment; and having got that clue she followed it up with all a woman's ready tact. No word had ever passed between the sisters, no mutual confidences, on the subject that was nearest to poor Kate's heart; but Mrs. Beveridge's watchful eye had not failed to discern the little signs which told her where her sister had placed her affections. Her instinctive sense of delicacy forbad her giving expression to her thoughts upon a point of such deep interest to her. Even to her husband she had been silent upon the subject, and Mr. Beveridge was a man by no means likely to make any discoveries of this kind for himself. Kate's secret lay unrevealed within her own breast, though there were some who fancied that they had guessed it. But the rumour which had reached Elsdale had come also to Mrs. Beveridge's ears. And though she refused, with unwonted indignation, to give it credence for a single moment, yet the idea had found entrance again and again; and the thought of the possibility of her sister being disappointed had given her uneasiness which she had in vain endeavoured to dispel. Kate, she had noticed, had been looking ill and dispirited of late: it might be from a consciousness of some change in Mr. Warren's manner towards her. And now that she had come to her thus overwhelmed with distress, and had confessed that she was miserable and disappointed, Mrs. Beveridge rightly concluded that such agitation could be caused only by the rumour which connected Miss Hadley's name with Mr. Warren's, having now reached her for the first time, or by its having received such confirmation as forbade further doubt as to the truth of the report. It was no time now for reserve between them. The strong instincts of yearning love swept away the barriers reared by feminine delicacy; and, little by little, the wise and tender elder sister extracted from poor Kate the story of her hapless love—of her proud fond hopes, of her bitter disappointment and grief. Kate herself spoke not; but she replied to the tender inquiries and suggestions of her sister by a pressure of the hand or a shake of the head, while the tears rained down unchecked, and her bosom heaved with sobs which she no longer strove to stifle.

The unrestrained flow of tears brought her relief; and when her sister began to question her as to the circumstance which had so suddenly and completely confirmed her worst fears, she was able to talk of it with greater composure. Mrs. Beveridge, true to her friendship for Warren, and anxious to find some ray of hope for her sister, could not be persuaded that Kate had not been mistaken, and strove to convince her that it was so. But Kate was not to be shaken in her account of what she had herself witnessed.

"I tell you again, Janet," she said with some degree of warmth, "it is impossible that I could have been mistaken. I passed as near to them as I am now to that window, and I saw them both distinctly. They were standing quite close to the window, with their heads bent down almost touching each other. I believe he was just in the act of kissing her. It is just like her boldness to allow a man to kiss her at an open window, where everybody that passed by might see it."

"But were they merely standing talking together? How was it that they did not see you coming?"

"No. She was holding something for him to look at. Of course, I know now what it was. It was that hideous, staring portrait of herself, which she shows to everybody. And it is as like her as possible." And Kate jerked out her words with a scornful energy.

"Well, I must say it seems to me very extraordinary," said Mrs. Beveridge, after a pause, during which Kate had been drying her eyes and pluming her feathers. "Don't you think Mr. Warren may have gone there on business, or without any intention of seeing Miss Hadley?"

"Business! Yes, I have no doubt he went there on business," answered Kate in a sarcastic tone. "Janet, I am really quite surprised at your simplicity. Do you suppose it is in the least degree probable that Mr. —— that *he* should have been engaged in the way I saw them, unless he had gone there expressly to see her? Is it likely that if he had gone there simply on business at the store, that she would have been showing him her portrait—portrait indeed!—at the window of their sitting-room?"

There was something so improbable upon the face of this —although, in point of fact, it was nothing but the mere truth—that Mrs. Beveridge felt at once that her position was not tenable.

"No," continued Kate. "It is very kind of you, Janet dear, to try to find a ray of hope for me, but my own judgment will not allow me to deceive myself. I have been doing so too long already;" and she sighed as she threw back a mental glance across the once sunny landscape, over which so gloomy a cloud had thrown its shadow. "No," she went on mournfully, "I have been trying to persuade myself that it was not so, but I see now that Henry was right, and this was quite to be expected. Though how Henry can call her handsome, I really cannot imagine; men have such very strange tastes! Handsome!" (This was said with an air of cutting scorn.)

"I suppose what is commonly said of men is true:

that they have not our unselfishness. Yet I did think *he* was free from that hateful fault of self-love. I knew he was not rich, and I believed that he was utterly indifferent to it. If I had thought it could have benefited him, I would have given him every farthing I have; and I would do it now, though I shall never—never—" and a great sob choked her utterance for a few seconds.

"I could not have believed *he* had put such a value upon money. I never thought *he* could have been so blinded. Miss Hadley, indeed! A bold, forward, underbred girl like that! It is perfectly sickening!" And Kate rose from her seat, and threw back her curls, and paced up and down the room, with wrath and scorn expressed in every line of her dilating figure, in the curl of her short upper lip, in her glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. Her vehemence of character had come to her aid, and was rousing her from her weak yielding to vain regrets.

She had not taken more than two or three turns, when there was a tap at the door, and the quiet little voice of the eldest girl was heard asking for "mamma." Mrs. Beveridge opened the door, and little Janet, with the gleeful face of one who brings good tidings, announced that Mr. Warren was in the drawing-room:—"he came prancing up to the house, with Georgie upon the saddle in front of him."

The two sisters looked at each other. "Tell Mr. Warren I will come to him directly," said Mrs. Beveridge. And the demure little messenger hurried back to her friend in the drawing-room.

"Now, Katie dear, what do you think of this? Does not his coming here seem to prove that you must have been mistaken? You cannot suppose he came here merely to see *me*. Depend upon it, he saw you pass, and knew you must be coming here, and he has followed you. We can talk about these things now, my own darling, though our lips have been sealed to each other hitherto. Believe me, my own, I have not been so indifferent to my Katie's welfare and happiness, as not to have kept a very anxious watch upon what was going on. And something in my own heart tells me that I have not been deceived, and that you have been mistaken. Will you come with me and see him, and then judge for yourself?"

Kate was somewhat moved by the warmth with which her sister declared her confidence in Warren's loyalty, and for a few moments she seemed to waver. But that boasted strength of character, or, more correctly, that self-will which it had been her pride to cultivate in herself, rose up and forbad her to

yield. She drew herself up to her full height, and gently disengaging herself from her sister's embrace, said firmly: "No, Janet, I will not exhibit that weakness which lowers our sex in the eyes of the other. I will be resolute. I cannot doubt the evidence of my senses. And after what I saw with my own eyes only half an hour since, I cannot allow myself to be towards Mr. Warren as in times past; nor can I allow him to suppose that I am such a mere puppet as so many of our sex permit themselves to become. I shall not condescend to enter into any sort of rivalry with such a person as Miss Hadley. Mr. Warren's taste may be peculiar, though it is not for me, of course, to question it; but I must beg that I may be allowed to follow the dictates of my own sense of dignity in this matter. I may have acted foolishly hitherto, but I will take care that my conduct henceforth shall admit of no doubtful interpretation."

And Kate seated herself in the armchair by her sister's beside, with an air and expression of countenance which told Mrs. Beveridge that further remonstrance was useless. And so she went alone to the drawing-room, feeling embarrased and ill at ease; and as she was no adept at concealment of the feelings which occupied her heart, her manner had an awkward constraint, which Warren could not fail to notice. He did not ask for Kate, nor was her name mentioned, though she filled the foremost place in the thoughts of them both; and Warren rose at last to take his leave with a vague but uncomfortable consciousness that he had not met with the customary cordial reception.

Mrs. Beveridge returned to the room with tearful eyes, and found Kate quietly engaged with a book. She had bathed her face, and brushed her hair, and looked perfectly calm and composed.

"Oh, Katie dear," she began; "how I wish you had come with me. I am more than ever convinced"——

Kate stopped her before she could say more.

"Janet dear," she said very quietly, "I know you mean nothing but what is most kind and loving to me; but you must allow me to act in this matter for myself. I have been giving the subject the most careful attention since you left me, and I have made up my mind. From henceforth Mr. Warren is nothing to me—no more to me than Miss Hadley herself."

CHAPTER XIX.

While Kate Thornton was thus resolutely deciding his fate, Reginald Warren was pursuing his way to Cameron's Hoek, in a far more grave and thoughtful mood than he had

set out on his journey. There was something which he could not understand in Mrs. Beveridge's conduct towards him. She, who was usually so frank and cordial in her manner, had been reserved and constrained, and manifestly not disposed to press him to stay. He was not a man peculiarly exacting in what was due to himself from others, but he was quick and sensitive to observe any want of cordiality in those whose friendship he valued. He was observant of such little changes in tone or manner, not because he was tormented by irritable self-love, but because his genial and affectionate nature clung to and required the kindly regard of others. He was a man who did not make many friends, but those whom he did regard in that light he loved with all the warmth of his honest heart, and desired to be so loved by them in return. And Mrs. Beveridge's manner towards him, so strangely altered from what he had been accustomed to from her, surprised and pained him. What could be the reason of it? Had they received any bad news? Was Mr. Beveridge ill? Had anything occurred in the parish calculated to cause them distress? He felt sure that if it had been anything of this kind, Mrs. Beveridge would not have hesitated to inform him of it. They had been for so long a time on terms of the closest intimacy, that he could not allow himself to suppose that any matter of importance would have been kept from him. No, it was nothing of that sort, he felt confident.

And Kate, too: why had not she made her appearance? He knew perfectly well that she had been going to the Parsonage when he saw her pass Mr. Hadley's house. Indeed, where else could she be going, on that road, except towards Cameron's Hoek—an event which was in the highest degree improbable. And why had she not come into the room while he was there? and why had not Mrs. Beveridge mentioned that she was in the house? There was something about it all which he could not understand. His own conscience was so perfectly clear, his friendship for Mrs. Beveridge so sincere, his loyalty to Kate so perfect, that no shadow of suspicion crossed his mind as to the real state of the case; only he felt puzzled. There was something that was not clear to him just now But, no doubt, he should know all about it in time.

And having come to this conclusion, he roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, shook up his reins, and applied the old spur which armed his left heel to Blesbok's flank.

That morose quadruped had been exhibiting more than

usual perverseness since leaving the village of Eastbourne. So far as to the Parsonage was a road which he was accustomed to, and which he would consent to traverse without unusual manifestations of discontent. He had no objection to stand beneath the milkwood tree before the front door during Warren's protracted visits; sometimes dropping to sleep, and catching himself up with a jerk as he gradually lost his balance and seemed about to settle down forward; sometimes standing with eyes half closed, and ears laid back, and his under lip drawn down, displaying his long yellow teeth, evidently occupied with sarcastic reflections upon the society and circumstances among which his lot was cast. And when required to proceed homewards, he would exhibit no indisposition to do so. But to have to go beyond the Parsonage, along a road that offered no hope of rest or shelter nearer than Cameron's Hock, was not to be endured without remonstrance. Twice he had been called upon to make that journey since Mr. Johnstone had come into the country, and he had done so under most emphatic protest. The first time, indeed, he had risen up in open rebellion; and a battle had ensued, of which Georgie Beveridge had been a profoundly interested spectator, and which had terminated disastrously to himself. The recollection of this defeat awed him from similar attempts for the future, but nothing could ever overcome his determined repugnance to going fifteen miles further away from home. The most dogged reluctance to proceed in the required direction was expressed in a marked manner in his appearance and movements. At first, he pretended to be lame; and, finding that this manœuvre was disregarded, he affected to be almost prostrated by weariness and exhaustion, crawling along with his head bent down, and sighing heavily at intervals.

From this state he was aroused by Warren awaking from his reverie. At the unexpected touch of the spur he shot suddenly round, and set off towards home with such determined purpose that it was some time before Warren could pull him up. It was only after repeated and resounding application of the hunting-crop to his sides that he could be prevailed upon to proceed in the right direction at all; and, when at last he did so, it was with the most marked expression of ill humour,—holding his head stretched out before him and turned slightly on one side, stumbling over the highest ant-heaps, dropping into the deepest mole-holes, splashing through the dirtiest parts of the little streams that crossed the road, and conducting himself, generally, with so much set determination to make himself disagreeable, that if

he had been a rational and intelligent human being he could scarcely have been more perfectly successful.

When Warren arrived at Woodside, Johnstone, as we know, had not returned from Elsdale. Job Harvey, who was engaged in earthing up a fine crop of potatoes, left his hoe between the ridges, and ran down to the house to take the horse—a piece of civility which, however well intended, was quite unnecessary in the present instance, as Warren's ready hands had finished the operation of unsaddling and knee-haltering long before honest Job had reached him. But the fact was that Warren was a favourite with simple folks wherever he might go. And not only was Job glad to leave his work for a little chat with one who could enter heartily into a working man's hopes and fears, but "the missus" also appeared at the door of the cottage, curtseying and smiling, and the eldest girl, Jemima, grinned a welcome from behind her mother.

Mrs. Harvey was engaged in ironing the family linen —a fact which announced itself to the observant Warren in more ways than one. Even if he had not already detected the peculiar warm odour attending that process, the sight of little Kezia, the youngest child, toddling about clad only in a flannel petticoat and a shawl tied in a large bunch behind its back, would have been enough to assure him that every available scrap of domestic linen had been submitted to the wash-tub. Warren too thoroughly appreciated the importance of the occasion to allow "the missus" to waste her time while such matters demanded her attention; so, bidding her go on with her ironing, he sat down near her table in the cottage kitchen and chatted about the news of the country-side; while Job lounged at the open door and put in his word occasionally, and Jemima went into convulsions of smothered laughter at little Kezia's antics in her strange dress.

Then Warren bade Job go back to his potatoes, while he lighted his pipe, and went to take a little stroll; and as he puffed the fragrant weed, and looked out over the still, leaden, moaning sea, and then turned and glanced along the mountains that loomed unnaturally hard and black, their peaks wreathed with masses of solid-looking vapour, beaten down, smooth and rounded by strong upper currents of wind, until they were like vast snow-drifts that had been discoloured by thaw, and then frozen on the surface—he thought to himself that if Maurice Johnstone did not return home before long he would be caught in ugly weather.

And then, having smoked his pipe, and made a complete survey of the premises, he began to feel the want of something

to do. At first he thought he would go and help Job with the potatoes; but glancing at the little piece of garden in front of Jonstone's windows, he saw that there was just the sort of work he required ready to his hands. Accordingly, he borrowed a spade and a rake, and coolly taking off his coat and waistcoat, and rolling up his shirt sleeves above his elbows he set to work to put the little garden in order, with as much zeal and dexterity as if gardening had been all his life his proper calling. Still Johnstone did not come.

And after he had worked for an hour or so, Mrs. Harvey came to tell him that she had got a mutton chop for him. And the said mutton chop resolved itself into three, which, being cut in colonial fashion, across the back, were in point of fact equal to six; all of which did Warren calmly devour, with some assistance, as to the bones, from Bob, an aged sheep-dog, with one eye, and only the rudiments of a tail, and a general aspect so excessively knowing and lurcher-like that it would have ensured him a summary conviction at the hands of any game-preserving justice of the peace in England. And after his snack, Warren smoked another pipe, and then resumed his labours in the garden. And still Maurice Johnstone did not come.

And about three o'clock, the sound of wind in the mountains, which had been steadily increasing, swelled up to a roar; and a sort of skirmishing force, thrown out in advance of the main body, came rushing down through the wood at the back of the house: scattering the dry leaves before it, and bowing the branches, and catching up a night-garment of the "Missus"—the one last washed, which was still hanging out to dry—and whirling it in an inflated state, like a balloon, clean over the house; and finally hurled itself upon the sea that was moaning more and more loudly. And then all was still again. And then the rain began to fall; and Warren, having reduced the little garden to something more like order, took up his clothes and his tools, and went indoors. And still Maurice Johnstone did not come.

And then he looked through the books which had at last arrived, and which were lying in orderly rows on the floor at one side of the little room, waiting until the wagon-maker down in the village below had finished the shelves on which they were to be deposited—an event which bade fair to be as long deferred as their arrival had been, under the auspices of Messrs. Steady and Stowe. And among them he found a whole set of Charles Kingsley's works, which had not, as yet, reached the retirement of the Mersey; and seizing upon "Two Years Ago," he speedily became so totally absorbed in

it that he failed to notice how the weather was growing worse every hour; how the wind came down in fiercer gusts, driving a heavier rain storm before it. At last it grew so dark that he could see no more. And looking at his watch he found that he had been reading for nearly three hours; that evening was drawing on; and that Maurice Johnstone had not come.

He began to be uneasy about him; and went to talk to Job in the kitchen. Warren, though not very intimately acquainted with that side of the Mersey, knew enough of the general character of the country to feel sure that the road from Elsdale was not a safe one to travel, on a dark evening, in such a storm as was then gathering. Buffel's River, he thought, was just one of those treacherous mountain streams which might be sparkling and dancing along, all glee and innocence, in the afternoon, and be raging in hoarse and headstrong fury before nightfall. He did not like to dwell upon his misgivings alone, and went to talk to Job. He found him carefully knotting together some long ox-riems; and the single glance which the two men exchanged showed that the same thoughts had been occupying the minds of both.

"You are going to Buffel's River, are you not?" Job nodded. "I will go with you. And while you are making the line, I can saddle the horses."

Job, without speaking, rose and reached down a lantern; and was in the act of lighting it, when he paused, listened a moment, and exclaimed, "There's the horse!"

The next minute Johnstone staggered into the house deadly pale, and drenched with wet. He spoke no word in answer to Job's inquiries or Warren's greeting; but wrung his friend's hand, and, muttering something about being wet, took up a candle, passed through into his own room, and shut and locked the door.

CHAPTER XX.

It was about two hours after midnight, and the storm was at the height of its fury. The wind howled and crashed through the wood that sheltered the cottage, the solid stone building rocked to its foundation, and the timber structure attached to it, though not exposed to the full force of the blast, creaked and shivered at each successive shock, like a ship struck by a heavy sea. The roar of the angry surf on the rocky shore below rose up in the pauses of the tempest: the dull, monotonous rush of falling rain was incessant.

Maurice Johnstone, half dressed, his face of the same livid paleness which had given him so ghastly an aspect on his

first return home, was standing at the door which opened from the little sitting-room into that occupied by Reginald Warren. In one hand he held a light, the other was on the handle of the door. A minute or two he paused in hesitation whether to enter or not; and then with the abrupt action of a man who would leave himself no further room for indecision, he quickly but noiselessly opened the door, entered, and closed it behind him.

In spite of the uproar of the elements without the cottage, Warren was sleeping soundly. His shirt was unfastened, and thrown open; and his neck and sinewy arms, tanned to a dull red by exposure, but of almost feminine whiteness where they had been protected from the weather, were bare of covering. One arm was laid carelessly on the coverlet of the bed, his head rested on the other; and his broad full chest heaved with the long, deep, regular respiration of healthy sleep.

Johnstone looked at him for a few seconds before he advanced further into the room, and envied the calm repose of his friend. He then approached the bed-side, and the sudden light aroused the sleeper.

"Hollo!" he exclaimed, "anything the matter? The house is not blown down, is it? There seems to be wind enough for anything. How it does blow!"

"There's nothing the matter," answered Johnstone, in a strange hollow tone of voice; "but I cannot sleep. I have something on my mind, and I feel that I shall find no relief until I have disburdened myself to you. Warren, I am very sorely tried. I am in utmost need of a friend; and I believe that you were sent here to-day to guide and to help me."

Warren was thoroughly awake in a moment. He raised himself a little in the bed, extended his broad right hand, and clasped that of his friend.

"I knew you were ill at ease, old fellow. I saw it all the evening, though you exerted yourself to hide it. Sometimes I thought of asking you to confide in me, and then it seemed as if that would be like an intrusion; and I believed that if I could be of any use, you would let me know when you wanted me. And now what is it, my dear fellow? You may rely on me to the utmost."

Johnstone put down the candle on the table behind him, so that its light did not fall upon his face, and sat down upon the bed.

"You are a thoroughly good fellow, Warren," he said, "and just such a staunch friend as I knew you would be. But I fear I shall put your friendship to a severe test."

"You cannot try me in any way that I will not stand by you with all my heart, to the extent of my power," was the reply.

Johnstone said nothing, but covered his eyes with his hand, and seemed lost in thought. He was silent for some minutes, and then said in the same low strange voice, "I suppose you do not know how much I have been at Elsdale lately."

"I don't know how often you have been there, but it is very natural you should go there a good deal. You are an old friend of Thornton's; and I should think the Hoek was not a lively place to live in without a change sometimes."

"I have passed the greater part of my time there during the last two months. I have neglected my duties here through having been absent so much."

"Well, old fellow," said Warren cheerily, "if that is all, I think you need not fret yourself much about it. I know pretty well what this place is, while Joe Badger is master here; and I know, and everybody knows, that there is nothing to be done. All you can do is just to hold the ground, and wait for better times. What you have left undone here need not much distress you."

Johnstone went on, without noticing what the other had said: as if he had a set duty to perform, and would not turn aside from discharging it.

"I need hardly ask you, who know Elsdale so well, whether any man could be day after day within the influence of such—attractions—as exist there, without being affected by them."

Again Johnstone paused, and Warren made no answer. A dreadful thought was growing up within him. A dull pain was gathering at his heart. A mist seemed clearing from his eyes. All that had so puzzled him was being unfolded, he thought. He saw it all now. Johnstone had been placed within the reach of Kate's fascinations, and had been unable to resist them. It was very natural. Who could be insensible to her charms? Now he saw the reason of Mrs. Beveridge's strange manner towards him, and of something unusual which he had noticed in Kate herself within the last few weeks. And this was the secret which Johnstone had to confess—the test to which he was going to put his own friendship. It was all clear enough now. This was the end of all his fond hopes!

It was a bitter blow. And yet the poor fellow, in his brave and honest heart, could not but confess that he had no cause to reproach either Johnstone, or Kate. He had never declared

his love; he had never confided it to any living soul. Whom had he to reproach but himself—his own reserve and backwardness? But the suddenness of the shock was stunning—bewildering. He could say nothing; only look at Johnstone with a vacant expression, waiting for what he should say next.

"I could not resist the fascination," he went on after a pause. "I do not know that I even attempted to resist it. Had I known or suspected my own weakness, I would have died rather than venture as I have done into terrible danger. But I thought I was safe; or rather I never thought about the consequences at all. I was conscious of upright intentions myself. I knew *her* to be all goodness and purity, and I let things take their course."

Again he paused; and Warren, in the same attitude—leaning on his elbow, with his hand supporting his head—still gazed at him in silence, with the aching sensation at his heart growing more acute.

"How could I help loving her? How could I help being drawn towards a being so richly endowed with all that makes woman attractive to man? Oh, I was a fool, an infatuated fool, puffed up with the conceit of my own integrity and strength of purpose. Oh, if I could but have foreseen,—if it had been given me to see one glimpse of all the misery that was to follow!"

Warren listened with a sickening dread of what he should hear next. He felt there was something more to come—something even worse than what his sinking heart foreboded. He could bear the suspense no longer.

"But have you spoken?" he asked. "Have you avowed your—your—the state of your feelings?"

"No, thank Heaven!" said Johnstone earnestly. "I have spoken no word that I could recall—no word that could arouse the most watchful suspicion. No; nobody guesses—least of all Thornton himself—what a traitor I have been to my friend!" And the self-condemned man clasped his head between his hands, and rocked himself to and fro in the bitterness of his soul.

Warren was puzzled. "Why," he asked, "would Thornton disapprove of it?"

Johnstone looked at him for the first time, in amazement. "Disapprove of it!" he repeated. "Of whom do you think I am speaking?"

"Of Kate—of Miss Thornton—of course," answered Warren; with a great heaving in his throat as he said the words. Johnstone looked steadily at him for a few seconds, and the hard, desparing expression of his face relaxed as he

did so. He took Warren's brown hand between his own, and said in a softened and kindly tone,

"I read your secret, my dear fellow. But let your mind be at ease so far as I am concerned. No, Warren, I did not speak of Miss Thornton; I spoke"—and he withdrew his eyes, and bent down his head before the keen, steady gaze of the other, and lowered his voice almost to a whisper—"I spoke of her sister-in-law."

A rush, a thrill of joyful emotion throbbed in Warren's heart: and he heaved a deep sigh of relief, as his great fear was dispelled. The next instant, his true and loyal nature responded to the misery which his friend was enduring. He raised himself up in the bed, so as to draw nearer to him, as he sat crouched in an attitude expressive of the deepest humiliation and dejection, and laying his arm round his shoulders, said in a tone of earnest sympathy, "Johnstone, my poor dear fellow, I feel for you from the very bottom of my heart!"

The ice was broken. The secret which seemed burning into his very soul was revealed; and he had found sympathy. Half his load seemed shaken off as those words of his friend fell soothingly upon his ear. It seemed an easy task now to pour out his whole heart to one who he felt sure could enter his own feelings. He told how he had seen the absence of entire oneness of taste and character in Thornton and his wife; how he had striven to arouse and interest her, and draw out those latent capacities in her which he judged most likely to win the affectionate regard of her husband. He had acted for the best—Heaven was his witness! But as he succeeded in his purpose of making her more what he thought would attract her husband, he had himself been entangled by qualities which had a singular fascination for himself. He had been in ignorance—he avowed most solemnly—of the extent to which his affections had been engaged, until that unlucky day when she had expressed herself so deeply interested in his prolonging his stay at Elsdale. He had never spoken one word which could be construed to express any feeling warmer than that of mere friendship. But there was that one look, in which he felt sure that his whole heart had spoken out in his eyes. He knew that he had in that glance silently told his love; and he knew that she had read it there. This it was that tortured him—the consciousness that that one instant of time had separated, with an impassable barrier, the past from the present and the future. Their eyes were now opened; and they never again could be what they had been to each other.

"I could have died for her, Warren," Johnstone said, as he walked up and down the room. "I could have died for her cheerfully, thankfully. Or I could have lived, I believe, happily, and have cherished her memory—her image in my secret heart, as my highest type and ideal of womanhood. I could have set her steadily before me as my guide to purity and holiness—my motive for exertion and self-denial. She should have been to me all that woman ever was to the most devoted champion of chivalry—all that glorified saint ever was to the most ardent enthusiast. I could have enshrined her in my inmost heart, and there have worshipped her—and no human being should have guessed the hidden secret which shed a halo of more than earthly brightness over my path through life. But now! Oh Warren, my own insane accursed folly has maimed what might have been my life's joy! *She* knows my secret. She has read my heart. I have made her—pure angel of innocence and truth that she is!—a partaker in what I know now to be my sin. Never again can I meet her as I have hitherto done. Now—henceforth—we must either be apart from one another, or"—and Johnstone sat down again upon the bed, and buried his face in his hands, in deep and bitter thought.

It was a happy circumstance for him that his friend was of a temperament so totally different from his own. Warren's simple, straightforward, non-impulsive character was little likely to be led away, or diverted from the plain path of duty by such exaggerated and excited views of his position as Johnstone's heated imagination suggested. To him the matter presented itself in a far clearer light. As it offered itself to his judgment, Johnstone had done wrong—first, and mainly, to himself—next to Mrs. Thornton—and lastly, and by implication, to Thornton. And where he saw that there had been a wrong done, his simple system of ethics suggested to him only the prompt and earnest endeavour to set that wrong right. His mind was not of a nature to disturb itself with profitless speculations, or bewildering subtilties. If he did not see very far before him, he saw his end with clearness and certainty; and he made his way to it manfully. And in this respect he was of the utmost service to Johnstone; who, with an impulsive temper, and a keenly sensitive nature, was as prone to remorseful and morbid penitence, as to errors in act or in judgment.

Warren, in his quiet way, went into the whole matter, with a special reference to what was practical. He pointed out, with much feeling and delicacy, where Johnstone had been wrong; though making, at the same time, the fullest allow-

ance for the peculiar character of the temptation, and for the kindly motives which had first led him to place himself within reach of it. He made no remark upon the moral blindness which had allowed him to remain so long in ignorance of, or in indifference to his real condition; nor did he touch upon the romantic dream that, so long as his passion remained hidden within his own breast, he might cherish it without harm. He judged correctly that his friend must first be brought to a healthy frame of mind by a persevering course of right action; and that when his moral tone had been to some extent restored by systematically doing the duties which lay nearest to him, he would be able to see all other points with greater clearness.

"So, you see, old fellow," he concluded, "it comes pretty nearly to this:—that your duty to her, and to Thornton, and to yourself, seems to require of you that you should not see her any more. And I think—although it is very much against my interest and my inclination to say so—I think you ought, as soon as you can, to get away from this place."

"That is precisely what I had determined on before I came to you. I have not been to bed; and among other things which I have done, I have written to the Bishop, requesting that I may be removed with as little delay as possible. I have not assigned any reason, I have only said, generally, that I find myself unable to discharge the duties of the post."

"That's well for a beginning," said Warren. "And of course you will drop your usual visits to Elsdale. And now, as you have called me in as your adviser, you must abide by my directions, you know. And the next thing I prescribe, is that you go at once to bed, and try to get some sleep. I have noticed you shivering, more than once, within this last half hour. And there is a bright gleam in your eye, and a flush on your cheek that I do not half like."

With that, he flung his great limbs out of bed, with that entire indifference about exhibiting himself in scanty clothing which English public-school men seem to feel in common with the ancient Greeks and other frequenters of the gymnasium; and putting his hand on Johnstone's shoulder with a kindly gesture, took up the light and walked with him to his own room. Comparing himself, as he went, to Sairy Gamp, and telling Johnstone that he was to consider himself an "invalige."

He paused by the bedside, for a few moments, and threw on a plaid in addition to the other covering; for Johnstone was now shivering again, though his brow was burning hot.

"There is one thing more, old fellow," he said in a grave but hesitating tone, "though I suppose I need hardly suggest it to you. There is but one source of true comfort and strength, and but one way of obtaining either one or the other."

"Warren, I believe that there was the beginning of my fault! Until last night, I never prayed for guidance."

Johnstone spoke in a tone of deep and solemn feeling, which greatly reassured his friend; and once more pressing his dry hot hand, he left him alone.

As he passed through the little sitting-room, he was surprised to see the light streaming in through the windows. It was daylight, though the sun had not yet risen. The storm had passed by, the clouds were rolling far away to seaward, the wind had died down. Only a sob, now and again, that shook the drops from off the trees, told of the tumultuous passion of the past night. Warren returned to his own room, and hastily dressing himself, took a towel, and went out to get a bath in the sea while Johnstone slept.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"The last time we embarked on the Rhine the principal passenger was a Russian princess, but only a dead one. The story was such as we read sometimes in novels. She had loved in her own country, and was beloved; but the policy of her family set a bar to the contemplated union. Her spirits drooped, her health was undermined, and they led her into Italy 'to banish her regret' by new scenes, and the interruption of old associations. It would not do,—the barb had fastened. She pined, and withered, and died. She had been buried in a foreign land for more than a year, when the late remorse of her family awakened, and they had now sent to bring the faded remains of the poor girl to be deposited in the graves of her ancestors."—*Leitch Ritchie.*

From the above extract the idea of the following lines was taken:

What sight is brighter than the clear blue Rhine
Careering on in sunshine,—when the glad
Young Spring sheds its own brilliance o'er the vine,
With which that river's verdant shores are clad;
When birds and insects in harmonious throng
Join their rejoicing notes in Nature's song.

What sight is grander,—seen in the rich prime
Of glowing Summer, ere brown Autumn's youth

Brings on the vintage;—gay and happy time
Unto the toil-worn peasant,—then in sooth,
Spread out in blushing wealth, before the eyes
All rich and lovely there the glad scene lies,

What sight is sadder,—viewed in the pale wane
Of fading Autumn, when the dying leaves,
Sad, pale, and sickly, fall like dropping rain
From the parental stem,—and the wind heaves
In hollow gusts, and swirls them o'er the tide,
Now rushing madly past, fierce, dark, and wide.

With a murky mist is the Rheingan bound,
With the hoarse wind the forest groans,
And the Bingerloch returns the sound,
Half in menace, half in moans.
And through the dark and dreary veil
Thrown o'er the scene, doth dimly glide
A gloomy bark with swelling sail,
Driven at a speed that mocks the tide.
No streamer waving at the mast, no ensign to the view,
Silently drives the bark, and fast, with a sad and mournful crew.

There is gloom on the land,
And wild looks the sky,
There's a moan on the waters,
And a tear in each eye;
And dull and sorrowful doth seem
Each soul on board that lonely bark,
For the load they bear is like the stream
On which it's flowing, sad, and dark.
And what the gloomy load with which that bark is laden?
The cold and faded corpse of a broken-hearted maiden.

Her sad but simple tale
Was one too often told,
A young and warm heart broken
By the schemes of hearts more cold.
She was a daughter of that land
Where winter with an icy chain,
Grasped in a hard and chilling hand,
Holds his stern and frozen reign.
But never did life's current flow
In woman's heart more true or warm,
Or breast e'er feel more genial glow,
Than her's, who lieth now a lifeless form.
She loved, and was beloved again,
By one who well deserved her heart,
But all love's fervour is in vain,
Their friends decree that they must part.

Her love they blame,
For one whose name,
And sword, and honour form his wealth;
The word is spoken,
The tie is broken,
They part with breaking hearts: her health
Declined, and visible decay
Came o'er her from that fatal day.

Unmoved they watched the ebbing of life's sand;
At last they bore her to the Ausonian land,
To try if change of scene would aught avail.
'Tis useless all,—for drooping, sad, and pale,
Despair's barbed arrow rankling in her breast,
She sinks unmurmuringly to eternal rest.

And now, when all too late, her friends repent;
Feeling at last the stings of deep remorse,
Homeward again their weary steps are bent,
Bearing along the cold and faded corse,
O'er the Rhine's waters with well suited gloom,
To rest at last in the ancestral tomb.

A. B.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE DIFFICULTY;

OR

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A LODGING.

"Guggles," said I to my friend Jack Gugglesby, as we sat one morning at breakfast at Mrs. Vamper's, vainly endeavouring to masticate the toughest of Cape beefsteaks,—"Guggles, this'll never do!"

"What'll never do?" replied Jack, his mouth full of the impracticable steak.

"This establishment, Guggles!" said I, in my most decided and resolute of tones.

"Well, do you know, Biffin, old fellow," rejoined G., "that is exactly what I think myself; in fact, I've been thinking so ever since I first came here, which is, goodness knows how long ago. The question is, what's to be done?"

"Gugglesby," I said, with some severity, "I'll tell you first what's *not* to be done. How many times am I to tell you that my name is *De Byffyn?* Have the goodness not to curtail my rightful appellation in that exceedingly flippant manner."

"Beg your pardon, *der* Biffin," returned Jack, "though why I shouldn't leave out your *der* as much as you leave out my 'by,' I don't know. Of the two omissions it strikes me that yours is considerably the worst."

"That opinion only evinces your painful lack of discrimination, Jack. You ought to know, though you have been at the Cape all your life, that the prefix to my name infers *ancestry*—nobility, in short; while your contemptible 'by' is not worth talking about."

"Oh, to be sure," said Gugglesby, "I forgot; came over with that ruffianly crew of William the Conqueror, your progenitor, didn't he?"

"No, sir," I answered with asperity; "he did nothing of the kind. Know, Gugglesby, that Beofwyn, one of the most celebrated of the Norse Vikingr——"

"Oh, hang your Norse Vikingr," irreverently exclaimed Jack. "What is all that got to do with what you began about? The question is, where are we to live?"

"You are right about the question, Gugglesby; but had you not so rudely interrupted me, I was about to enlighten your ignorance on the subject of my illustrious ancestry. I was about to tell you how Beofwyn (or the Two-fingered) coming over to Normandy with Rolf Ganger, condescended to accept a large slice of territory from the latter individual, and settled down on it, assuming the new title of De Byfwynne. His grandson, sir, a seignorial magnate of immense influence, far from aiding William in his attack on England, discountenanced the whole affair; and such weight had his opinion with the Duke that the latter nearly gave up the idea, and only went at last on condition that de Byfwynne remained to keep order in Normandy, and kept things open for his return to his duchy. Odo of Bayeux's private diary incontestably proves this to have been the case; that pugilistic ecclesiastic having a strong prejudice against my ancestor, because he opposed the wild goose chase after the Crown of England. However, it all turned out aright, luckily for Duke William, and the first person presented with extensive Saxon lands was Bjorn de Byfwynne. The name of our family afterwards was changed to De Byffynne, and finally became De Byffyn, as I now bear it."

"Ah! dessay," remarked Jack, whose attention (like the reader's in all probability) had wandered somewhat during my prosy infliction. "Very likely, Biffin, very likely. Never read it in Pinnock's-Whittaker's-Jones's-Moore's-Perkins's History of England that we used at the college, however."

"Guggles, thou art incorrigible. But I waste my learning upon thee. To resume our propiniquity to the fleecy flocks, how shall we escape from Mrs. Vamper's? I've only been here a fortnight, but I've had enough of it, in all conscience. What with tough food, bad odours, yelling children, a straw mattress full of knobs, a variety of undesirable fellow-lodgers, a constant rain of pulverized bricks and mortar from the ceiling—no, I mean the rafters,—the roof, you know, the discordant jangling of a frightful parody on a pianoforte, at unexpected intervals, and an extensive colony of a certain species of annulose animals, which are generally assumed not to exist in polite society. I confess I feel a desire to change the scene."

"Ah, I've been here more than two years," remarked Guggles. "When I first came I used to feel it just as you do, but I got used to it by degrees, and haven't remarked the disagreeables lately. I almost wish you hadn't come here—you've awakened all my slumbering sensibilities to these afflictions."

Poor Gugglesby! He spoke like a prisoner who had been immured in his dungeon so long that he had contracted, if not a liking for it, at least a disinclination to leave it. I was shocked at his unnatural apathy. "Jack," I said, "get your hat; we'll take steps at once to be rid of this horrid place. We'll go our rounds and see if we can't discover some other abiding place."

Before proceeding I may as well inform the reader that Gugglesby and I are far from rich,—had we been otherwise we should never have met at Mrs. Vamper's. No, we are "Government Officers," "Public Servants," "Gentlemen of the Civil Service," or any other title by which the public pleases to designate the poorest class on the whole of the entire community. Gugglesby is in the office of the Procrastinator-General, I am in the office of the Obfuscator-General. In jovial moments we sometimes talk of "the Service" with considerable *esprit de corps*, and delude ourselves into the idea that, after all, we belong to a respectable, well-informed, active, and public-spirited body; but I must admit that we far more frequently indulge in gloomy and despondent views of our position and prospects, the final result of our reasonings generally assuming this form of expression, "the service is going to the—Evil Principle." (This is the most approved modern synonym.)

Besides the peculiarities mentioned above, I may call attention to sundry other particulars of Mrs. Vamper's presence. The house is ancient, given to shake in south-easters, and to quiver when a wagon passes by. There is an indefinable damp and fusty smell about all the rooms, a sort of close mouldiness suggestive of fungi and churchyards. The furniture is of that hard, angular, and disheartening character peculiar to Indian productions of the kind, and I am sure would be at once condemned and broken up by the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; as for the instrument of torture called in mockery a sofa, all I can say is, don't fling yourself down upon it in a *degagé* manner when you happen to call at Mrs. V.'s, or your equanimity may be destroyed for a considerable period. The papers on the walls of the several rooms are of the most extravagant and aggressive type. I have remarked that it

takes a new lodger, on an average, ten days to master the intense disgust and depression of spirits these fearful patterns induce. As regards my own experience, I can only say that for many days I was completely prostrated by the sitting-room paper, which represents with much faithfulness a swarm of huge yellow jelly-fish floating in a turbid sea of blood.

Our other works of art consist of a highly-coloured print of an impossible cat for ever devouring a preposterous rat; a heartrending engraving of the signing of some Chinese treaty in the cabin of a ship (which, judging from the immense number of fancy beings bearing a distant resemblance to men crowded into it, cannot be less than a quarter of a mile across); two or three plaster casts of blobby infants very insufficiently clad; and the usual sprinkling of crockery shepherds, poodles, and so forth. I should further observe that no one who has any regard for the safety of his life and limbs should venture heedlessly to traverse the passage from our front door in the afternoon, its floor being then in so ice-like a condition of surface through the application of oil that it requires great skill and long practice, together with the dustiest of boots, to cross it without injury. Further, I recommend visitors not to waste their time in ringing at the bell, as no amount of that process has the slightest effect upon the female domestic in attendance, who appears to think that she has fully performed all duties that can possibly be expected by society by leaving the front door invitingly open. The plan that visitors should follow, as most satisfactory to all parties concerned, is to walk in (always remembering the perils and horrors of the "middle passage") and announce themselves. (N.B.—Beware of the *drain* in front of the house.)

The reader will excuse my dilating on these matters while Gugglesby is getting his hat, as they serve to explain, to a certain extent why I was so anxious to commence our tour of exploration among the Cape Town boarding-houses.

Well, Jack and I set out. I mentioned Mrs. Fidgerce as a lady whose domicile it would be advisable to inspect, but Guggles soon removed that idea by informing me that he had stayed there, and that it was a "beastly place." I inquired what might be included in the comprehensive term of "beastly," whereupon Jack explained that Mrs. Fidgerce had exalted notions of her own importance, was always forcing her company on the lodgers, insisted on dining with them, expected them to attend certain evening entertainments she was in the habit of giving to her friends, on no account brooked contradiction, &c., &c., and, as a natural

consequence, got rid of her lodgers at a very rapid rate, only entrapping such unfortunates as had lately arrived in the town. We had heard of a Mrs. Dumbles in the "Gardens" (one of the most vague and widely-spreading localities known), and endeavoured to find our way to her house, which we at length accomplished, after making about thirty inquiries and not more than twelve mistakes. Mrs. Dumbles answered our knock, and showed us her apartments. They were remarkably dark and close, and not particularly clean in appearance, and gave one the irresistible impression that they had recently been inhabited by a numerous family. Mrs. Dumbles was evidently of German extraction, and there was a hungry look in her glittering eye that augured not well for the comfort of those who might sojourn in her abode. However, she possessed a pretty little garden, there was no drain before the door, the furniture looked less like machines of torture than Mrs. Vamper's, and the wall-papers were much less aggravating. But she actually talked of our inhabiting a *double-bedded* room as a matter of course! This was quite sufficient. Jack and I took a polite leave as soon as possible. We next bent our steps to Mrs. Beldragon's, likewise in the Gardens, and likewise difficult to discover.

Gugglesby had long had ideas of living at Mrs. Beldragon's, because certain "jolly fellows" lived there—it was supposed at a ridiculously small expense. Guggles would occasionally visit the said "fellows" in the evening, and would return with startling accounts of the feats of strength performed by them,—they being gymnastically inclined, and in the habit of systematically straining and torturing their persons daily, to their mutual edification and profit. G. goes in for "muscle" (very unnecessarily, as he has abundance for all the ordinary purposes of life); and I believe that a promise made to him by the most gymnastic of the fellows to hold him up by the heels off the ground for five consecutive minutes is one of his most powerful attractions to Mrs. B.'s Mrs. Beldragon was not in when we called, but the "fellows" most obligingly showed us over the house. There were one room and two bins unoccupied—the bins being in the roof. The room was very fair, the bins very foul (as to atmosphere). Guggles wanted me to take the room, declaring that the bins would suit him splendidly, but I wouldn't hear of it, and warned him that he would be assuredly asphyxiated if he attempted to pass a night in either bin. At the same time I had not the remotest idea of inhabiting the bins myself; and, as we had determined to dwell together, G. and I departed from Mrs. Beldragon's

abode without the pleasure of having made that hospitable female's acquaintance, and amid the wailing of the gymnasians.

G. now declared it was time to go to office, and so it was, being considerably over ten o'clock. Having done my part in the current obfuscation of the day, I determined to pursue my search after lodgings, and this time went alone. Several persons had spoken with unqualified praise and admiration of the establishment of Mrs. van der Bungo, giving one to understand that the said lady was rather wealthy than otherwise, and kept a boarding-house more for pleasure than profit, charging very little, and treating one like a prince. Indeed, the impression seemed to be that it was rather a smart thing to accomplish, to become a lodger in the house of Van der B., and that if one succeeded in so desirable an object, one's fortune was almost as good as made. I felt quite sorry when I heard all this, that I had not known thereof before I went to sojourn with Mrs. Vamper, and I congratulated myself on the idea of agreeably surprising Jack by engaging spacious apartments in the mansion of this benevolent old lady, and quietly taking him there to rejoice in our good fortune, I had no difficulty in discovering Mrs. van der Bungo's, the house occupying what the advertisements term a "central position." The exterior did not particularly please me, having a peculiarly dingy, damp, and venerable aspect, with windows which, it was very evident, nobody had conceived the idea of cleaning for a very lengthy period. A slatternly "coloured" (brown) girl showed me into a sitting-room presenting all the peculiarities and disagreeables betokening Dutch inhabitance, but with a greater attempt at display than Mrs. Vamper's. The first thing I did was to open the shutters, which, with the exception of a single, central, narrow flap, were completely closed. This operation relieved me somewhat from the disagreeable sense of suffocation I experienced on entering the close, darkened apartment. In a few minutes, a loud blowing and puffing announced the approach of some person, and proved to be the herald of a short, very stout old lady, arrayed in a distressingly tight gown, and provided with one of the largest and most warming-pan-like faces it has been my lot to behold. Words were not necessary, had the old lady been able to utter them, to convince me that I stood in the presence of Mrs. van der Bungo herself. That majestic female at length recovered breath enough to beg me to be seated, at the same time propping herself against a chair. I say "propping" because, though she made as if she would sit down, no difference could be noticed in height or appearance between Mrs. v. der B. standing and Mrs. v. der B. sitting. I will

not trouble the reader with the long disjointed history of everything connected with herself, her family, and her house, that Mrs. van der Bungo deemed it necessary to acquaint me with; but will merely remark that, by dint of very skilful manœuvering on my part, it dawned vaguely upon that lady's mind that I might possibly wish to see the rooms. I begged her not to trouble herself to ascend the stairs, and the brown girl accordingly acted as my escort. This young lady led me to a large square landing, upon which opened sundry doors. One of these doors she was good enough to fling open in a manner which plainly indicated "Now! what do you think of *that* for a room?" The room was certainly "one in a thousand." It was small, dirty, and filled with an unpleasant odour, of course, but it possessed the peculiarity of being about three times as long as it was broad, its length lying along the front of the house, so that the door and window (which were exactly opposite each other in the centre of either long side), were very close together. The effect of light from this arrangement was very singular, each end of the apartment being shrouded in cimmerian gloom. I was impressed with the idea that the south-easter, constantly venting its fury upon the front of the house, had come to an arrangement with the landing inside, which had finally ceded to the wind the room I was in, on condition that the boundary of that slip of territory should be preserved inviolate by the erection of a partition wall. I was confirmed in this opinion on advancing to the window, for I found the south-easter had been for many years depositing marks of its proprietorship on the sill and frames, in the shape of sandstone strata of remarkable thickness, wherein were imbedded the fossil remains of numerous blue-bottles, house-flies, spiders, &c., all of which will doubtless form a fruitful subject of future geological inquiry with some scientific landlord or tenant. The window, reader, was firmly fixed as to its upper half, being regularly built in, while the lower portion had been *painted* in, apparently some ten years back, and looked as if it had never been open since. Some dowdy articles of female apparel, which, I presume, belonged to the dark domestic, adorned one end of the apartment; while an iron bedstead, an American chair, and an emaciated washing-stand, completed the movable property. And this, *this* was the apartment which these savages thought fit to recommend to an English gentleman, to a descendant of the lordly De Byffynnes! I fear that it was with some abruptness and ill-concealed disgust that I took my leave of the venerable party who owned this blest abode. I confess that my fond belief in human

nature had been profoundly shaken by the scene I had witnessed. What! had my golden dreams of sharing in the social comforts and luxuries dispensed by the Dowager van der Bungo in her palatial residence faded into this squalid reality? Why was I deceived by those plausible persons who bespattered that establishment with such unqualified praise? I might have known it was too good to be true. I confess I felt disheartened when I returned to Mrs. Vamper's and informed Jack of the miserable issue of my search. He was rude enough to indulge in a prolonged and hearty laugh at my expense, and wound up by assuring me that it was just what he expected, that he was glad I had seen it for myself, and finally predicted that I should end as he had done and prefer to bear with evils that I had than fly to places I knew nothing of. (I hate to hear people misquote! and this is a sample of Gugglesby's ordinary achievements in quotation.) I asked the disagreeable creature what he'd been doing about lodgings, and he replied that he'd been asking fellows about Mrs. Bream's and Mrs. Hydersgreen's establishments. It appeared that the said fellows were quite satisfied with their treatment by the ladies in question, but that the latter were both in the habit of charging a most alrarming sum *per mensem* in consideration of their obliging behaviour. As neither procrastinatory nor obfuscatory pay at all admitted of such disbursements, Jack and I gave up the idea of inhabiting their establishments at once. I need not further expatiate on our adventures among the Cape Town boarding-houses; suffice it to say that our exertions were fruitless, that all we saw only reminded us of the old saying, "out of the frying-pan into the fire," and that we are to this day resident at Mrs. Vamper's. Yes, Gugglesby's prediction has turned out a true one; I, that felt sure during the first month of my stay that it was impossible to exist in such a place, am still inhabiting the same establishment. Truly, "use is second nature;" I have gradually become callous, and finally philosophical on the subject. It is quite edifying to hear Jack and me talking about it; we say that, after all, we might be worse off; that if the viands in general are not quite the thing, nobody can breathe a word of reproach against the *butter;* that, at any rate, we're not so badly off as those poor fellows at Mrs. Lolloper's, who have to live with the family—and *such* a family, &c., &c. Making a virtue of necessity, too, it is quite surprising what a number of subjects of interest there are on the premises. Why, those nuisances, the youthful Vamper's, present numerous philosophical subjects of speculation and inquiry. To begin with, their name is legion, and what

becomes of them at night? Where can they be stowed away? Why is some one of them always howling? On what principle is it that the accumulation of dirt on their bodies is in an inverse ratio to their size,—in fact, that while the largest is tolerably clean the smallest is scarcely visible through its permanent covering of divers-tinted substances? Why do they always tumble down over every object they can reach? Then there is the garden; which is quite a mystery to me. People are always digging or raking it, they appear to plant phantom vegetables and flowers, but nothing comes of it. The place is a wilderness; if anything *does* appear, it always comes up in an unexpected place, and where it has no business to be. Rose-bushes intrude on the potatoes, turnips scrape acquaintance with the vine, an onion makes its plebian appearance among the heliotrope, and cabbages and periwinkle-flowers seem to be on the most friendly terms. The place is small, certainly; but I venture to assert that a hearty English labourer would not only supply his family with its produce abundantly, but also make a nice little sum every year by the sale of what remained over and above the home consumption. Then the house itself; I wonder who built it, and why he had doors made connecting each room with its neighbour—like the elaborate fly-cages we used to construct at school.

However, I wander from my immediate subject. I wish to represent that there is urgently required in this town, or near it, a comfortable, respectable, clean English lodging-house; a place where isolated bachelors might obtain reasonable comfort for a reasonable monthly sum. I am sure I am right in stating that no such place exists, that there are many who, like myself, would rejoice in the establishment of such a house, and that a good manager would find that such an establishment would recommend itself to every Englishman, and soon yield him a fair return for his trouble. It was rumoured, a short time ago, that a house of this desirable kind had been opened in a pleasant situation, but I hear, on reliable authority, that the owner thereof regards the hideous custom of double-bedded rooms with complacency and favour, and intends to promote their existence in his establishment. Such a fact alone is sufficient to blight the whole concern.

Messieurs editors, this is an important question. It is impossible to live here in any comfort, except at a price which no one with a small income can afford to pay. Of course, I exclude all reference to those who may have the opportunity of living with friends or with private families—they cannot feel the disagreeables of which I write. I feel that, until the foundation of such an establishment as I have defined

above, I shall continue to favour Mrs. Vamper with my presence as long as I remain in the place. I don't imagine that the "club" will prove a satisfactory solution of the bachelors' living question, as far as can be judged from its present development. *Nous verrons.*

CŒLEBS.

Cape Town, October, 1861.

SUB TEGMINE.

Beneath the green trees let me lie
When the sun is bright in the summer sky,
Where fleecy clouds float lazily.

Their service-time will come anon,
And so will mine ere I am gone;
Then will I gird mine armour on.

But now I'll lie in trustful ease,
Where sunbeams dance among the trees
To the mystic music of the breeze.

Seems nowhere aught but peace to-day,
Peace in the circling lucent bay,
Peace on the far-off mountains grey,

Peace in the city that lies below,—
Art true, O spirit, that tellest me so?
How may my heart undoubting know?

For some speak peace when peace is not,
And many a heart doth ache, I wot:
Who lives contented with his lot?

Yet art thou true, thou dost not lie;
Thy words are not mere fantasy,
And I have certainty hereby:

Here lying tranquilly I feel
This universe one commonweal,
With which high God doth wisely deal:

Since vastest systems smoothly roll,
This little world He doth control;
He rules all parts who rules the whole.

So find I peace; let him who will
Think otherwise, I find it still:
Faith profiteth much more than skill.

This little world,—yea, little be
Those many thousand miles of sea
That lie outstretched 'twixt mine and me.

And the fleeting years, though long they seem,
Will be but as an ended dream
When shines the eternal morning's beam.

C. L.

SOMERSET HOSPITAL.

It is by no means an easy task to write about hospitals. A person acquainted with the subject may treat it historically. A divine would ask why Greece and Rome had none, and use the fact to contrast the advantages of Christian with heathen teaching. The man of science regards them as the great schools of experience and instruction, the philosopher dwells upon the perfectness of their arrangements, and the man of the world, who is also in his way a philosopher, while lending a helping hand for pity's sake, doubts their efficacy and thinks they have a tendency to make people put more trust in charity than self-effort. There is something to be said about these institutions from every point of view in which they may be regarded. They are the fruitful themes of controversy in every neighbourhood in which they exist. No architect ever yet gave satisfaction in the erection of any one of them, no Governors ever administered the affairs of a hospital so judiciously as to win general commendation, no doctor ever practised within its walls with so much of genius and discretion as to avoid the criticisms of his professional brethren and of the public at large. To have anything to do with a hospital, its foundation, its erection, or its management, is a thankless task. No person can long continue connected with such an institution unless sustained by a high sense of duty, and a consciousness of great integrity. All the meannesses, trials, and jealousies, the real and the petty cares of life peep out in the sick chamber and find an abiding place in the mansion in which sickness and sorrow have their home. It is only a genial nature that can live healthfully for long in that contaminating atmosphere. A very high principle indeed is requisite to keep the moral sense clear and strong amidst influences so perpetually disturbing to equanimity and comfort. One cannot simply look on hospitals as places where good-natured people take care of unfortunate ones. These institutions have become great social necessities, and all that relates to them has connection in various ways with the greatest problems of human life. They were the offspring of religious zeal, and whoever investigates their origin must become acquainted with early ecclesiastical history. In modern times, science has had them in her keeping, and the most illustrious men who have learned and taught the little that can be known respecting the human frame and the laws which govern it have made hospitals famous by their discoveries. All nations having pretensions to civilization have founded and continue to maintain them; and the mode

in which this should be done, whether by Governments; or by voluntary efforts of benevolence, is a subject of deep importance; last but not least, also, the questions of who are the persons entitled to be relieved, and to what class should the relief be limited, open out social considerations enough to puzzle the wise and confound the foolish. The subject is very large and difficult, and the pen of the critic should be guided by that conviction. Still it will not do to withhold opinions because it is hard to form them, nor to leave them altogether to doctors, for the interests at stake far exceed the limits of professional knowledge. The constitution and management of hospitals is a subject which deeply concerns every considerable community and has a direct bearing on the health and well-being of them all. The completion of Somerset Hospital is, therefore, an event of interest sufficient to warrant us, in these pages, attempting a description of the building, in connection with a review of the functions of hospitals in general and their manifold social uses.

The peg upon which this dissertation is to hang is the fine mass of building that now presents so noble an appearance on the entrance to Table Bay. It is no fault of the architect that another story was not added to increase its accommodation, improve its proportions, and enhance the grandeur of its effect. It is unnecessary to waste words in a description of an exterior of which the illustration conveys to the mind of the reader so much more accurate an idea. It is always right to blend taste and beauty in public works of a magnitude such as this, and destined, as this may be, to endure so long. The architect has unquestionably been successful in producing a massive and graceful pile which pleases the eye and mind of the beholder without any apparent incongruity of style with purpose.

An entrance hall thirty-four feet by twenty feet leads to a corridor two hundred and sixteen feet long by ten feet, and in the centre fifteen feet, wide. On either side of this corridor are various offices connected with the institution, namely: four residence rooms for the surgeon and four for the apothecary, two for the matron, two for the clerk, and two for the steward, a surgery and dispensary, and four store-rooms, one room for out-door patients, a visitors' room, consulting room, and a small accident ward, twenty feet by fourteen feet. Passing under the staircase there is a kitchen, scullery, pantry, and store-room, and in the further corner a room stated on the plan to be a female patients' room, but which as it is isolated from the rest of the building is probably intended for fevers and epidemic cases, and not for general use.

Passing up the staircase, the first or main floor of the hospital is gained which has a corridor and vestibule similar to those below. Here are four principal wards in the main building, with bath-room, nurses-room and lavatory attached to each. The two largest of these wards in the front range are each fifty-two feet three inches long by twenty-five feet six inches wide and the two others respectively forty-three feet by twenty-five feet six inches and twenty-nine feet six inches by twenty-five feet six inches. There two small special wards twenty-five feet by fifteen feet, and another twenty-seven feet by twenty-three feet. In addition, there is a large room forty-five feet long, which the attendants describe as a chapel, but which is marked on the plans as a day-room for male patients; also an operating-room and operating ward, of which more anon. The space above the kitchens, having an area of sixty-two feet by thirty-five feet, is allotted to female patients, and contains a lavatory, bath-room, nurses'-room, one small special ward, and the remainder of the space, obviously planned as one room, has been, much to its detriment, divided into two, making wards for female patients each forty feet by seventeen feet. The height of this floor is eighteen feet, that of the ground floor thirteen feet; and there is also a small upper-story seventy feet by fourty-five feet, containing five store-rooms and six servants-rooms.

In arranging his plan the architect has shown good judgment in providing for external drainage, and advantage has been taken of the style to make the angle-towers useful as well as ornamental, The soil-pipes pass down these in a straight line, and all the drainage and refuse water of the building are conducted to drains, none of which pass underneath it, so that no noxious affluvia is likely to arise from this source. Each floor, also, is a perfect level, which is not only a convenience to invalids, but promotes the free passage of air, over each area, a matter of great importance. In St. George's Hospital, London, the corridors are at various levels; and the lower ones are found to be basins in which the foul air of the wards lodges and cannot be easily dispersed. The most approved mechanical contrivances such as lifts, &c., are also provided for in this new hospital, and in many other respects the building arrangements are worthy of commendation. It is matter of regret that in some others so much attention has not been paid as might have been to the acknowledged conclusions of modern science. It is true no costly ventilation experiments have been made, such as are the standing reproach of Guy's Hospital, but the architect does not seem to have sufficiently

provided for the action of light as a ventilating agent. It is an error to suppose that air alone is requisite for good ventilation, indeed, as we all know, when it comes as a draught, the remedy is worst than the disease. The chemical action of light upon air is very great, and although the sun's rays, especially in this climate, are often inconvenient, it is an immense mistake to exclude them, especially from a sick room. Even when fresh air cannot be admitted copiously into a room, as during a south-easter, sunshine freely entering purifies that which is already there. The air of a sick room should be changed frequently and judiciously, but when that cannot be it will purify itself under the influence of light and warmth. Open fire-places are good for this purpose on rainy days, and these very properly abound in the new hospital, and are well placed; but the windows are too high and are not arranged so that the light can freely traverse. No sunshine will fall upon the beds, and nature's most purifying agent will not be permitted to act upon the matters absorbed by the bedding which are the worst consequences of every sick room, and especially of the crowded zones of a hospital. The fact which most impresses an observer in walking through the building is the way in which it is cut up, as though half a dozen people had been having a finger in the pie and compelled the architect to limit his design to the external walls. This becomes more striking when the official accommodation is compared with the part set aside for the use of the patients, as will appear by the following calculations of the respective areas so applied.

The two floors before described and the small second story have an area within the external walls of 34,710 square feet. The entire measurement of all the wards gives only an area of 8,761 feet, or just about one fourth of the whole building to be appropriated to the purpose for which the structure was raised. Any person without going into the figures can approximately ascertain this. In the first place, with the exception of one small accident ward, and one for female patients, of very doubtful use, the entire ground floor is marked out for offices and staff, and only one half of the first floor is appropriated for beds. Indeed, a practised eye would at once pronounce that simplicity of design has been departed from to the great detriment of the work. Or if not, then the architect is more skilled in producing good general effects than in providing for important details. The use of special wards in hospitals is much to be deprecated, and even nurses' rooms are of doubtful use. The operating room should have been on the same level as the principal wards,

but projecting from them. The corridors might have been used for day-rooms if made cheerful by a bay window at either end, and the whole area of the first floor could thus have been divided into wards of equal size running parallel to each other, with windows and openings constructed in regular lines for the traverse of light, air, and communication. In discussing presently the nature of hospital work and duties, the superior importance of an arrangement such as this will be apparent, and it coincides with the suggestion now made that the space within this large building for the use of the sick poor has not been properly economised, that in consequence the structural arrangements are defective, and its future management made more difficult.

Such observations as these are but too often made respecting many considerable buildings when the mischief is done, and it is too late to apply a remedy. The evils to be regretted result for the most part from the great variety of views and persons who have to be propitiated by the designer. The best thing then with respect to an accomplished fact is to look it in the face and see what can be done with it; and the first consideration is as to the number of persons which this hospital will hold. For the purposes of general use, it must be assumed that none can be accommodated on the ground floor. On the upper story, the most strikingly defective are the female wards before referred to. Obviously the intention was to appropriate to this use the fine room over the kitchen, forty feet by thirty-four feet, as a single apartment, with a communication in the turret with the room below. By dividing this room into two, that communication is cut off by the necessity for providing the necessary adjuncts of a sick chamber. The under apartment is therefore isolated from the rest of the building, and can be only entered by an external door, or through the kitchen, and two narrow rooms instead of an over-spacious one are provided above. Before discussing the effect of this, it will be necessary to consider the space required for every single bed, in order that the patients may not suffer from over-crowded rooms as well as from the effects of their original disease. An iron bedstead sufficient for a single person to lie on with comfort should be six feet six inches long and two feet six inches at the least wide; thus, with over-hanging bed-clothes, covering a space of about seven feet by three feet. Between each bed there should be ample room for the attendants to pass without contact. The space between, allowed in well ordered hospitals, is six feet. This permits the addition of a chair and a little table, or press cupboard, one on either side of each bed.

As most wards are constructed for a double row of beds, the centre space should also be at the least six feet wide; and that is usually found too narrow in wards where the patients are numerous, and much business has therefore to be done. Supposing this allowance of space to be granted as between each bed, these two female wards would each hold but eight beds, and if the space between be contracted they cannot possibly hold more than ten each, being accommodation for only twenty female patients; but even this supposes the possibility of having two rows of beds, which when arranged on either side will occupy fourteen feet of space, and leave a passage way only three feet wide. These wards, therefore, are too wide for one row of beds, and too narrow for a double row. Passing to the other side, the male patients appear to be better provided for. The four principal wards are twenty-five feet wide, which leaves a centre space of eleven feet; but here, again, the entrances being at the sides instead of the ends, the doorways occupy the spaces where some of the beds should be. Omitting any allowance for these, however, and supposing an extra degree of crowding to compensate for the defect, it does not seem possible, with due regard to health and comfort, to find room in these four wards for more than forty men. So that in the principal portion of the hospital there seems only to be accommodation for sixty persons, that is, forty men and twenty women. But then come the special wards, which are numerous. On this floor there are seven, two of which are to be appropriated to *delirium tremens* patients, and one of the same size on the female side is probably intended for obstreperous women. It is a pity that such noisy patients should be provided for on the same floor with the others, for whose recovery quietness is so much to be desired; and besides, they occupy valuable space, and interfere with the symmetry of the plan. It is not easy to guess for what special purposes the other "special" wards are designed. Probably one or two of them may be for cases of ophthalmia, or cutaneous diseases, but if so, it is matter of regret that provision was not made for them in the lower part of the building. The most sensible arrangement for the present T shape, would have been to have appropriated the projection above and below for women's wards, with a separate communication between the two, and the entire upper floor of the front range to male patients. A very slight modification of the proportions of the building would thus have combined its several parts more conveniently for control and management, and considerably economized the space. The matron would have had ready access

to the women's department, a matter of great importance, and the eye of the surgeon could have ranged from room to room upon the upper floor, producing in the minds of nurses and patients a wholesome consciousness of being overlooked.

In considering the occupation of space in proportion to the number of patients, the tables of mortality have been of use to English architects. In gaols and workhouses that have been built of late years the minimum quantity of cubic feet of air allotted to each inmate is one thousand feet, and if such an allowance be found requisite for persons in health living together in considerable numbers, how much more important is it to provide even in excess for sick people! In this respect the supply in the new hospital does not appear to be deficient. The rooms upon the upper floor are very lofty, and measuring the area by the height (eighteen feet), it will be found that the bulk of air enclosed within the walls on the first floor is one hundred and forty-three thousand five hundred and eighty-six cubic feet. Sufficient in ordinary cases to accommodate one hundred and forty-three people, and ample allowance for at least a hundred persons in sickness. But for the reason before stated, it would seem impossible to accommodate that number without putting the beds so near as to risk frequent contact, which will assuredly be followed by contagion, and instead of a hospital we shall have a pest-house.

Two other matters call for remark in the consideration of the first floor arrangements of this hospital. The long room, marked on the plan as "day room for male patients," might have been dispensed with for that purpose if the corridors had been arranged for it, as before observed. A patient approaching convalescence ought certainly to be able to leave the ward for change of air and exercise. Even in England, in some of the recently-erected hospitals, the corridors are found to answer for this purpose very well, and in a climate such as this, the spacious passages referred to might, as before observed, have been easily so appropriated. As a general rule, however, hospitals cannot long maintain convalescents, and therefore the requirements of the bed chambers are studied before those of the sitting rooms; but in this building the reverse appears to have been the case. Some idea of this kind seems to have dawned on the minds of those in charge, for this day room, it is said, will be appropriated to a chapel. There are several objections to that, however; for a chapel supposes a chaplain, and the question of denomination then arises, which will not be easily settled. The best course is to look at a hospital through the spectacles of common

sense. It is a house of healing, not a house of prayer, except in the wide sense in which every house should be one, and every act an act of adoration. When we come, however, to specialities, we build hospitals for healing, and churches for worship. These remarks do not seem uncalled-for, as a few ecclesiastical touches have been already given to the room in question, and it ought to be more in request for beds than benches.

The other point that calls for notice is the operating room, and although that which has to be said respecting it will come more appropriately in another place, thus much may be remarked here. It is called a room; it should have been a theatre. Not so large, certainly, as those great ones attached to all considerable hospitals in England, where hundreds of persons each week witness the skill of distinguished operators, where young medical men gain instruction, and old ones keep fresh their knowledge; but sufficiently large to admit spectators to whom, as is the custom in London, the operator might afterwards explain his views of the case and his reasons for the *modus operandi*. For this purpose the present room is ill-shaped and inconvenient. It surely also cannot be intended to use the room next it, called on the plan "operating ward," as a room exclusively for patients operated upon. Nothing fidgets a surgical patient so much as the proximity of the theatre in which operations are done upon others, and where he himself has to undergo, or has passed the ordeal. There is always a degree of bustle and excitement about such a room very unfavourable to the recovery of sick people. Besides it is too narrow, and the few persons whom it will be possible to admit will be too near the operating surgeon, who should be quite clear of any save his immediate assistants. It may be a novel idea in this country, but it is found very useful in practice, not to restrict the attendance in the operating theatre to professional men. Any gentleman presenting his card to the secretary of a London hospital is admitted to the theatre whilst operations are proceeding, or, more frequently, the doors are open to any who like to enter. The advantage of this is on the side of the patient, for no unskilful operator ventures to risk a failure in view of the public: and such is the constitution of human nature that even delicate women are found to bear up more bravely under operations done before a large assemblage than in a private room. The consciousness of observation and of being the hero of the moment comes to the aid of many a fainting spirit in nature's hour of trial.

This last remark suggests also the observation that it is an

error to suppose that patients dislike being inmates of large wards. A screen is sometimes useful round the bedside of a nervous person, but it is a sign of returning health when he desires it to be removed, and if the person is to get well he is not long in signifying such a wish. Any one accustomed to life in hospitals will say that after a very little while patients take an interest in each other's cases, and very beautiful feelings of sympathy are often elicited. For no one thinks he is himself going to die, though he may have many misgivings about his neighbour. A series of large wards is therefore found to be more advantageous than a number of small ones, and the means of oversight and the economy of supervision are of course greatly enhanced. The architect has allowed himself to be unduly impressed with Miss Florence Nightingale's objections to double wards; but circumstances have compelled him to adopt that plan as an after-thought with one of the finest rooms in the hospital, and, as before observed, he has spoiled it.

One leading division besides that between the sexes is requisite in every hospital,—namely: the distinction of surgical and medical patients. In some hospitals there is the physician's side and the surgeon's side; at all events, it is desirable to have the them on separate floors. This might easily have been done in the present case if the architect had been permitted to add another story; failing that, it would have been better to have made the staircase more of a central point, separating the entire front into two parts, and placing the women's wards as before suggested. However, as it stands it must be used; and the next question is what staff will be requisite to maintain due discipline, order, and oversight throughout this extensive and too much subdivided building?

To begin with the medical staff. The office of surgeon-superintendent could not be in abler or better hands than at present; but the day will doubtless come when the services of a physician, as distinct from the surgeon, will be requisite. Officers of that class, if they are first-rate men, cannot be expected to reside in the hospital, nor is it desirable they should. A man whose life's work is to attend upon the sick should not live among them; besides, no sufficient accommodation could be economically provided in a hospital for the family comforts of a gentleman, and it is better to allow him a hundred a year for a house. At Guy's, the surgeons in residence are provided for, but their houses are distinct from the main buildings. At least one resident surgeon should live in the hospital; but there are many reasons why he should be a young man, and not hold his office for a long

period; these will be adverted to presently. The charge of the building is, in London, variously confided, but mostly to a secretary, who acts as resident governor, and the doctors are altogether excluded, with a very commendable and proper care, from the government of the household. Their position is precisely what it would be in a private family, their directions are respected and obeyed, but they are not the executive. In the present case, it is probable that the resident apothecary would have charge of the house, and the matron would be associated with, but subordinate to him. This makes out four principal officers,—physician or surgeon in charge, his assistant in residence, the apothecary, and the matron. Next in rank come steward and clerk, both indispensable persons in a large establishment. The kitchen implies a cook, and the scullery a scullion or kitchen maid. The entrance-hall must needs be in charge of a porter, and two others at least will be requisite for the heavy work of attending to the beds, to the operating theatre, and removing the dead, and various offices familiar only to hospital attendants. The provision on the upper story of six servants' bed-rooms implies at least an equal number of occupants, so that, irrespective of the nurses, who must be mentioned separately, this building will require, to keep it in due order and operation, at the very least fifteen salaried officers and servants.

The nursing department is extremely important. It is often said that the cook is more wanted than the doctor by sick-poor people; but the nurse is often more valuable than either, and the economic management of this department is very dependent on structural arrangements. The common rule is that a nurse should always be present in the sick ward. The illness that justifies admission into hospital is mostly sufficiently serious to require constant watching night and day. Of course, therefore, two nurses are required for each room; but it is not desirable to have a separate class of night nurses for persons who sit up all night and sleep through each day, imbibe a taste for gin, and other bad habits. In well-ordered establishments, this duty is divided amongst the whole body of nurses, together with supernumerary aids, so that on parts of alternate nights or at lesser intervals, each nurse takes a turn of duty. Now, it is not easy to see how anything like supervision can be exercised over all these separate wards without an army of nurses too numerous to contemplate. A *delirium tremens* patient can never be left for an instant alone, without fear of direful consequences. A patient in fever, or one under treatment after an operation,

ought never to miss his attendant; and with such extreme cases, it would appear that these special wards will be filled. Now, there are seven of these, besides the four large wards and the two female wards, and the inference is that twice that number, or that is to say, thirteen day and as many night nurses will be requisite. If the wards had been better planned it would have been quite possible to have conducted the nursing with the greatest efficiency by means of a matron and ten nurses. At present, having an eye to the cost of maintaining this hospital, it is rather alarming to notice that about forty persons will have to be paid for carrying it on, besides the butcher and baker, and the medicine man. And this is the more startling when it appears that this large outlay will be needed for the looking after some seventy patients, which, for the reasons before stated, the hospital as at present planned can only comfortably and properly accommodate. The expense of so maintaining it and the probable cost per head may be left for the calculation of those who are clever in such matters.

At present, the Government pays the piper, but how long will it continue so to do? There is so much that is local about a hospital of this nature, that its claims upon general colonial funds must needs be limited in the course of time, and this question is bound up with another, namely, the relationship which exists between the medical profession as such and the general community. It seems an odd thing that, according to English law and practice, the tradesman who sells a pound of sugar may recover the amount from his debtor by process of law; but the physician who trusts his patient is not entitled to recover anything. But the evil of this state of things, such as it is, has wrought its own cure, for the physician never trusts. He takes his fee at the time of giving his advice, and incurs no bad debts with paying patients; his is emphatically a ready money business. Coincidently, however, with this practice, he yields to the necessity of administering to the wants of those who cannot pay, but when he trusts, he gives. Hence, every physician in great practice has two classes of patients, those who pay, and those who do not; and by a singular law which seems to regulate these matters, the more non-paying patients a doctor has, the more numerous are those who pay, and physicians who spend the greater part of their time amongst the poor, rattle the largest number of golden guineas in their pockets after a day's work. The reason is that the hand of the surgeon is rarely steady unless it is often exercised, and the physician who has the largest experience accomplishes the most successful cures.

Diagnosis, to be accurate, must be based more on observation than theory, and for the former a man requires opportunity; the larger, therefore, his practice, the more skilful his judgment and the more numerous his cures. Those who can pay appreciate this, and wealth follows industry and opportunity in the medical as in all other professions. Hence, also, the avidity with which medical appointments to charities are sought for; although they yield no direct profit, they are often the fruitful sources of enormous indirect gains. The physician or surgeon who obtains an appointment on the staff of a London hospital considers his fortune made, although it may never yield him in direct revenue a single shilling, and may even cost him a large sum to secure his election.

Thus it happens that all the great medical charities have come to be regarded as schools for the education of doctors, the immediate benefit of such insitutions accruing to the poor, with certain results also to the rich, who have the advantages of the experience which the medical profession gains in these training establishments. This may seem a very cold matter-of-fact sort of view, but it is a fact; and whoever studies hospitals and their management must bear it in mind. It may be even a question whether the relief of human suffering is the primary or secondary object of the institution of many of them; but be that as it may, their existence is not only a social but a political necessity. True it is that they cannot be perfect without regard being had to other influencing motives for their establishment. Pity, benevolence, charity, duty, sympathy, all go hand in hand to carry them on effectively; but as surely as schools and colleges are needful for education, so are hospitals the places in which the science of health is taught and illustrated for the general good of the community.

In so far as a great hospital in any one locality is a place of study and a reservoir for the collection of skilled agents who are to be distributed throughout the land, it has a claim for general aid. Somerset Hospital can scarcely be said as yet to have established that claim. Excepting that it is of service to mariners, and that Cape Town is a port in which a large portion of the commerce of the country is carried on, the institution has no right to look beyond local agency or effort for its own means of support. But if upon an enlarged plan and a more liberal direction it could be made to assume the position of a school of medicine, the magnitude of such a service would establish for it an enduring claim upon the sympathy and aid of the country at large; and surely there is scarcely a colony more ripe than this for the creation of

such a school, or one in which a more perfect machinery exists for setting forward an organization for achieving some of the best and most useful purposes of medical science. It is only by association that a wholesome and just professional etiquette can be instituted or maintained and nothing is better calculated to preserve decorum and advance knowledge. It is hopeless, however, to expect that a college of surgeons or physicians can be established in this country for many years to come, or that a medical school of sufficient repute can be maintained, but a medical education might be commenced here, continued in Europe, and perfected where it began; for it needs but small acquaintance with professional studies to acquaint an ordinary intelligence that climate, temperature, modes of life, and diet modify considerably in every country the received opinions of doctors with regard to the treatment of disease; and it is worth the while of the public to maintain an institution in which the peculiarities of South African influences may be studied and ascertained, in order to correct the too general impressions of an exclusively European education. That this should be accomplished there is no doubt, and the new Somerset Hospital affords both the place and opportunity for that purpose.

There will be considerable difficulty, however, in adjusting the relationship of the hospital to the existing state of things. A great deal will, of course depend upon the spirit in which the surgeon-superintendent sets about his work. Of his own great skill there can be no question, and his singular fitness for his position is beyond dispute. But the profession may not unreasonably regard the hospital as a common property and a public trust, and that no individual ought to have an exclusive property in it except in the sense in which a president or director-general exercises functions. It may be very difficult to allot beds as a matter of right to practitioners in charge of cases that have come under their own observation, but courtesy may sometimes assist an object so desirable under certain conditions, as for instance, a contribution of notes upon the case to the records of the hospital. And this suggestion opens out another, namely, the desirableness of having a clinical clerk in charge of the case-books, and with the duty of entering them up from day to day and placing them on permanent record. This would lay the foundation of a library of the greatest possible value, accessible to the practitioners of the neighbourhood, and, in time, through the agency of a volume of "transactions," transmissible to the district and other surgeons throughout the country. This sort of work is pre-eminently a student's duty, and its con-

scientious discharge stores his mind with facts, whilst its result communicates information of the great value to the whole profession. There must surely be many young men preparing for medical studies who might, under intelligent direction assume such a duty, or others who, before entering on practice, would find twelvemonths so spent an apt preparation for their career.

A person next in importance to the surgeon-superintendent himself will be the resident medical officer. It is the practice in the great London hospitals to confer the resident offices on the most distinguished students, who usually pay a high fee for the privilege of spending six or twelve months in such a capacity. And the time is never ill spent. The house surgeoncy of a large hospital is the blue riband of his profession in a young man's eyes. To have acted thus under Fergusson, for instance, gives him a character that is sure to aid his professional advancement. In the absence of a medical school presenting many candidates for so honourable and advantageous an appointment as resident officer of Somerset Hospital, the medical profession, not only in Cape Town but throughout the colony, ought to take care that it is not jobbed in any particular interest. No vested rights should be permitted to accrue. It is a post most befitting a young man with the ink not yet dry on his diploma, and if the supply of such men is sufficient he should not hold it for more than one year. It might be too much to expect that he should pay for his post, but a moderate salary with residence and board would be an equivalent for services rendered. A class of men thus trained would pass on to district surgeoncies, and by the experience thus gained be able in due time to assist in that which certainly must come, the formation of divisional hospitals. If the medical profession is wise it will not lose this opportunity of improving its own status and making provision for securing to it that consideration which is based upon respect and advanced knowledge. Isolated as professional men here must be, dependent as they are upon Europe for discoveries and improvements, there is yet much to be learned here that cannot be gleaned from books or stated in theories, and which association only will enable them to obtain. Of all men the doctor can least afford to become old-fashioned. A younger and more energetic race is always treading on his heels. Professors in Europe find it hard to restrain the impetuous ardour of their own scholars, and everywhere it is necessary that the practising surgeon and physician should keep his knowledge posted up to the day. This can best be done by hospital

practice and the interchange of thoughts and observations amongst the fraternity. The surgeon-superintendent of the hospital should be in a certainsense a professor. No operation should be done by him without notice. Every special case should be commented on either at the bedside or in a common room or theatre. This would lay the foundation of a teaching beneficial alike to young and old, and its advantages would be soon felt in the practice of every medical man who availed himself of such opportunities, to his own self-satisfaction and the great benefit of the public.

There are two other subjects which ought also to be considered before the hospital is opened,—the nursing system and the class of patients entitled to admission and relief. The former might of itself furnish the subject of a chapter. The principle of making a hospital a training establishment applies to nursing as well as doctoring. Indeed, none but doctors know the real value of a good nurse. The last "Sairey Gamp" died in London a long while ago, and very much has been done lately to improve the character of hospital nurses. At a time when the outcry is so great for employment for women, it may be well to consider whether something may not be done to encourage females to undertake nursing as a proper calling. For it is essentially women's work, and many bad milliners and worse school-mistresses would make good nurses. Very much must depend in this respect upon the matron and the general system of government. Indeed, the organization of the latter in so large a building, with so many doors, will prove a more difficult task than is supposed. One considerable use of a good hospital is, however, to train and instruct nurses who might be available for service in private families: but the way to accomplish this suggests too many other considerations to be dealt with fittingly now. It is enough to point out that the subject of nurses, their training and management, is as deeply interesting to the public as the providing of a medical school.

The remaining question has been admirably dealt with in a paper read before the Statistical Society of London, "On the nature and extent of the benefits conferred by hospitals on the working classes and the poor." The author, Dr. Guy, is the only man who has fairly investigated this subject, and his conclusions may be read with interest at the present time. He says:

Making use of the facts collected in respect of one hospital, I think that I have succeeded in proving:

1. That when a hospital is established in a poor and crowded district, with great facilities for the attendance of patients, and few or no

obstacles to their admission, a very large and rapidly increasing number of persons apply for relief, and that that number amounts at length to a very considerable fraction of the whole population.*

2. That of the persons so applying for relief, a very large proportion consists of men in work, and in the receipt of good wages; or of the wives and children of men in employment and well paid.

3. That after subtracting men who are out of work and men inadequately paid and the wives and children of men so circumstanced; and further deducting those men who, though at the time in receipt of good wages, have been out of work for a season, and those, again, who habitually contribute to the support of their parents or near relations; there will still remain a very considerable body of artizans and working men who are not proper objects of charity, in the usual acceptation of the term, and who are in the habit of making application to hospitals, often for very trifling illnesses, and without having previously consulted any medical man. As there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent the statements embodied in these three propositions from being applied to all our hospitals and dispensaries, in a degree proportioned to the poverty and density of their surrounding populations on the one hand, and the more or less stringent nature of their rules of admission on the other, I shall submit to the consideration of the society these three questions, in which the managing bodies of all our hospitals and dispensaries are interested.

1. Are artizans and working men, as such, and without regard to their circumstances at the time of application, to be considered as proper objects for gratuitous medical relief?

2. If not, is it possible to frame any rules by which the necessitous members of the working class shall be admitted, and the non-necessitous excluded?

3. Is there any way in which the working classes may be made to contribute, in some fair proportion to their means, to the support of the charities which they use so largely?

1. In reference to the first question:

Whether artizans and working men, as such, and irrespective of their circumstances, are to be considered as proper objects of gratuitous medical relief? I may observe that I have reason to believe that there is a very prevalent impression among the most liberal subscribers to charitable institutions. that working men, as working men, are proper objects for gratuitous relief at hospitals. Though I am not myself of this opinion, and believe it to be an unsound and mischievous doctrine, I have no hope of seeing it abandoned by any considerable portion of the charitable public; although the in justice it inflicts upon the members of the medical profession, (and on those druggists who confine themselves to preparing medicinea prescribed by qualified medical men) resident in the neighbourhood of our hospitals and dispensaries, is too obvious to admit of dispute.

2. Assuming this question to have been answered in the negative, the next inquiry which presents itself is whether it is possible to frame any rules by which the necessitous artizan and working man may be admitted, and the non-necessitous excluded? A very little consideration will suffice to convince us of the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of framing any such rules. The admission of the one class and the ex-

* It has been ascertained with tolerable accuracy that in London one fifth of the population are relieved by the hospitals and dispensaries in the course of a single year.

clusion of the other would have to be brought about by the agency of persons wanting in the necessary knowledge of the class with whom they have to deal, and too much occupied to be able to make the necessary inquiries. Such inquiries, if made at all, could not be undertaken at the hospital itself, either by the secretary or by the medical officers; and the mere outward appearance of the patients would afford but little assistance, for some of the poorest must be decently dressed, or they would sacrifice their chance of earning a living, while those who are best off habitually present themselves in their working dress, or even in rags. Beyond putting to the more respectable class of applicants the question whether they are aware that the institution to which they make application is a charity, and whether they consider themselves to be proper objects of charity—questions very generally answered in the affirmative—little can be done. So that if discrimination is to be made anywhere, it must be through the agency of subscribers' letters.

I have already stated that when, previous to the opening of the new hospital, the influx of patients became so great as to cause serious inconvenience, an attempt was made to limit the numbers by requiring in every case a governor's or subscriber's letter of recommendation; but that experience of the inconvenience attending this plan, led to its abandonment. The fact is, that by rigidly requiring letters of recommendation in every case, we only add to the pecuniary obligation of the subscriber the harassing trouble of signing these letters of recommendation; and working men will find their way as naturally to the subscribers who are most easy in disposition, and most lax in their notions of what charity is and ought to be, as the mendicant does to the persons who are guilty of indiscriminate almsgiving. When the pressure on the subscribers who live nearest to the hospital, and are most easy of access, at length becomes intolerable, they see no way to release themselves but by discontinuing their subscriptions. The attempt, therefore, to limit attendance, and exclude improper persons, by rigidly requiring letters of recommendation does not succeed, and acts injuriously upon rhe charity.

It ought also to be borne in mind that the subscriber to a hospital or dispensary often looks upon his subscription as the purchase money of an absolute and unqualified right to recommend to the charity, for what he considers to be "the best advice," any person whom he may be pleased to send. Add to this that too many medical men, by their own practice of giving gratuitous advice, and by their own exceptions in favour of particular classes of the community (as, for instance, the unbeneficed clergy), have largely contributed to create the opinion that society has a claim upon the services of medical men, which it does not dream of asserting in the case of the members of any other profession whatever, and it will be seen how hopeless it is to attempt to check the abuses of our medical charities by means of those who contribute to their support.

On the other hand, it would be unreasonable to expect any sudden change in the opinions or habits of the working class. So long as the supporters of our medical charities believe that working men, as such, are proper objects of gratuitous aid in sickness; and so long as there are to be found among them men who maintain the extreme doctrine that a subscription to a hospital confers an absolute right of recommendation, without regard to the circumstances of the persons recommended, it is scarcely to be expected that working men, seeing these opinions carried into actual practice at our hospitals and dispensaries, should think themselves in the wrong in freely resorting to them.

It ought also to be borne in mind that though the original object and use of hospitals and dispensaries was to provide relief for the poor and destitute, the rare opportunities of experience which they afford to their medical officers, has led them to be regarded as the places where the best advice is to be obtained; and it is but natural that working men feeling that, at the usual rate of remuneration, such advice is beyond their means, should apply to hospitals and dispensaries for it:—without expecting, perhaps, to obtain gratuitously the medicines which we have fallen into the habit of giving them as freely as the advice itself.

This consideration leads me to the third and last question:—is there any way in which the working classes may be made to contribute in some fair proportion to their means, to the support of our hospitals? I answer, without hesitation, by levying a small payment for medicines. I say *without hesitation*, because having submitted to the medical committee of the hospital with which I am connected a proposal for charging the out-patients, on their second visit, the sum of one shilling for the medicine required during an entire illness, coupled with a plan for excepting the really poor, that proposal received the unanimous and cordial assent of a very full meeting, and has since been heartily approved by several persons practically acquainted with the habits, feelings, and resources of working men.

If this moderate payment were enforced, a very acceptable addition would be made to the funds of our medical charities, and the great and wealthy working class who are known to expend such a gigantic aggregate sum on the fruitful causes of disease, would contribute something to the support of the charitable institutions of which they are in the habit of making so frequent a use.

This contribution once obtained, the gentlemen who devote themselves, in so praiseworthy a manner, to the management of our great medical charities might appeal with increased confidence to that comparatively small section of the public which now supports them by contributions almost beyond its means, under the conviction that hospitals are, of all charities, the least liable to abuse, and the most prolific of of benefits, physical, moral, and religious, to every class of the community.

The remedy suggested by the Doctor is not a perfect one, for the single payment of a shilling is inadequate, and any payment whatever is supposed to purchase a right. Then, with regard to non-paying patients, it is as difficult to define a "poor" as it is a "respectable" man.

The subject is by no means exhausted; but the allotted space is full. If public interest in the matter should be awakened, the consideration may be resumed. It is extremely difficult to express opinions on an important building like the new Somerset Hospital without seeming to find fault where, to many, minds fault may appear to be unjustly attributed. The architect, however, is probably prepared to meet criticism, and he is likely to find plenty. But the great outlines of his work will receive, as they merit, considerable praise; and it is something creditable alike to builder and architect that the work is done. The furnishing and finishing remain. The former progresses

satisfactorily; but some attempts at ornament are more creditable to the artistic skill than to the taste and judgment of the designer. The work to be done within the walls of the hospital is too stern and real for mere sentiment and filagree. Under the clock is a line from Lalla Rookh, "One minute of heaven is worth them all." At first the allusion does not seem pertinent, and certainly is not applied in the sense of the poet's lines, which are these:

> Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
> And multiply each through endless years;
> One minute of Heaven is worth them all.

But if the reference be to the sixty minutes on the dial, it simply suggests a sum in proportion, that sixty minutes on earth are equal to one in heaven. This might be correct in a "Peri," and may be edifying to Mohammedans, but is not usually accepted as a fact by Christian men. The other scrolls are texts of Scripture, some of which are scarcely applicable, and would not improve a poor fellow's spirits on going into the operating room. Things of this sort should be done with great judgment, and it may fairly be submitted to the architect that in this case they are overdone. It is not, however, so much in architectural details that the hospital requires to be studied. It has cost the public a great deal of money, and they ought to get out of it the greatest possible amount of good. It ought not to remain entirely a Government institution, and it is too large to be purely municipal. Most certainly it should not be left to be governed by the doctors. If means could be devised for making it in part self-supporting, and in part aided by voluntary contributions, if a general interest in its welfare could be excited in the medical profession, if the Government would contribute its proportion of aid, and a governing body be constituted representing all these interests,—Science and Charity would then find a home within its walls and its powerful and beneficent influence would soon penetrate into the remotest corners of the land.

ADVERTISING.

If one wishes to get a clear insight into the features of any era in the history of any country, since the days of printing, without having to look up "musty and antiquated records," he has only to get a file of the newspapers published during the period with which he wishes to become acquainted, and scan

over its advertising columns. The pages of a newspaper devoted to advertisements is a photograph of everyday life, reflecting "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure," as true and faithful even in its minutest details as are the pictures of men and things fixed by the unflattering rays of the sun upon the sensitive plates of the daguerreotypist. Far more to be depended upon are the announcements of the plain matter-of-fact advertiser, clumsily constructed though they may be, and published at per line, than are, most generally, the highly-wrought but parti-coloured compositions of editorial genius which adorn the leading columns. Ages are not now snuffed out of remembrance as they were before Caxton came to London from the Kentish wealds, and struck his first proof-sheets in Westminster Abbey. Their doings and sayings, habits and opinions, whether for good or for evil, are all registered. Time leaves in a trail of printer's ink every feature of every age in order that those who came after may "learn and be wise." It is grandly pleasing and most instructing to stand before one's reading-desk and look deep into the impressions of one of these old newspapers Sacred to the Memory of the Past. These volumes which are dead to most of the living world, and left entombed amidst the useless lumber which encumbers the undisturbed shelves of public libraries, have more in them to awaken thought than the most startling fiction of modern times. It makes one's blood brighten and brisk up to watch, as the eye lights upon these files, Ghosts of other Days start into life with all their imperfections on their head, and re-perform to the eye of thought, in their shadowy coats of mail, the parts which are registered for and against their days of flesh and blood. The "footprints on the sands of time" which show the course of past events, may be unfashioned by Art, but they are often truer to Nature than our own; and whilst we may, in the pharisaical spirit of our own time, thank God that we are not as these other men were, we find much in them to esteem, much in their pioneering to be thankful for and though most of us laugh at their eccentricities, there are many of us who bow our heads in humility at virtues which, like fashions, are now spun in flimsier fabrics.

Let us now, not with a desire to laugh and make merry at them, but to mark the most prominent features of the present century, take a rapid glance at the newspapers and the newspaper advertisements from 1801 to the present time. The *Kaapsche Stads Courant* of 1801 is the oldest file of newspapers in the Public Library, and we believe the oldest preserved in perfect form in this colony. This file,

which is sewn in boards, opens with "An Extraordinary Gazette," containing the following announcement:

N B The publication of this extraordinary "Gazette" has been unavoidably delayed on account of removing the printing press into the Castle. The printing office will be open from nine to twelve in the morning, and from two to five in the evening. Advertisements intended for insertion in the Saturday's paper must be given in not later than two o'clock in the afternoon of the preceding Thursday; otherwise they will be postponed to the following week.

Happy printers! Luxurious and ease-taking publishers! How envious your lot to ours! Protected by the Castle guns from the outbursts of popular indignation when you dared to brave public opinion, and forced it into the way into which it should go; you were able to demand two days' full notice of an advertisement before you would put it into type. And then how much meaning in the words, "the printing office will be open from nine to twelve in the morning and from two to five in the evening." Isn't this announcing as plainly as if it were set down in black and white, "from twelve to two printers and publishers tiff and take their refreshing siesta?" You men of steam printing offices, who are always boasting of how much you can accomplish in the twelve hours, who work from seven in the morning till morning dawns again, for wages which procure you less than one half the luxuries of the days of wood presses, think, before you boast again, whether you would not exchange places, if time would permit, with the less useful but ease-loving printers, who date from the Castle in 1801. Remember, they got a whole sheep for less than you pay for a scrag of mutton, and the Cape, in those days, was a land flowing with milk and honey. There are two sides to that question, however, but we will not argue either. It is enough to show the contrast between that time and this.

The Extraordinary Gazette, which was delayed in order that the Press might be removed, contained a brief extract of a letter from Captain Bowen, of the ship *Argo*, to Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, Baronet, dated Fonchal Road, Madeira, 6th August, 1801, and contained the information that the writer had put on shore near Madeira the 85th Regiment, under the command of Colonel Clinton, and that they had taken possession of the Loo and St. Iago fortresses, which command the entrance and anchorage in this road. The particulars of this memorable action which secured the island of Madeira, "and put us entirely at our ease," and which could not be produced in an "extraordinary" for some days, involved about as much printing as would now take one of our own newspapers about twenty

minutes to produce. But the most amusing notice in this first paper, and one which accounts for removing the printing press into the Castle, is that which informed the colonial public that the Government had taken under its immediate inspection the printing press, which was lately in the hands of individuals, and that this indulgent Government had consented to *allow* the continuance of a weekly newspaper for the benefit and accommodation of the colony. To prevent any "speculations"—and "speculations" were horrid things in those days—as to whether the weekly production was to be conducted in the same manner as heretofore, the Government at once announced that it certainly would not. It would contain all acts and notices of Government, public notices from any of its departments, and advertisements (and for advertisments publishers and proprietors of newspapers have always shown a decided weakness). The Government neither solicited patronage from the public nor laid down principles. It intended to monopolize all the newspaper trade, and therefore those who did not take the Government journalwould get no newspaper at all. As to the paper itself it would content itself with facts,—facts and facts, and nothing but facts. The printer and compiler assured the purchasers of the *Cape Town Gazette and African Register* that that paper would offer no comment or opinion of its own on political subjects; "it being our principal aim," says the compiler, "to render this paper as much as possible a register of facts, which, when given in their original and simple dress, are less liable to mislead or bias, than if attended by speculations, however plausible or well-grounded they may appear." The next paragraph is especially quaint. "Were it even advisable to enter into the wide field of politics, the narrow limits of our paper would not allow it; besides, we are fully persuaded it may be employed in a more pleasing and advantageous purpose than by admitting discussions which, from their nature, cannot be very interesting to this sequestered corner of the earth, where, in the midst of a war that has ravaged more than half of the globe, we continue to enjoy the uninterrupted blessings of prosperity and peace" (but did not add,—and may be caught napping at any time from twelve to two). Then it goes on to say that whenever there is a suspension of news from England, India, or elsewhere, the paper would advantageously employ itself in pointing out where certain islands lie, and give sketches of the geography and extent of the colony; and it appears that at this very time, October 24, there was no news from England, India, or elsewhere, and hence the *Gazette* presents "to

our readers a grand view of all the colonies, settlements, and ships of war captured from the enemy."

It kept true to its word for that number; but the compiler having once cultivated a taste for printer's ink must needs try his hand at an editorial, not exactly on a "political subject," but on the social deficiencies of the colonists. Here it is entire:

WITHOUT entering into any unfavourable or invidious comparison between other civilized countries of the known world and the settlement of the Cape of Good Hope, we will proceed to remark how very many and serious disadvantages must inevitably ensue to the natives thus scattered over such a wide extent of territory, both with regard to the cultivation of their minds and the improvement of their circumstances. Debarred from every means of education, and cut off, as it were, from all commerce with his kind, except that which may arise out of his own family, having little inducement to call into action his bodily powers, the means of subsistence being so easily obtained, and still less those of his mind, which scarcely indeed can be said to possess even the seeds of reason and reflection, the whole life of an African peasant is employed in idleness and the unlimited indulgence of sensual appetites. The history of a day is that of his whole life; chequered, indeed, sometimes by the adventures of a hunting excursion, and the uniformity a little interrupted by the occurrences of a journey to the capital, once perhaps in two or three years. The education that their children receive is preparatory to the same insipid and inactive way of life. They are seldom employed in any kind of labour. To shoot, to crack an enormous large whip, and drive an ox wagon, are the supreme points of their education. If they escape the toil of labour, which in other countries is the lot of the bulk of mankind, they are also insensible to the enjoyment that ease and relaxation from labour never fail to produce. They have no public meetings at fixed periods, as in most other countries, to give a loose and harmless mirth and recreation, to communicate an exchange of sentiments and opinions on different subjects. They have no fairs—no markets—no music—no dancing parties—no amusement of any shape to fly to which would materially tend to shake off that languid and sluggish habit of body, that sullen and phlegmatic temper, which are the necessary consequences of an inactive and secluded life. The frank and open air of ingenious simplicity that beams in the countenances of the European peasantry is never to be discovered within the mansion of an African farmer.

And this is followed by another, the penning of which took a whole fortnight:

IN ORDER to bring the people together occasionally, and there to afford opportunities of exhibiting to public inspection their various articles of products. By means of such meetings the products of the country would from time to time improve, from the very circumstance alone of their being brought into comparison with each other. By this assemblage, the preference would be made to appear, and a competition created, for it is a natural propensity in man to endeavour to excel his fellows. The butchers should in this case attend these fairs and markets, and not be allowed to send their emissaries from house to house, as at present the practice, from which other evils have resulted besides that of discouragement to the farmer, and the natural consequence of the markets of the capital being supplied with bad meat. There cannot be a more striking instance of the very great advantages arising to the farmer, and equally as to the public, than the competition in point of the weight of cattle brought to the London market about a century ago and at the present time; the difference of which is owing, not alone to the better management of, and greater attention paid to, the subject of treating

cattle; but also in a great degree to the general practice of assembling them together at the great fixed fairs and markets held at different cities and market towns of the country.

This much for the style and tone of the paper. Now for the advertisements. There were fifteen in this paper in English. First announces that six chapters of Barrow's South African Travels are published, and that the venturesome traveller had gone "across the Karoo or Arid desert to the Drostdy of Graaff-Reinet, Kafirland, country of the Bosjemans, from Graaff-Reinet along the sea-coast to the Cape, and into the country of the Namaquas. Second, that the Government salt ponds are ready to be farmed out. Third, that one John Morrison, a saddler, was publishing a two-shilling almanac, containing the rising and setting of the sun, changes of the moon, and eclipses. Fourth, Two merchants' advertisements, one of which commences with, "Two cases of white thread assorted," and ends with, "a few patent corn-mills and brass wire sieves complete." The other mercantile announcement of "a fine-toned grand pianoforte, and two others in good order." Fifth, The sale of "the Spanish Xebec *St. Joseph y Animos* and her cargo, prize to his Majesty's ship the *Lancaster*." Sixth, Claims for supplies furnished to sick troops are to be sent in to the agent of the East India Company. Then come several land sales, and the two last advertisements, headed by two woodcuts of Dutch frigates, all stern and no go, notify that there are two brigs in Table Bay, one to sail the next day and the other to be sold under a decree of the Admiralty court. Two ships had arrived within this week, which is two more than were frequently to be seen in the bay, and no doubt one of them would be sold, "to defray expenses," as was the custom, even if the other were allowed to go to sea again without changing hands. Here is a fair view of a week at the Cape sixty years ago. You have the whole six days completely before you. A few goods for sale, two ships arrived, some sales of landed property, and a settlement of claims for supplies to the invalids of one of the Company's ships.

The next week the land sales are varied by the addition of one of "slaves, wagons, and asses," and "a red-brown Spanish horse," and the editor shows further signs of giving way to "speculations." A large fragment of the uppermost stratum of Table Mountain, eighteen feet long, fifteen feet broad, and fourteen feet high, was "whirled down," and there is no end of "speculations" of what might have happened if this had been detached from any other part of Table

Mountain, for it would, in all probability, have "worked its passage" (as sailors do in ships) to the very skirts of the town. These were the days when lotteries were permitted by the law, and houses and lands were disposed of in that way. The house No. 47, Bree-street, was one of a number, altogether of the value of five thousand rix-dollars, disposed of in prizes (one hundred and thirty) in Christmas week of that year. And in order to create a demand for fish, which was very plentiful during the then hot season, we have the following extraordinary announcement:

EXPERIENCE has taught that this article operates as a preventive to bilious fevers, so common and fatal among the natives in the country, occasioned by much exposure to the sun, and by a diet consisting almost exclusively of animal food, unqualified by bread and vegetables; for it is not less true than extraordinary, that in the distant districts of the colony a culinary vegetable is scarcely ever to be met with.

By the time October came the printers were capable of the very great effort of "stopping the press" for late news. Mark the brevity:

WE stop the press to announce the glorious success of Lord Nelson on the French coast, having *burnt* all the *invading craft* in the Bay of Boulogne, and destroyed the whole of the lower town, after a bombardment of fourteen hours.

The ancient colonists, highly as they thought of fish as a preventive to fever, were not careless of creature comforts, and a trade in American hams sprung up very early.

JUST RECEIVED and now for Sale at Mr. J. Payne's, corner of Long-market-street, a quantity of American Hams in excellent order. Also, best Hollands Gin, in small cases, Cognac Brandy, &c., &c.

It was foreseen then that want of wood would sadly distress the Cape in future if no planting went on, and a number of spirited individuals, no doubt awakened to a sense of duty by the spasmodic efforts of the *Gazette* to rouse public spirit, endeavoured to get up a company to plant "the waste lands of the Cape Isthmus." Here is one of the articles relative to the subject:

PRIMOGENITURE here entitles to no advantages, every child, both male and female, sharing alike in the family property, which in consequence of this law must generally be disposed of and pass out of the family at the death of the parents. Few look forward to distant advantages, their aim being immediate profit, which is not to be obtained by laying out plantations of forest trees. A plan, it is true, has been proposed to plant the waste lands of the Cape Isthmus with forests of fir trees by a society of gentlemen, and it is to be hoped such a plan will meet with every support from the Government, the said lands in their present condition being of no earthly use, and exhibiting only a continued surface of nakedness and dreary desolation. In the space of twelve or fifteen years, in a country where vegetation is remarkably quick, such forests would become highly useful and ornamental.

Seeing by the waste lands and want of wood that little planting could have been carried on in those days, there is

no doubt that this only afforded one more proof that "the best o' schemes laid mice and men gae aft agley," as did also the brief existence of another company started to "breed cochineal which thrives upon the aloe."

"And this identical aloe," the company stated, "a variety of the perfoliata grows in the greatest abundance in Muscle Bay." For a while it took quite as well as a Namaqua Copper Company, and its originators stated, with as much confidence as the proprietors of the "Eendop," "Western Province," and "Eagle," that "the fortune of the colony is made."

In 1802 trade was dull, and there appears to have been some doubt about the colony remaining British much longer. The *Gazette* is made the medium of betting, and the following notice appears:

BETS are now making that the British flag will fly in this garrison on the 1st of January next.

This turned out to be, as is well known, quite correct; and whoever made the bets on the other side must have been eased of his metal.

In 1807 business, which had been dull before, had brightened up a bit; the editorials of the *Gazette* gave way to advertisements, and nothing but advertisements are to be found week after week. The printers either could not find time for their tiffin and siesta, or else some new and more businesslike arrangements had been made for receiving advertisements. These were taken, in 1807, at any time from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, and up to three o'clock on the day previous to publication.

It is clear that the times were better,—more business was done, and society was fast improving. Slaves ran away at a terrible rate, but this is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that masters slept less and were wider awake and more vigilant. There were no end of cargoes of living freight arrived that year; and seeing that the advertisements of slave sales are not often repeated, it is likely such labour was in good demand. One advertisement offers "ten capital slaves," "a slave boy, being a coachman," and "a fine young female." The advertisements below show how nearly they were regarded as on a par with "horses, asses, and other live-stock:"

FOR SALE by Private Contract, Four Prime Slaves.—Apply at Mr. Heckrath's, Market-square.

RUN AWAY, a Male Slave, named September, a native of Malabar; is of short stature, and has large eyes; he was dressed in an old coarse blue cloth jacket and breeches, and may be known by his white beard; he is provided with a pass for the 2nd instant. Whoever will bring him to No. 14, Strand-street, or secure him in the Tronk or Prison, shall be rewarded for his trouble.

PUBLIC SALE.—On the 31st instant and following days, will be sold by the executors of the late Widow Johannes Maree, the whole effects of the deceased, consisting, in a place called, "Het Kleygat," situated under the Kleine Houwhoek, Men and Women Slaves, Cattle, Wagons, &c., &c.

The terms upon which landed proprietors sometimes leased out their estates is shown:

MR. WILLIAM MAUDE begs leave to offer to any industrious person or persons in Cape Town or its vicinity, who have wagons, bullocks, or horses, to let to them from this time, for eight or nine months, ten to one hundred and fifty acres of good arable land in the same neighbourhood, near four to eight miles distant, they finding manure, seed, ploughing, and harrowing, and receiving half the produce and the other half to the owner of the land, he taking it away.

Whether it was that people, relying upon the "experience which taught that fish operates as a preventive to bilious fevers," took to eating more of that article than of meat and bread, it is not easy to ascertain; but either from that or some other cause, more people are advertised as having "departed this life" during that year than in all the seven years previous to it. The style of advertisement is somewhat peculiar:

THIS MORNING, to my great grief and sorrow, departed this life, my dear husband, P—— M——, aged 61 years, 9 months, and 8 days. Convinced that all my relations and friends sympathize with me in my severe loss, I request to be excused the visit of condolence. J—— F——, widow of P—— M——. Paarl, the 28th March, 1807.

How touching, simple, and trusting. "Convinced that all my relations and friends sympathize with me." The widow taking it for granted that they grieved, offered to take their tears upon trust, and having lost her husband, requested to be excused "the visit of condolence." Charming woman! She had had enough of that family, no doubt; and, being quite ready to enter another, felt that the condolence of the gude man's friends would be anything but comforting.

Horse-breeding appears to have been carried on to a considerable extent in 1820. It received a great impetus in that year by the importation of several blood horses: and one famous sire, *Chichester*, evidently belonged to a plucky owner, who concludes the "Season" notice with an offer to run him against any horse in the colony for any sum from five to ten thousand dollars. The Turf Club must have been a flourishing institution, and under the patronage of the presiding genius of the colony, did good service to the state. Not only were the April and September race meetings well supported, but Indian visitors promoted supplementary

meetings, and the following advertisement shows how they were conducted, as well as the value of the prizes competed for:

ON WEDNESDAY, the 27th of September, 1820, will be run for an Indian Handicap Plate of six hundred rix-dollars. Open to all horses bred in the colony. Once round the course. Heats. Entrance, twenty rix-dollars. One half to go to the winner and the other half to be placed at the disposal of the African Turf Club. Three horses to start or no race. An Indian Handicap Plate of four hundred rix-dollars. Open to all horses bred in the colony. Entrance, fifteen rix-dollars, ten of which to go to the winner, and the other five to be placed at the disposal of the stewards of the African Turf Club. The names of all horses for the above plates to be sent, under sealed covers, to Major Dickson, at the African Society House, on or before six o'clock on Monday evening, the 25th instant. The weights to be declared at noon on the following day.

There was no end of the gaieties which Indian visitors set on foot and supported; these were the days when the Cape earned its best reputation for great hospitality and good living. Balls are advertised continually, and the theatres were open for the most part of the year. The military were foremost amongst amateur actors, those holding commissions devoting their time and money to the cultivation of the dramatic art, and the non-commissioned officers and privates doing supernumerary work with great zeal and attention, and coming in for a benefit at the end of the season. The advertisements are singularly like the usual advertisements of the present day in nearly all parts of the world. It would seem that there has been less improvement in theatrical advertisements than in any other kind. Here is a specimen:

AFRICAN THEATRE.—For the benefit of the non-commissioned officers and privates who assisted at the Theatre for the last two seasons, they having received no remuneration for their attendance. Under the sanction of his Excellency the Earl of Caledon.—On Tuesday, the 31st January, 1809, will be presented the comedy of "All the World's a Stage;" to which will be added, the favourite new entertainment of "Raising the Wind." The whole of the characters by Gentlemen. Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Theatre, where the Boxkeeper will attend on the day of performance, between the hours of 12 and 2. Lower Boxes, to two Rds., Upper Boxes one Rd. and a half, Gallery, one Rd. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Venables & Co., Strand-street, Cape Town, also at their store in Simon's Town, and at Rowe's Tavern, Barrack-street. The doors to be opened at six, and the curtain to rise at seven o'clock precisely.

Little progress appears to have been made in the performances of the press during the time it remained under the fostering protection of the Colonial Government. The Gazettes of 1801 and the Gazettes of 1828 present pretty nearly the same appearance. The Turf Club flourished still; Government-house had not begun to turn its back upon horse-racing, but, on the contrary, patronized it largely:

TURF NOTICE.—The South African Turf Club Spring Meeting will commence on Tuesday, the 30th of September, 1828. The challenges

for Sir John Cradock's Cup must be sent in, directed to the stewards, on or before the 30th June next; and those for Lord Charles Somerset's Gold Cup on or before the 1st of August next.

The traffic in slaves was still great, and sometimes one or two who found their way into the tronk did not get out again so quickly as one might expect, seeing how much more profitable they were to their owners than the usual run of live-stock. Here are two or three advertisements of 1828:

SALES by the Commissioner for adjusting the affairs of the late Sequestrator's Department. On Monday next, the 30th instant, by the Agent at Worcester, on account of the estate of Ryk Meiring, surrendered as insolvent (prior to the 31st December last), by the executors to the aforesaid Meiring, and his predeceased wife, Anne Zultch; a house and premises, and a plot of building ground, both situated in Church-street, Tulbagh; also, household furniture, and the following slaves: May of Bougies (absconded), L'Eveille of Mauritius, Alida of this colony, and Mariana of Mozambique;—also, 1 horse-wagon and harness, 3 wagon horses, 3 saddle horses, and a gun.—F. S. WATERMEYER, Commissioner.—Sequestrator's Office, 12th June, 1828.

NOTICE is hereby given that a male slave named Tielman, said to be the property of M. Synder, in the district of Worcester, has been confined in prison since the 11th November, 1827. Those concerned are desired to release the above slave within six weeks from this date, otherwise he will be sold on account of the owner.—A. FAURE, J.s., Resident Magistrate.—Resident Magistrate's Office, Stellenbosch, 12th Feb., 1828.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of Orphan Masters of this colony intend to expose for sale to the highest bidders, on Monday, the 27th instant, at 9 o'clock in the morning, at the house of the Notary Mr. Jacobus Petrus de Wet, in Berg-street, the effects of the *ab intestato* deceased George Frederick Goetz, notary public; amongst which are four male slaves, viz: Adam from Madagascar, Isaac from Bougies, Damon from Macassar, and Benjamin, native of the Cape. Also, a slave girl, named Camoira, from Batavia. On Tuesday following, and also at 9 o'clock in the morning, at the house of the Auctioneer J. N. Rorich, will be sold a remaining quantity of goods, belonging to the estate of the late Captain John Culverhouse, and his wife, Mrs. Margaret Hogg Borsons.—J. P. FAURE, Sec.—Orphan Chamber, Cape of Good Hope, 16th February, 1809.

A mail for England was a rare occurrence indeed; it was announced generally about two months beforehand, and if the news it took away can be measured by what it brought, or at least that which appeared in the *Gazette*, it must have been very little indeed. The Postmaster's announcements were brief, and he seldom condescended to notify the day or hour of starting:

A MAIL is open for England by the "Cæsar."—R. CROZIER, Postmaster-General.—General Post Office, Cape Town, Feb. 1, 1828.

If the Postmaster did not feel the pressure of business much, neither did the Government Bank. The president and directors had great commercial faith, which was only occasionally shaken when overdrawn accounts extended over many months, and even then rather than inconvenience their

customers, and to encourage the press, they never attempted to enforce payment until the following had been resorted to:

GOVERNMENT LOAN BANK.—Notice is hereby given to all such persons who have not paid up their arrears due the "Lombard Bank," to ultimo December 1827, that unless the same be forthwith discharged, they will, without any exception, be proceeded against, according to law.—By order of the President and Directors, J. C. GIE, M. s., Acting Secretary to the Board.—Cape Town, 19th Feb., 1828.

Does not this mode of doing business commend itself to the long-established Cape of Good Hope, the spirited Commercial, the cautious but well-conducted South African, or the new London Banking Company recently established in St. George's-street? If banks are established for the needy, as they all profess to be, it is strange that they defer less and less, as time goes on, to that humbled but deserving section of the general community. Why do they not, like the ancient fathers, wait and advertise, instead of peremptorily demanding deposits and charging commissions on overdrawn accounts? Perhaps it is that they are unlearned in the practices of the Lombard Bank, but now they will be able to plead that excuse no more.

Table Bay, boisterous then as now, and the ships of that day less well found, brought about the destruction of a great deal of the shipping which put in here. In one week, in the month of June, we find these:

FOR SALE on Monday next, at 12 o'clock, at the wharf, the schooner "Orange Grove," as she lies upon the beach, near the Castle; with all her stores, masts, spars, tackles, and apparel, as the same shall be declared at the time of sale.—WOLFF & BARTMAN, Auctioneers.

WRECK of the Ship "Walsingham."—A Public Sale will be held To-morrow Morning, the 21st instant (on account of whom it may concern), of the stranded ship "Walsingham," as she lays opposite the Military Hospital; likewise, her sails, masts, spars, anchors, chain cables, boats, rigging, stores, provisions, &c., &c. The above vessel has been recently coppered, and is copper-fastened. The sale will commence at 10 o'clock precisely.—WILLIAM BILLINGSLEY, Agent.

SALE of Damaged Goods ex "Walsingham."—Immediately after the sal of the wreck of the "Walsingham," To-morrow Morning, the 21st inst. will be sold (on account of whom it may concern) part of the cargo saved, from the above vessel, in a damaged state, consisting in wines, ox hides, dried fruits, &c., &c. The sale will be held on the premises of H. Batt, Esq., near the new market.—W. BILLINGSLEY.

The following remind us of the days of oil lamps and open sluits:

NOTICE.—Any inhabitant who can produce satisfactory testimony as to character, and who may feel inclined to enter the service of the Night Watch, is requested to apply at the Police Office without delay.—CHAS. DE LORENTZ, Superintendent of Police.

ANY person who can produce satisfactory testimony as to character, and may feel inclined to enter into the police service, is hereby requested to apply at the office of the undersigned without delay.—CHAS. DE LORENTZ, Superintendent of Police.—Police Office, Cape Town, 31st January, 1828

A number of papers had been started from 1828 to 1835, but it was not until 1845 that we observe a very great change reflected upon their pages. Then smiling prosperity began to quicken social life; the slave days had departed, and every man was free to act and think for himself. Thanks to men of daring and high intellectual endowments, the press had tasted largely of the spirit of freedom too, and the advertising pages of every paper from that period tell a tale of better times. From 1825 "speculations" upon political events at home were not unfrequent, and social hindrances were fearlessly attacked. From 1845 to 1854 a new class of advertisement tells a tale of advancement. The pulse of society gave a healthier indication, and the whole system, purged of much corruption, improved rapidly. The night watch had died out, and the new police had been established; the Burgher Senate gave way to a popularly-elected institution in Cape Town in 1840, and we find the sale of slaves and the night-watch superseded. "Summer wines, sherry, and champagne." That great English institution, beer, had found its way here, and "Allsopp's East India Pale Ale," adorned every advertising sheet. "Fine Goods," "Musical Boxes," and "Fluid Magnesia," had sprung into existence, and importers proclaimed the virtues of their imports in modern advertising phraseology. "A Royal Boot" had planted its heel in 8, Burg-street, and kicked away at the clogs to refinement. "An Anatomical Bootmaker" fitted the feet of the community on "scientific principles" so true that even the patriarch-like owner of the "Noah's Ark" of Longmarket-street must approve. "A Mutual Life Assurance Society" had been started—the very one of which the Cape is now so justly proud as one of the most, if not the most, flourishing of our colonial institutions, and the members of which, unlike the generality of mankind, have proved themselves to be mindful for past favours, and have bestowed a lasting and substantial mark of their appreciation upon the founder of the institution. A Gas Company had started too, and soon after advertised "Coke and Breeze." "Plate Glass" now and then began to proclaim the new age of shopkeeping. It was during this transition state that the well-known "Commercial Salamander" forced himself upon public notice, and in more than Johnsonian idiosyncracies, demanded attention for his wares; and of all men who have individualized themselves at four pence per line, there is not one whose extraordinary compilations have attracted so much notice. We select one or two choice specimens:

WHEN famous George Robins died, bold legitimate "Puff" defunged; and the magic spirit whereby puff's most distinguished champion

metamorphosed a clump of trees into a forest of timber, or mystically transmuted a modest dwelling-house into a palace, having fled,—A. G. Mathieson plainly and simply desires to acquaint his generous patrons, the public, that his newly-imported stock, in Gentlemen's Winter Apparel, and general outfitting, is really beyond all that he has heretofore received,—the first in variety and excellence. Declining all meaningless parade of the hollow expletive Cheap,—yet indubitably relying on the quality, cut, style, and surpassing finish of the garments,—he unhesitatingly guarantees the most satisfactory results to every considerate purchaser, and confidently commends his new Brumal Chesterfield Top-Coats, Mohair, Beaver, &c., &c., &c.

PRETTY DAISIES don't gem the lawns or fringe the garden walks of Southern Africa; where bright Sol, from a cloudless summer's sky, glows with a blazing fervour quite unknown to the "gowany braes of ancient Caledonia,"—a fiery ardour that exudaciously pants for lighter raiment, and the integumental coolness of Refrigerating Alpaca Garments, Summer Coats and Vests, &c., &c.

WHAT is in a name? The philosophic axiom that there is no absolute or necessary connection between a name and the thing nominated, has been singularly comprehended and most cunningly acted upon, by an empirical pestle and mortar philosopher of this city,—in as far as he has surreptitiously imparted to a vile compound of his own production the name of my unrivalled perfume for the handkerchief and boudoir, and deceitfully imitated my labels for the same so closely as to mislead incautious buyers. Let the public, therefore, beware of such disgracefully avaricious chicane (whether in vending physic or perfumery), and remember that I am the sole proprietor, compounder, and vender of the unrivalled perfume, Real Omar Essence; and that the label on every bottle of the genuine article must bear my signature, &c., &c.

FAIR DEALING is based upon a legitimate congruity between quality and price, a real coaptation in the essential elements of purchase,—without which proffered bargains are but hollow deceits, and all the high-sounding gasconade about cheap!—but flimsy artifice, however blandly commended by that obsequiousness which cringes but to deceive, or garnished by that servile smile which fawns but to delude.

It was not, however, until 1854 that the face of the newspapers bore *convincing* proof that the Government had given up the delusive idea that it was not advisable, in this "sequestered corner of the earth, for the press to enter into the wide field of politics," but in that year the field grew wide enough for all—wonderfully expansive, in fact—and men of all shades of opinion rushed into it from every quarter. The advertisements in the papers of that day show that the colony had successfully demanded a liberal constitution, and there was no lack of candidates for seats in both Houses. To a stranger to colonial politics the matter of the addresses would be especially amusing, and it is hardly possible, even for those who are well up in Cape politics, to quote from the addresses of the candidates for parliamentary honours without laughing heartily. One grounds his qualification for a legislator principally upon the fact that he and Commodore Christian agree that "in the event of a war or any augmentation of the naval force on this station, the Knysna would grow into great importance;" the

next does not give as his first, but as his second reason for coming forward, that "he is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, and believes her doctrines to be pure." Another, is a candidate because he "is for promoting all religious institutions," and because he holds that "the people" comprises "every individual," and that every "individual, and every class of individuals, is, as a matter of justice, entitled to be protected in all his and her rights." One more of the gentlemen, ambitious to have a seat, considers "that the best definition of liberty is the firm and staunch support of justice in every shape." It would be out of place here to comment upon political matters, and I only quote from these addresses to show in what style the first would-be lawgivers of the colony advertised. The second general election evinces greater faith in printer's ink; but as the spirit of political intolerance would scarcely permit allusions to the addresses and squibs so recently published, we abstain from noticing these altogether.

Having run through the various ages of advertising from the day when a nominee governor believed that the press was not safe out of his hands, down to the time when the colony has asserted its right to a free press and a liberal constitution, it is only left for us to say a few words upon the advertising columns of the newspapers of the day.

It is true that as yet the metropolis of this colony is not able to keep pace with those of other of her Majesty's colonies in the way of dailies; but there is issued from the press here a good show of newspapers, which, taking into account the population and trade of the city, exhibit in their advertising columns an amount of activity, not contrasting favourably with the Australian, New Zealand, and Canadian newspapers it is true, but proving that the trade of the colony must have greatly increased during the last ten years. Although Cape Town has no daily paper, there is not a day of the week (Sundays excepted) upon which a paper is not published. On some days there are no less than five newspapers issued from the press, and each of them has at least six columns filled with advertisements, whilst others have from twelve to twenty; and several times during the month one or two of those circulated the most extensively, are compelled to publish, in addition to the ordinary newspaper, twelve columns of advertisements in a supplementary sheet.

No merchant or tradesman, no capitalist or resident of any importance living within the city or within ten miles of it, could exist without his paper, which is delivered at his residence early in the morning. The merchant at his suburban villa finds upon his breakfast table, in addition to all the news

of the day, the reports of Parliament during session, the law courts during the time they are sitting, the foreign intelligence immediately it arrives, and all the local and country news—that which is of far more value to him, the announcement of what ships have arrived, what they have brought to the colony, and where they are to proceed to. The long string of "shipping ads.," as they are termed by the printer, contain intelligence over which the merchant ruminates whilst he breakfasts; and having them early, he is able to decide before he arrives in Cape Town what course he had better adopt for the good of his firm and the advantage of his constituents. Side by side with the shipping advertisements are sales of landed property, which frequently in the hands of a skilful and business-like agent, are situated in the "happy zone" of a delightful suburban tract, "and become spots to which nature has been prodigal of many choice gifts, and refined taste in nature's handmaiden turns them to the best account." "Goods per latest arrivals," "consignments" to be disposed of by the auctioneer "to close accounts;" "cows and horses from the country," "imported stock," "the latest invented machinery," and "trade announcements." Whoever "wants to hire" or "wants to be hired," speaks through these pages to the great mass of the community.

To give some idea of the number of papers circulated in Cape Town, exclusive of the Government organ, we may state that, at the very lowest computation, there cannot be less than 100,000 per month, and the amount spent in advertising not less than £1,800. Of course this is very small when compared with the Melbourne and Sydney daily papers, but it is very great, as we before stated, when compared with what Cape Town did in the way of newspaper patronage some seven years ago. It is stated that the Sydney *Morning Herald* and the *Melbourne Argus* receive for advertisements nearly £3,000 per week each, but then all the trading and working community there were educated in a country where newspapers are as necessary to the existence of intelligent working people as the food they take,—where ten years ago and before they left their homes, the leading journal circulated 60,000 copies daily, and received £6,687 per week for advertisements. The trading population here are only just making the newspaper a necessity—or at least the newspapers are only just beginning to make themselves to be felt as such. It is not long since traders have begun to understand that they can inform two thousand people, and sometimes more than that, of exactly what they have to sell, what they want to pur-

chase, and such like, for a sum which is of no account to them. They begin to see that now; and as the population extends, this will grow larger and larger, and be still more valuable, for it is upon the circulation of the journal that the value of the advertisements depends.

THE PRIOR'S MANUSCRIPT.

TOWARDS the close of the fifteenth century, two young Italians, of noble descent and of kindred families, pursued their studies together at the university of Padua. Their names were Pulci Malegucci and Galasso Ariosto. Nearly equals in age, the former being, however, two years the elder, their ardent mutual friendship had become cemented during the previous years of boyhood, in the course of which they had never known separation. Padua was at this period in the zenith of its reputation; men of shining talents flourished there as professors of civil law and classical learning, and thither resorted scholars from all Italy, and even from countries beyond the Alps, to profit by the eminent advantages her university afforded. Here, therefore, these two young noblemen passed several years, perfecting themselves in the liberal education which was proper to their age and station, not neglecting, meanwhile, to devote a sedulous attention to what was then considered as of more than equal importance, familiarity with martial weapons and exercises.

Among the many students attracted by the glittering fame of Padua, there was one foreigner of grave and lofty demeanour with whom they formed a closer friendship than with other contemporaries of their own nation. This was a certain Signor Collet, a native of that far island Britain, once considered the extreme limit of the earth. He appeared, indeed, to embrace in his own the very different features of either friend's character, seeming at times as easy and phlegmatic as Pulci, at other times as full of mind, thought, and energy as Galasso. A strange and wondrous boy from Genoa, named Columbus, shared also oftentimes in their society, whose insatiable curiosity about England and its sister kingdom, the Signor Collet found it no easy matter to gratify.

So sped some happy years at Padua. Well is it for those to whom the retrospect of those first years of manly life, that transition-state when the bonds of boyhood's restraints are first withdrawn, and the responsibilities of the self-

guided soul are entered upon, brings with it no weary wasteful blank, no thrill of accusing conscience. Nevertheless, for that last be thankful. Life has more turning points of destiny than one. Even unlucky Varro deserved future success for not despairing after Cannæ.

Their time, however, was passing happily and profitably when they received a summons to return to their relatives at Ferrara, in order now to enter into the service of their prince. By means of earnest entreaty, they induced their friend Signor Collet to bear them company.

The three friends accordingly left Padua for Ferrara, whence, after an interval, they retired to pass some weeks of varied amusements at a villa of the Malegucci family, soon to become the property of Pulci, near Reggio.

Not very distant from this villa dwelt in a secluded hamlet the widow and daughter of the celebrated Alberico, that gallant Italian who, indignant at the ravages committed in his native land by hordes of reckless foreign condottieri, collected a body of patriots, and overthrew with total destruction one of the most desperate of these, called the Breton company, at the battle of Marino. Ottavia was a gay, finely-shaped, and beautiful girl, now in her nineteenth year. With her Pulci and Galasso had spent many a long pleasant summer's month in the affectionate intimacy of youth; and as the three cavaliers had ridden on their journey from Ferrara, her name was continually mentioned, and the pleasure freely expressed which each looked forward to derive from the approaching meeting.

The very morning after their arrival at the Malegucci villa, they went over to pay a visit to the Signoras. They were received by the elder with the wonted motherly greeting, by the younger with a glad and eager vivacity. There was much to recount, many questions to ask and to be answered. Presently, Ottavia had something to show Pulci, and they withdrew for awhile; afterwards she brought to bear a broadside of smiles, and glances, and captivating arts upon Galasso. Two years had elapsed since their last meeting, accompanied by the usual changes they bring with them to the young. Ottavia had become certainly a very fascinating young woman; she was fully cognizant of her own powers, but too seldom had the opportunity to use them. On this occasion she exerted herself like a heroine to charm both of the young men, and did not fail to succeed. They were both entranced with her, each after his own fashion,—Pulci as a delightful and lovely woman, Galasso as something of an etherial only purer Calypso. But, unhappily, together with

this sudden revelation of their own feelings came to each a dim and aching presentiment; each divined pretty clearly that his dearest friend might henceforth stand to him in the unnatural position of a rival. Hence the return from this first visit was attended with an unsatisfactory consciousness of suspense and restraint. In vain did Signor Collet launch out in praises of the Signora Ottavia, her sprightly manners, her eloquent eyes, with some comparison very disrespectful to Juno; or in vain did he rally first one and then the other; no fall of sheeted snow could more effectually hide the flowers of a garden than did this suspenseful discontentment disturb the native joyousnesss of the youths.

Several days thus passed on; other visits were paid; Ottavia ever unexhausted in beauty, the friends ever more unhappy and restless. Not, however, that they became less courteeus or kindly disposed one towards the other, for indeed it might truly be said that great part of their inward suffering and discontentment arose from the secret dread lest some fatal injury to their mutual affection might be sustained through the gloomy shadow of rivalry thus imminent. Is it possible that Jonathan might have been brought to hate David under such circumstances, or would his friendship be proved as passing the love of woman?

So this uneasiness was protracted many days, nor had it escaped the observation of their foreign guest, who, pondering the matter, concluded that a timely explanation would be the most advantageous course. They were reclining one afternoon in a grotto over the entrance of which trellised vines yielded shadows quivering to the light, uncertain breeze, when the Signor Collet said:

"Strange, indeed, it appears to me, my friends, that about the veriest trifles of life, men frequently enter into the bitterest animosities."

"What trifles do you refer to, Signor?" said Pulci.

"Is not good-will among men most frequently unhinged, do not the most violent disputes continually occur about matters of faith and respecting young women's love?"

"What!" replied Pulci; "is faith a trifle?"

"Certainly not; but the science of faith is the most arid, trifling, and gladiatorial of all, and in matters of faith people contend with a more peculiar acrimony against those whose differences are in the main immaterial, than against those from whom they wholly differ. Is the Mohammedan more bitter towards the Christian than are believers in the Christian creed towards another?"

"Because," Pulci said, "conviction of the value of anything creates earnestness in maintaining it."

"And also denouncing all who don't, eh Pulci?" rejoined the guest.

"And the love of women, Signor," asked Galasso; "do you account that a trifle?"

"The love of women! What is it? how long does it last? Romantic knights of olden time wandered in Paynim lands, dreaming of the love of women; then came back, and found their ladies fair married, with two children apiece. The love of woman to man is the love of being comfortably provided for; man forms for himself many times higher aspirations. Woman's instinct is towards man simply as the father of her children; man's towards her as an enthroned queen over whom he shall reign. The love of woman is only an instinctive means towards an end; it changes so frequently towards this or that object by which the end is to be accomplished, that no reliance is to be placed on its continuance."

"You have a poor estimate of woman, Signor," said Pulci.

"No; I have a high ideal, my Pulci, of her as useful wife and cunning matron, but not as an Egeria, lest disappointment be exchanged for disgust."

"Nay, Signor," replied Galasso, "but there have been noble Porcias in the world, and the true cavalier should, methinks, invest the lady of his love with attributes drawn from the best of her sex."

"And Galasso, ten to one, she shall laugh at him for a goose. Pulci regards things more practically."

"Signor," said Pulci, "what need I more than to find in my lady what pleases me, without analysing reasons why, or looking beyond or around for resemblances to any Phidian standard of perfection."

"And therefore, my Pulci, I say to you, happy is that soul of whom even love cannot in her pleasing slumber rob the manly sense, or in sweet madness rob it of itself."

Pulci flushed, hesitated, looked towards Galasso, and replied, "But I do not remember saying I loved anyone."

Galasso started up with that agitation he could with difficulty speak, saying, "But I perceive the Signor's meaning. Yes, you are right; it is, it must be the case; Pulci loves Ottavia,—the Signora is worthy, most worthy of his attachment. My dear Pulci, I wish you joy! What happiness will be yours!"

Pulci smiled with a troubled smile, as he answered, "Galasso,

you do not deceive me? Your frankness is as self-torturing as the pelican in her piety."

"Forgive me the selfish thoughts I have these last few days indulged. We will both of us regard Ottavia henceforth as a sister, and nothing more."

"To no such arrangement will I agree," replied Galasso. "It is I who have to be forgiven for the inward conflict of these unhappy days. No, my Pulci, you must not withdraw from plighting your love to Ottavia, for I believe hers is already secure to you. For me, I shall return to active pursuits, and shall never cease to desire the welfare of you both."

"Galasso, you arrive too hastily at conclusions; it is a mere fancy of yours that I am an object of greater preference to the fair Ottavia than you are yourself."

"Believe it not, Signor Collet; it is even as I aver. Too narrowly have I watched. Ottavia's eyes dance with pleasure when Pulci comes near her, just as that vine dances to the zephyr."

"Worthy sirs," said the English Signor, "shall I offer you counsel? In my opinion, your present condition of life were the happier, free from all harassing cares, and fortunate in the enjoyment of a warm confiding friendship, so dear to you both. Even so I opine for myself—that it were better for me never to surrender my liberty, lest some day I might exclaim with your Dante,—

"La fiera moglie, più ch'altro, mé nuoce." *

Rather let me lead a sublime and contemplative life, subject to no petty household distractions and annoyances. But again, listen to another counsel: let the gentle Signora's innocent treasury of her love be explored; then shall ye both know for whom its richness is cherished, and let this be decided by lot, drawn after submission of yourselves to the Divine Providence."

Not to linger over this part of the past, the young men embraced and acted upon the suggestion. He to whom the decisive lot fell, Galasso, met with no encouragement. Finding his own suit not accepted, and that Ottavia's heart was no longer her own to give him more than a sister's affection, he instantly and frankly pleaded his friend's cause, and received from her lips, with many blushes, an acknowledgment of the truth. Returning to Pulci, who verily had sought to hide the cruel suspense of his mind, he communicated the tidings to him so joyful.

* More than aught else, my furious wife annoys me.

Pulci Malegucci was of age, an orphan, and the Malegueci Villa was his own property. Having, therefore, no other permission to obtain than that of the Widow Alberico, the preliminaries and the time for the marriage were soon arranged.

Before that event took place, however, Galasso left the villa, and journeyed sadly towards Milan, where he entered into the service of Sforza, and earned for himself some little distinction. Five years had thus passed, and although the friends met not, frequent communications by letter had taken place between them, by which their ancient affection had been maintained. During this interval the Signora Alberico had died, and to Malegucci was borne a female child, named Beatrice. Pulci had spent some time in Ferrara, where Ottavia's beauty had made a sensation. Then his letters showed an uneasy, moody state of mind; caused apparently by Ottavia's fondness for admiration and gaiety. Then came a doleful missive. Pulci had been mortally wounded in some conflict. He implored Galasso to hasten while life yet remained to him, and receive his last dying wishes with regard to his little girl. Taking a few armed horsemen and riding swiftly from Milan, he arrived in time by Pulci's death-bed. Ottavia was in the chamber, more beautiful than ever, being now twenty-four years of age, and in the full flush of early womanhood. But what a contrast between his dear friend, so pale and death-stricken, borrowing breath by breath with difficulty, with anxious wandering eye looking for him, and her, looking, even through sorrow, as if ever conscious of her charms, and for all her womanly dissimulation intently observant of the character of his first glance. A sudden revulsion seized him. Was this vain-glorious woman the simple lovely Ottavia of olden years?

Galasso turned to his friend. In broken words Pulci expressed his deep joy—he was dying,—his will was made; he desired Galasso to be guide, guardian, and father to his little Beatrice. "My dear Galasso, promise me this," he urged in feeble words, "and you render my last moments happy." Fervently was the promise given. "Take her in your arms, let me see her as she will be protected when I am gone." The child was on the bed, one little hand in her father's. Galasso knelt down, and embracing the little one, again gave solemn promise to be to her a father.

"Come here, Ottavia,"—his words were scarcely distinct,—she knelt down on the other side,—he took her hand,—both hers and Galasso's, and was drawing them together. Galasso hesitated to yield; the dying man gave him one look, half of

inquiry half of entreaty, murmured something, and expired.

Poor Ottavia, she was now overcome with real agony. Throwing her arms round the inanimate form, she wept and wailed regardless of her beauty. In the presence of death, when the partner of so many alternations of life's pleasures or pains lies before the eyes, cold and evermore unresponsive to eager question or querulous complaint, how tender, how softened, how true and natural the heart becomes. Galasso's conscience smote him for misjudging Ottavia of an unfeeling and mistimed affection. He raised her tenderly; but she broke away. After a few minutes, thinking it perhaps better to retire, he was moving towards the door. But she sprang up, threw her arms round his neck, exclaiming, "Do not leave me, I have only you now,—no father, no mother, no brother; he was all, and he is gone; if you leave me too I shall go wild."

Galasso took her by the hand and led her aside, then brought the little girl Beatrice to her, saying, "But you have this, my dear Ottavia, and you can show all love to Pulci by loving his child."

"Oh, I do—I will; but you must not desert me; tell him so, Beatrice."

"And is your name Beatrice, my pretty one? I am your father now. Will you let me love you?" asked Galasso of the girl.

She turned to him her beautiful large blue eyes with an earnest inquisition, then satisfied with the result, said, "Yes, you may love me and I will love you too, only you must let me love my first papa best of all."

The dear little one, as in children of that age we find usually the case, had acquiesced in death as some fact gigantically beyond its perception. Others bend down glances of compassion on the forlorn orphans, knowing that a dreadful loss humanly speaking is to them that of either parent; but they talk of it wonderingly and calmly, as if it were only an event of one day, and on the morrow the trouble would be over,—the loved parent back again. Sometimes a yearning cry is uttered, an aching question is made again and again, at other times the loss seems endured as what simply cannot be remedied, and had better not be spoken about. Is it then not felt—not thought of—in the day when the child seems to stand listless—in the night when it dreams, and talks in its dreams? Could any one be so cruel as to probe the heart of a child to find out? Yes; many have done so, and other cruel actions from want of reflection.

A CONTRIBUTION TO CLASSIC MYTHOLOGY.

THOUSANDS of years ago,—who shall say how many ages of ages?—this spot on which we live was the scene of one of those dread events which marked the infancy of the world. The last, and the most terrible of the struggles which convulsed the earth emerging from chaos into harmony and order, shook this peninsula whereon we stand. The marks of the terrific strife are patent to our senses even to this day. Those who are skilled to discern the traces of dire prodigies of olden time may look up and read them where they are stamped in vast and indelible characters upon the face of nature.

"'Tis an old tale and often told," how Zeus the son of Kronos conspired against that unnatural parent, and strove to wrest from his hands the sceptre of universal sovereignty. Leaguing himself with his brothers Poseidôn and Hadês, and with the four gigantic sons of Styx, he bade defiance to the old scythebearer and his adherents. Ten years the strife raged; while Zeus and his forces armed with the artillery of the Cyclops held the heights of Olympus, and Kronos and his kindred Titans piled Pelion upon Ossa in a vain attempt to storm the citadel of the gods. Until the thunder of Zeus, and the Cyclopean bolts prevailed: the Titans were overcome; and the dynasty which for so long reigned in high Olympus was at last established.

At last,—for it was not until after ages of warfare and direful struggles that the "Titan-brood" was subdued. And it is the record of their final struggle which has dropped from its place in the received theogony; and which, as being of personal interest to ourselves, we should desire to see restored to its true position.

The narrative, of which future mythologists will no doubt gladly avail themselves, commences from the period of the disastrous defeat of the Titans in Thessaly, and their expulsion from the stronghold of Othrys. Gathering the remnant of their forces, and leaving behind them many a vasty corse, they retreated in order with a firm face to the pursuing foe. Westward they passed, along the shores of the Mediterranean, across many a wild and tangled solitude, which was thereafter to be the seat of great nations of mortal men. They crossed the narrow strait where, in after ages, stood the Pillars of Hercules, and here they made a stand, and strove to turn the foe from the pursuit. In vain. The gods were still too powerful: and the Titan Atlas, made captive by the enemy, was chained to the furthest West, and condemned to

bear the weight of Heaven upon his vast shoulders. Southward still they went; seeking ever some refuge from the pursuing fury of the relentless foe, and seeking it ever in vain. Every resource of giant warfare was tried by them without success. For a while they made good their defence at a range of mountains which served them for a rampart, and which mortal men have since recognized by the name of Selene, the pale and weary sister of the retreating Titans. And, at length, leaving in the track many an arid desert which they had laid waste in hope of stopping the pursuit, and many a deep and matted jungle which they had fertilised with their blood, still pressing ever southward, they came to the extremest point of land of the continent. And there, with only ocean and infinite vastness before them, and on either hand, they stopped and turned upon the foe.

It was their last stand; and the ready aid of all the Titanides was exerted to the utmost for a final effort at deliverance from the power of Zeus and his forces. The venerable Gœa supplied materials, which were laid in order by Oceanus, and finally heaved up by old Kronos into a bulwark for their defence. A vast wall of Titanic masonry, such as by mortals is called a curtain, was stretched between two huge and lofty towers that flanked the angles of the defences.—If you look up you may see the enormous ruins of them still standing.—Huge buttresses fast rooted in the soil upheld the face of the wall, and a battlement crowned its summit. And thus fortified, on this extremest point of land, they awaited the attack.

The pursuing host arrived, and was drawn up at a little distance from the walls. The space where they made their camp during the hundred years that the seige lasted, still remains trodden down as flat as when they first levelled it with their huge footsteps. And here the seige went on with varying fortune; and terrific assaults were made by the assailants, and repulsed with all the fury of despair by the beleaguered Titans; while venerable Gœa trembled for her children, and Oceanus chafed, and thundered, and strove in vain to overwhelm the camp of the enemy, and to surround the fortress with a broad moat of salt water. The Cyclops forged the bolts of Jove, using for anvils the two huge domes of granite which men yet point out, and in their ignorance of their real history call them "the Pearls;" and Briareus and his comrades of many hands tore down masses from the distant mountains, to be hurled as missiles against the beseiged fortress.

Year after year the assault was renewed. Showers

of huge stones were dashed against the walls and battlements; and though the beseiged held out bravely, the shock of these tremendous assaults began to tell at last upon the defences. Little by little, they crumbled away before a force which was irresistible. First the western tower was shattered into the bare and pointed wreck which we now behold it; and nothing but heaps of ruins piled about its base remain to witness to the proud fabric which once reared its battlemented crest in defiance. The face of the fortress, though split almost from top to bottom with one deep crevice, still resisted the assaults of the beseigers. But the eastern turret was battered until that too was rendered untenable, and a steep pathway was made by which a storming party might make its way over the defences.

Then the signal was given for the assault, and a forlorn hope of gods was ordered to the front. Ten thousand years of rain and sunshine have covered the ruins with a coating of grass and shrubs, but you can see where the breach was made between the main wall and the flanking turret, and the long sloping mounds formed by the wreck. Up that broken part of the angle the storming party forced its way. Long and doubtful, even yet, was the conflict. Gods and giants fought hand to hand, and all earth and ocean rang with the clang of battle. But the defenders were weakened with want and hardship. For a hundred years they had manned the walls without rest or intermission: for fifty years they had been without food. The rage of Oceanus, the fury of Boreas and Notus were exerted in vain. It had been decreed that Zeus was to be the conqueror of the descendants of Kronos, and the Titans were overpowered by inexorable Fate and stern Necessity. Zeus and his forces were victorious, and returning to Olympus left the scene of their long seige and desperate encounter unaltered, in the state in which we now behold it.

But there is yet vouchsafed to mortals some faint and shadowy image of that dread struggle. The spirits of deposed divinities, the ghosts of extinct Titans, yet love to hover round this scene of their last stand, of their last defeat; and to renew, in such manner as they may, the hurly-burly of the fight. When the summer-time has come round again, and the long days which the beseigers chose for their most determined assaults, the spirits of the beseiged giants will man the dismantled walls once more, and shadowy deities will once more renew in ghostly mimicry the conflicts of bygone ages. Those who are skilled to read the signs can see and understand the aspect of the portent.

First, there appears, at the precise spot where the storming party mounted the breach, a little white vapour. It is Notus arraying his airy forces. The white cloud swells and gathers, and behind that veil which screens them from human eyes, the ghosts of the Titans are mustering. Many a leader of huge and stalwart frame, but hollow and wasted with want and watching, there marshals his host, and girds him to the battle. No mortal eye hath ever beheld, or may behold them. Woe be to the reckless wight who ventures to the summit of the fortress, which men call the mountain, during that dread gathering of spirits! Cold tremors of the limbs, and dimness of the sight, and bewilderment of the senses, and panic dread warn him that he is rashly venturing unbidden into the presence of beings of superhuman mould. Well for him if no giant hand, looming through the mist, seize the profane intruder, and dash him down headlong from the cliff!

To the dwellers in the valley below, descendants of the Titan Iapetus, now fast chained in the depths of Tartarus, no sign is vouchsafed but the gathering clouds upon the ruined battlements. But Oceanus knows well, and feels within himself the impulse which stirs the shades of his brother Titanides; and heaves, and swells, and tosses his white billows, and lashes the southern shore as if still striving to submerge the neck of land that joins the fortress to the main.

Anon, the white cloud begins to pour over the face of the ruined wall, as though Notus and his shadowy forces were sweeping before them, in an impetuous sally, the bands of besiegers mounting to the assault. And louder and louder grows the roar of battle, and far and wide spreads the turmoil of the strife, and grievous are the sufferings of the rash mortals who have ventured to place their frail abodes on the scene of the dread conflict of gods and giants. The air is filled with dust raised by the tramping of invisible hosts. The rush and shock of the dire encounter, convulse the elements. Mortal men and their works are tossed and driven to and fro by the shifting current of the heady fight. And to mere earth-bound senses it seems as if the spot were visited by some wild tornado. The opened eye, the enlightened mind, alone can read the signs of the times. The seer, to whom it is given to look into the secrets of the world of spirits, knows what power it is that thus mingles earth, and air, and ocean in such dire confusion. He knows that, for the time, there is a return to the discord and disharmony of the primeval age; that "Chaos has come again."

In the fierce relentless blast which strives to tear his garments from him, and snatches the covering from his head, and whirls it in mockery over land and sea, and casts dust upon his unprotected crown, and stops him midway in his onward course, and holds him there struggling with arms outspread, and eyes and mouth blinded and and choking—a spectacle to gods and men—he recognizes the rush and strife of shadowy hosts, against which it were vain for mere mortals to contend. In the wild uproar that makes the night hideous, and rouses him from his broken slumbers, he can hear the crash of battle, the shout of triumph, the shriek of agony. When he swallows ashes with his food, and bears about him garments rolled in dust, and wearies of the endless strife and discord, and vainly seeks for rest and peace, he remembers that he too is one of the

"Audax Iapeti genus,"

and learns to think of the labours and struggles of the mighty giant, who defied the bolt of Jove.

And thus, on the scene of his final defeat, there is kept up for ever among his descendants, the memory of the strife, and of the fall of their great forefather, Iapetus the Titan.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The dearth of new books this month is very conspicuous, and the character of the periodicals, of which, however, we have received a large number, is proportionably uninteresting. The close of the parliamentary session, and the universal exodus of patrons of the *belles lettres*, which is its inevitable consequence, are, no doubt, the causes to which must be attributed the scarcity of our supplies. But the booksellers have endeavoured to moderate our disappointment by sending out several volumes which, though published a few months back, had not been furnished to the Public Library. One of these is, perhaps, the most elegant work of its class which has been brought out for years past. We refer to Mr. Edward Falkener's essay on the causes and principles of the excellence of Greek sculpture, which he publishes under the title of "Dœdalus,"—a name which carries us back to the very infancy of ancient art, an era prior to the Trojan war, when history is obscured by a veil of mythical lore. Every schoolboy is familiar with the legend, and we need do no more than allude to the interpretation of the allegory, which denotes by the winged flight of the maker of the Gnossian cow the soaring nature of genius, and the superiority of intellect over material nature, to justify the author in ushering in his work under an apparently pedantic title. Under the name of Icarus,

his son, the ancients desired to represent the student in art. Dœdalus gives wings to his son to signify that he can never, without genius, accomplish any excellence, and offers him advice which, had it been taken, would have saved him from falling. The various travels and wanderings undertaken by Dœdalus after the death of his son and his own subsequent disgrace may be taken to typify the gradual extension of Greek art to other countries. Divested, however, of all traditional exaggeration, there can be little doubt that the prodigious reputation of Dœdalus was fully deserved. Plato and Pliny both refer to his works in terms of undisguised admiration. From the latter author we learn that as an architect, engineer, and mechanic he was endowed with great power; as a sculptor, he was in ancient times what Michael Angelo is to modern art. Each stands alone, sublimely isolated, a type of majesty and unapproachable grandeur.

Mr. Falkener, in his essay, enters at great length—reasoning always with fairness and ingenuity from facts which he has personally verified, and collating his own opinions and theories with the works of the most distinguished writers upon the subject—on the whole history of the art, its uses, the causes of success, placing before us and contrasting with modern principles the Greek views of the beautiful and the ideal, and tracing the rise, progress, and, finally, the decline of ancient art. The chapters upon colossal sculpture and chryselephantine sculpture are very interesting, and throughout the book his critical examinations of all the most famous works of antiquity are most valuable. A very important feature of the book is the rare beauty of the photographs, mostly from the original statues, and of the chromo-lithographs with which it is enriched. The most perfect of these are the photographs of the Laocoon, the Minerva Borghese, and the Venus de Medici. The notes and quotations in support of his views are drawn from sources which, while they prove Mr. Falkener to be a reverential and enthusiastic student of art, exhibit very favourably his appreciation of the labours of others, particularly in Prussia, who have trodden the same path.

We are very glad to see that the uses of photography are becoming daily more extended. In the instance to which we have just referred, the effect of its beauty is more striking than could have been produced by any engraving. Sculpture and architecture are capable of being exquisitely rendered by photography. In England, as yet, the art is not sufficiently practised by artists. As until very recently stained glass was in the hands of mere mechanics, so in England photography is scarcely noticed by those from whom alone we can anticipate any perfect specimens of art. In Germany, on the contrary, photographers *are* artists, and an examination of any series of photographs from their hands—such as the very beautiful collection from the Royal Gallery at Dresden, for which Mr. Juta, of this town, is the agent—will convince any one of our inferiority in this respect. One of these, from Titian's

celebrated picture of the "Tribute Penny," has all the softness of an ivory miniature; and another, the "Nativity" of Correggio, is the most finished photograph of its kind which we have seen. Messieurs Cotta, who have long been famous for their magnificent editions, have published a German New Testament, which is enriched with photographs of some of the most celebrated pictures on sacred subjects. These are very beautiful, and the book itself is a marvel of typography. The time will come when we shall be able to introduce photographs at a very reasonable rate, and in illustrated books of travel, the advantage of securing such authentic views will be inestimable.

Students of History would do well to possess themselves of Mr. Wright's Archeological Essays, in which various questions in connection with mediæval art and literature are treated with considerable perspicuity; though the author, like most antiquaries, occasionally obtrudes some favourite theory upon very unimportant details, instead of following the broader and more reliable track to which other chronologers and ethnographers have accustomed us. The essays are, upon the whole, however, accurate and philosophical.

Mr. J. L. Farley has given to the world a valuable and instructive account of the terrible massacres in Syria which occurred last year. In some points it differs from the narratives with which we are already familiar; but it is very difficult, whilst the disturbances which he describes are so fresh in the recollection of the contending parties, to arrive at a perfectly just estimate of their cause and result. Mr. Farley appears to be very much influenced by the French views of the question, which may explain the differences which exist between himself and Lord Dufferin, as to the culpability of the Maronites.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose essays in the *Westminster Review* some years ago attracted so much attention, has rather lesssened our admiration for him as a practical philosopher by the publication of his views on Education. The style is good, and much that he says is sensible, but there are no views put forth which have not already been very ably argued, and Mr. Spencer still clings with lamentable absurdity to the belief that he alone understands the intellectual, moral, and physical training of society. The bombastic manner in which he offers advice upon points of very trivial and secondary importance contrasts unfavourably with the clear, common-sense sagacity of practical men,—we might add, women remembering Mrs. Jameson's essays upon social matters, and the incomparable "Notes" of Miss Nightingale. The latter little volume is one which every woman who desires to know the duties of her sex, and how best to discharge them, should have by heart.

We are especially desirous to commend to Biblical students a very perfect commentary upon the Book of Psalms which has been compiled by the Rev. J. M. Neale, of Sackville College, from primitive and medieval writers, and from all the most highly-esteemed office-books and liturgies. The first volume, containing thirty-eight Psalms, alone

has been published. The plan of the book is most comprehensive, and the manner in which the task has been executed indicates the greatest care and fidelity. As may be presumed, the mystical interpretation of the Psalms is that chiefly adopted, and is the subject of a very able and scholarly dissertation, extending over nearly fifty pages, in the body of the volume.

Those of our readers who may not be acquainted with Mr. Neale's work upon the Eastern Church, would do well to consult it in connection with the lectures which have just been published upon the same subject by Professor Stanley. This is a topic of the greatest importance, and one of immense interest, but too often neglected by the general reader.

Our colonial press has not been idle. We have the pretentious-looking volume which was published with much sounding of trumpets by Messrs. Solomon,—"Prince Alfred's Tour." In this we confess ourselves disappointed. The cost of the book is excessive: the description of the Prince's journey is neither graphic nor amusing, and the illustrations are very second-rate. The second part of the "Pastor of Vliethuizen" is not more brilliant or interesting than the first, but we await the conclusion, ere we enter upon the merits of the work. Perhaps an intimate knowledge of the state of church parties in Holland is indispensable to a just appreciation of the controversies referred to, and of late years so much has happened in Holland to distract the status of the orthodox party, that only those who have recently visited the universities can arrive at a correct estimate of the points at issue between them.

The Bishop of Natal has published a very able work upon St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Rev. Mr. Maurice, will be prepared for many of the views put forth by the Bishop. It is impossible, in these pages, to enter into any discussion as to the nature of those views. They are, to say the least, peculiar, and will, no doubt, be examined with attention and care by those who are qualified to pronounce judgment upon their soundness. All, however, will agree that they deserve to be weighed deliberately, as the result of deep thought by a man who has had ample opportunity of testing his own theories.

The Bishop's letter upon Polygamy, is clear, sensible, and practical The reasoning is cogent, and the experience which has induced this expression of his opinions upon a subject fraught with grave difficulties is undeniably extensive.

We cannot venture to creticise the small volume of sermons put forth by the Dean of Cape Town. We can only thank him for thus extending his influence for good. No earnest man, however he may differ with the Dean on matters of ecclesiastical discipline, will refuse his tribute of respect for his character and admiration of his brilliant talents. In these sermons we have indications of piety so simple that its teachings will be readily comprehended by the youngest amongst us, while for those who look for intellectual gratification there is an undercurrent of deep but sound philosophy, suggestive of the true solution of all those social problems which distract society.

We sincerely trust that the Dean may be induced to publish another volume of his sermons, and that an edition may likewise be issued from the English press.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR NOVEMBER, 1860.

(Deduced from five observations daily.)

Hours of observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.
Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1860.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahr.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air, Sat.=100.	BAROMETER, minus Tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Hourly Velocity.	Direction.		
Nov.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	miles.		inch.	
1	30·018	61·86	54·40	69·0	56·0	48·10	61·4	29·681	8·5	SSW		7·5
2	30·117	61·16	54·04	67·3	57·2	47·90	62·4	29·782	15·1	SbE		3·4
3	30·233	61·50	52·48	65·7	55·3	44·80	54·8	29·936	20·1	SbE		0·5
4	30·112	66·42	55·42	76·8	58·2	46·72	50·4	29·792	14·9	SW		0·4
5	29·936	67·08	57·98	76·2	55·3	50·96	57·8	29·562	8·6	SSE		1·8
6	29·897	67·86	59·52	83·6	59·8	53·90	65·8	29·475	10·7	SW		5·1
7	30·026	65·96	59·18	75·6	59·8	53·80	66·2	29·611	14·0	SbE		4·0
8	30·033	68·90	61·10	72·0	63·3	55·08	62·2	29·598	20·3	S		2·1
9	29·904	69·40	62·14	82·0	55·0	56·70	65·6	29·443	10·8	SWbS		8·1
10	29·931	63·80	59·72	70·0	55·0	56·38	77·4	29·524	6·9	NWbW		6·2
11	30·056	65·28	59·08	70·6	56·8	54·16	69·0	29·634	4·6	W		8·2
12	30·091	65·14	57·98	70·0	58·8	52·20	63·8	29·699	16·0	S		4·7
13	30·026	66·48	59·32	71·7	61·0	53·60	63·8	29·613	23·0	S		8·7
14	29·891	65·44	59·50	71·4	60·6	54·68	68·2	29·462	19·9	SSW		5·0
15	29·873	65·96	60·38	77·3	59·2	56·06	71·8	29·422	7·1	SW		4·6
16	30·025	62·04	54·76	69·7	52·7	48·46	61·8	29·676	11·4	SW	0·140	7·8
17	30·286	59·62	51·14	63·7	54·8	43·70	56·4	30·001	16·5	SSE		1·8
18	30·086	65·56	55·24	68·8	58·3	46·90	51·6	29·764	22·5	S		0·4
19	29·791	66·78	58·24	80·0	55·0	51·80	62·2	29·404	8·2	SW		4·0
20	29·933	62·28	55·34	71·2	53·5	49·40	62·8	29·575	7·3	SW	0·037	7·2
21	30·220	60·02	53·34	65·7	54·7	47·52	64·0	29·891	15·0	S	0·060	7·8
22	30 155	62·92	55·12	67·2	57·2	48·64	60·8	29·812	22·7	SbE		2·3
23	30·015	65·58	57·80	70·3	59·2	51·56	61·6	29·631	23·2	SSE		2·1
24	29·959	68·16	60·20	73·3	62·3	54·00	61·0	29·541	22·1	SbW		0·7
25	29·843	67·58	62·14	79·0	59·3	57·88	71·8	29·362	16·1	SbW		3·0
26	29·976	64·24	55·92	72·4	57·7	49·12	59·4	29·623	17·0	SSE		7·9
27	30·181	61·30	52·48	66·0	54·8	44·94	55·4	29·882	18·6	SSE		3·4
28	30·111	62·54	55·20	68·2	56·7	49·06	62·0	29·762	23·3	SbE		1·1
29	29·958	66·40	58·18	71·5	59·1	51·60	59·2	29·575	21·1	S		0·3
30	29·567	66·34	57·90	82·0	52·0	51·64	63·8	29·567	3·4	WbN		1·8
Means	30·010	64·79	57·18	72·3	57·3	51·01	62·5	29·643	15·0	SbW½W	Sum in 0·237	4·1

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A. M. 5h.	A. M. 9h.	P. M. 1h.	P. M. 5h.	P. M. 9h.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. at 32° Faht.	30·005	30·026	30·006	29·991	30·024	30·295	29·484
Press. of Dry Air	29·654	29·672	29·630	29·607	29·656	30·034	29·329
Thermometer—Dry	58·75	67·62	70·37	65·70	61·41	81·8	52·5
Wet	54·03	57·89	59·66	58·25	55·94	67·4	49·0
Humidity of the Air, per cent.	73·0	54·7	52·6	62·8	69·6	90·0	26·0
Dew Point	49·8	50·2	51·6	52·3	51·2	60·3	40·1

G. W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ELSDALE.

CHAPTER XXI.

GRAVE matter for meditation had Reginald Warren as he descended the narrow bridle-path that wound down the steep hill from Woodside to the little bay which formed the anchorage of Cameron's Hoek. And when he reached the shore, so occupied was he with his meditations that he neglected the object for which he had come thither, and paced up and down the strip of hard sand just beyond the wash of the water, absorbed in deep and serious thought.

The morning was very calm and beautiful after the night's rain, and at that early hour no one was yet astir. One good result had arisen from Maurice Johnstone's residence in the neighbourhood. There was now a difference made between Sunday and week-day. Captain Badger's emporium did now know some interval of cessation of business; and the old cuddy doors that stood so doggedly open during six days of the week, stood as doggedly shut on the seventh. At a much later period of the day, that officer would make his appearance in an easy undress. And having, with the familiar habit of years of seafaring life, given a glance at the weather, and another at the little dog-vane that fluttered at the summit of a spar reared against the gable of the house: and having paused for a minute or two in front of the doorway, with outstretched legs, as though he were asking "How's her head?"—would retire yawning; and, closing the door after him, betake himself again to repose.

But at the early hour at which Warren reached the shore, it was far too soon for Captain Badger to show himself; and his walk and his meditations were uninterrupted.

His mind was indeed intently occupied. Not so much with an effort to arrange any definite system of thought, as with a series of painful and distressing reflections, which chased each other across the usually clear and sunny mirror of his soul, as the shadow of driving clouds obscures the landscape. The ground-tone of his meditations, that made itself felt

everywhere and gave its character to the whole, was a sense of disappointment. He felt as if a severe and unexpected blow had fallen upon himself,—as if he had been suddenly cut off from some long accustomed source of enjoyment and happiness. The more he thought over the terrible secret which Johnstone had imparted to him—the more closely he examined it in all its bearings, in its relation to those who formed the little society in which he had cast in his lot—the more did he find that threw a gloom over the future. In whatever aspect it might be regarded, it was, as he said to himself again and again, "a bad business."

The least unfavourable view which could be taken of the present position of affairs, was that which represented Johnstone as having allowed himself to be mastered by a guilty passion, to which, however, no corresponding sentiment had been excited in Mrs. Thornton's breast; and from the ill effect of which, therefore, he might be, with a certain degree of truth, regarded as the only sufferer. But, even in this most hopeful light, he could not think over what Johnstone had confided to him without a very painful sense of disappointment and regret. It had been a matter of such sincere rejoicing and thankfulness to him that a clergyman of tastes and disposition so similar to his own should have come into the neighbourhood; he had conceived such a hearty liking for Johnstone, and had felt such an honest gratification in the friendship which had so quickly grown up between them; above all, he had accustomed himself to think so highly of Johnstone's character, that what he had just heard stunned him as with the weight of a sudden and great calamity. The best thing, the only safe and desirable event to which he could look forward, was the departure out of the country, as speedily as possible, of the man in whose friendship he had hoped to find so much to cheer the dull monotony of his life. It was a very great disappointment to feel, as he did, that the total sacrifice of what had afforded him such bright hopes for the future was a point which admitted of neither question nor delay.

But could worse consequences be averted even by this sacrifice? Would Johnstone's departure really remove all the dark clouds that seemed to brood over the future? Here was another source of uneasiness. How was he from henceforth to regard Mrs. Thornton, for whom he had hitherto felt so warm a friendship? Did she really know of Johnstone's feeling towards her; and, if she knew it, did she allow it, did she encourage it, did she even return it? Johnstone, in his wild, self-condemnatory confession, had seemed to imply

that she was not in ignorance of the existence of his insane and wicked passion for her. But Warren had learned, in reply to his questions, that nothing had passed between them of a nature calculated to awaken her attention, beyond that involuntary expression which she might have noticed in his eyes; and that, since that, she had seemed to avoid any occasion of being alone with him, even of speaking to or looking towards him. All this Warren had elicited in his conversation with Johnstone, and from this he gathered such shreds of comfort as were left amid the wreck of his hopes.

But it was impossible for him to avert his eyes altogether from the darker side of the picture. How, if the feeling which Johnstone had confessed were indeed returned! He could not close his eyes to the fact that Thornton was careless, even neglectful, of his wife. He had no doubt that, in his secret heart, he cherished a real affection for her. But he saw that he was at no pains to let her see that he did so; and that, under the dead weight of a certain hardness and indifference, partly natural to him, partly assumed, he was in reality crushing, perhaps severing, the tender bonds that unite two beings together in perfect harmony and oneness. While, on the other hand, Johnstone was a very dangerously attractive man to such a nature as Mrs. Thornton's. It was a terrible trial to which she had been exposed. He longed, and yet feared, to know how she had passed through the ordeal. He hoped much from her childlike guilelessness of character, from her simple piety and innate rectitude, from her love of her husband and children. But, while he hoped, he could not but fear. And with that fear there came a dull, foreboding glance into the unknown future, in which shame and misery seemed to settle down upon himself and those who were dearest to him. It was a cheerless prospect; and his spirit, usually so calm and hopeful, sank beneath it. All nature seemed oppressed with the same leaden hue that had gathered over his own prospects. The sky seemed to have lost its light, the sea its freshness. He stripped and flung himself with wonted vigour from off a ledge of granite rock into

"—the glassy, cool, translucent wave;"

but his bath brought with it no sense of braced energies of mind and body. A dead weight seemed to have sunk down upon him, and he felt burdened with a depression which was as painful as it was strange to him.

As he wound slowly up the steep path again, he reasoned with himself, and strove to cast off his dejection. One point he saw clearly before him. It was his plain duty to

his friend—to all his friends—to keep a steady watch for what he might do to help them at this crisis. He saw that a cool head and a firm hand might be of the utmost need in steering safely through the manifold perils that seemed closing around; and as this task was plainly assigned to him, it behoved him to drive off all selfish fears and anxieties of his own, and to be ready with such counsel and aid as he might be able to afford. And his honest, kindly heart swelled with a generous emotion as he resolved that, be the issue what it might, he would not be found wanting to his friends in this time of their trial.

When he reached the cottage, he was surprised to find Johnstone already dressed, and walking with hasty steps up and down the little verandah.

"I could not sleep," he said; "and even if I had been able there was no time for sleeping. My first service this morning is at nine o'clock, in the Mission Chapel; and it will be time for us to set off as soon as we have finished breakfast."

He spoke in a quick, impatient tone, and there was in his face that same dry, hot appearance which Warren had noticed during the night. In real truth, it was still early, and there was no occasion for such hurry as Johnstone demanded. But Warren fell in with his humour; and in a few minutes his simple toilet was finished, and they sat down to the ample breakfast which "the Missus" spread before them.

It would be an injustice to Reginald Warren to say that any disturbing causes ever much affected his appetite. He had a fine natural capacity for laying in "provend," which would have gladdened the heart of that accomplished captain, Sir Dugald Dalgetty. Notwithstanding his anxieties and disquietude, he applied himself to eggs and toast, and when those trifles were disposed of, to cold beef and the brown loaf, with a calm and persistent earnestness that irritated Johnstone, who sat with his watch on the table before him, chafing at the delay. At last the meal was ended, and the two set off together to the little village of pondoks in which Johnstone's missionary work was carried on.

Very pleasant Warren had found the Sunday mornings with Johnstone, under happier circumstances. Much of the Sabbath rest and stillness, indeed, which was so soothing at the Mersey, was wanting at Cameron's Hoek. The evil influences of the place had taken too deep a hold upon the habits of the poor coloured people to be readily shaken off. And to many of them Sunday was still no more than a day on which no work was exacted and no drink was to be bought. But it was cheering to mark any signs of improvement

and Johnstone's own enthusiastic ardour was contagious. Warren never tired of talking over plans for amelioration of the people, and shared fully in his friend's faculty for rearing castles in the air. It was the mutual interchange of their deeper thoughts and feelings on these Sundays at Cameron's Hoek that had, more than anything else, tended to cement their friendship.

But to-day all this was changed. Johnstone was moody and silent, and Warren was too deeply occupied with his own thoughts to care to talk of other matters. He had hoped that Johnstone would, of his own accord, have entered upon the subject of their last night's conversation, but his friend maintained a reserved silence which he himself was unwilling to break. There were but few words and still fewer thoughts exchanged between them, during several hours that Johnstone was engaged in the duties of the day. When the school and Service at the village was concluded, they walked about four miles up the valley to another little assemblage of huts, where a similar congregation awaited them. Warren was quite at home as teacher to a class of delighted Fingoes, who grinned and chuckled, as if having to read to him was an entertainment of the most amusing description.

From this point they ascended again, later in the day, to the high ground; crossed a wide tract of grassy and wooded upland; and dipped again into the valley which had its termination at Cameron's Hoek, at the upper part of which was a school-chapel where the few English residents met together for the ordinary Evening Service.

It was in the course of this, that the hard sullen expression that Johnstone's face had worn during the day gave way to something of the feverish excitement of the previous night. He was preaching extempore, and his subject was—the "rest that remaineth." Johnstone was a good preacher, with much depth of thought, great command of language, and very effective voice and manner; and he spoke out of the fulness of his heart. He dwelt upon the presence of evil within us, and around us, with a searching minuteness which Warren felt was a laying bare of his own soul. He grew animated and excited as he described, in stern language, the unceasing conflict that we have to wage, the deadly peril of being off our guard, the utter ruin of giving way. And then, with a change of voice and manner, he set before his hearers, in language simple but glowing and sparkling with the poetic imagery which finds a response in the depths of the most rugged nature, the blessings of rest—peace—home. There was not one of those

poor emigrants whose heart did not swell and throb with unwonted emotion as the preacher gave expression to the unuttered thoughts and half-formed ideas which had lain long buried within their own breasts, like rude ore awaiting the magic touch of science which should refine and stamp it as bright and precious metal. The tears were standing in many a bold eye, and rolling unchecked down many a sun-browned cheek; and Warren, as he listened, seemed to be reading the story of his friend's inner life, and learned how sharp was the conflict that he had to endure, how bravely he had set himself to conquer in it, how earnestly he longed for the end.

He found him, when the Service was over, sitting in the little Vestry, with his head resting on his hands, in an attitude expressive of weariness and exhaustion. He pressed Warren's hand in return for the silent expression of deep sympathy which he read in his eyes, and rose to accompany him homewards. Warren in vain urged him to wait until Job Harvey brought a horse for him. He would do his work as he was accustomed to do, he said, as long as he could, and die in harness. "And I care not how soon it be," he added, with a faint and melancholy smile.

"Warren," he said suddenly, after a long silence, as they were drawing near Woodside, "I have made up my mind as to my future course. I shall leave this country at once, and offer myself as a Missionary to the Bishop of New Zealand. Hard work, in a new sphere, as far removed as possible from all that can remind me of the past, is all I desire now. I don't think it will be for very long. I have been feeling a strange sensation about my head for some little time past; very much what I felt before that fever came on. Something seems to tell me that the end is not far off."

Warren endeavoured to divert his mind from these gloomy thoughts by engaging him in conversation about his intended change, and succeeded in occupying him with that subject during the evening. Johnstone talked much and eagerly, and it was with difficulty that Warren could prevail upon him to seek the rest he so much needed. And when he had, at last, gone to bed, Warren quietly returned to the sitting-room, selected a book, filled and lighted his pipe, drew the easy chair nearer to the fire of logs that was burning on the hearth, and prepared to sit up until he was satisfied that his friend was in a healthy sleep.

About midnight, he stole silently into Johnstone's room. His worst fears were realized: he was in a burning fever. Before morning he was delirious. And with the first light Harvey was dispatched on horseback to the Mersey for the doctor.

CHAPTER XXII.

As the morning advanced, Johnstone grew rapidly worse. It seemed as if he had struggled with the fever until nature could endure no longer; and then his strength had given way at once and altogether, and he lay utterly prostrated. He was too totally exhausted to offer more than a feeble resistance to Warren's firm restraint, when he made an attempt to rise, but his mind wandered, and he talked incessantly and incoherently. Warren's kindly heart ached as he listened to his stricken friend's wanderings. It was such a noble mind that was there overthrown. He heard much that distressed him, but more which gave him a clearer and more hopeful insight into his friend's state. Now and then he heard him mutter Mrs. Thornton's name, and sometimes he could gather that he was speaking of her, though his expressions were vague and unconnected. But in all that he did say to which Warren could attach any meaning, there was a tone of tenderly respectful, almost of reverential devotion, that might have suited the age of chivalry. No touch of levity, even of familiarity could Warren detect; nothing but the unconscious and almost irresistible homage which a susceptible nature renders to another richly endowed with qualities peculiarly calculated to attract and fascinate it. The rather bitter feelings with which he had regarded the consequences of Johnstone's weakness and rashness were tempered with kinder thoughts as he listened to broken sentences that dropped from his dry hot lips, giving indication of a nature instinctively inclined to good; of a heart full of generous and tender impulses, though liable to be hurried by them beyond the bounds which reason would approve; of a conscience clear in all else but this, and, even in this, exhibiting a tenderness and sensitiveness that pleaded for pitying consideration.

He heard his own name uttered frequently, coupled with some term of manly endearment; and he could gather that the revelation which Johnstone had made to him was not the hasty impulse of a mind strongly and suddenly influenced, but a deliberate resolution previous formed. He seemed to say that he should feel more safe against surprise, more strong to resist temptation, if Warren shared with him the burden which oppressed him.

But his present trial, and the circumstances attending it, as they showed themselves in his wandering talk, seemed to be, after all, only like some strange confusion and disturbance of his regular clergyman's life. Long rambling, disjointed talk about ordinary parish matters, about church, and schools, and clubs, and ministrations, and visiting, would be broken through

with an expression of pain, by some incoherent sentences that had reference to the strong passion that had seized upon him, and for the time had overpowered him; just as you may see the level even parallels of a bed of sandstone twisted aside and broken through, and its substance scorched and blistered by the fierce and fiery heat of some vein of molten rock that had been forced through it.

Warren was little accustomed to the duties of a sick-nurse, but he was a thoughtful and thoroughly kind-hearted fellow, and soon learned to understand the sort of things that would be required of him. He had made up his mind that he would see his friend through with his trial, whatever was to be its termination, and so he set himself to think of those things which he would be most likely to require. He moved quietly about in his *veldschoenen*, and made the room as neat and orderly as he could. He opened the window to the balmy morning air, and subdued the light with the curtain, and bethought him that eau-de-cologne had a refreshing scent which might be agreeable to the sick man, and bathed his temples, and laid a handkerchief saturated with it on the pillow beside him. And Johnstone watched him with eyes wide open and glittering with a bright but vacant lustre; and though he seemed not to recognize him, and continued to talk in the same rambling, disconnected way, without any intelligible reference to his hearer, he made signs expressive of dissatisfaction when Warren once went to the door as if about to leave the room. The painful sense of his weakness had taken so deep a hold upon him before his mind had become confused, that in his wanderings it was as if he was conscious of being surrounded by hidden dangers from which he was unable to make his escape alone. It was a satisfaction to Warren to find that his patient regarded his presence as necessary to his well-being; and the feeling that Johnstone looked to him, and relied upon him, gave him more confidence in his capability of acting as a nurse. When he had made such arrangements in the room as suggested themselves to him, he took a book and sat down where Johnstone could see him, but not so as to be prominently before him, and soon he had the satisfaction of finding him become gradually calmer, under the soothing influence of quiet and the darkened room.

Still Warren wished devoutly that the doctor were come. He found Johnstone's watch run down and stopped, and carefully wound it up and set it by his own, and began to calculate how long it would be before the doctor could be there. It was soon after five when Job Harvey had set off. Allowing him something less than two hours to do the twenty

miles, and half an hour for the doctor to get ready for a start, he might look for him any time after nine o'clock. It was now scarcely past eight. There was nothing for it but to be patient and wait, and to hope that Dr. de Jongh's usually dilatory movements might be hastened by Harvey's importunity, and by the urgency of the case. Johnstone was certainly becoming more quiet. He was less restless, and made no attempts to rise; but his eyes remained wide open, and glittering with a burning glow. Warren tried to read, and for half an hour succeeded in keeping his attention fixed upon his book. Then the stillness and subdued light of the room began to affect him, and he was becoming drowsy and unconscious, when he was aroused by hearing the tramp of a horse in the yard at the back of the cottage.

"Well done, Job," he said to himself, "you are back again in good time. I hope you've brought the doctor with you."

He rose and slipped silently out of the room, unnoticed by Johnstone, whose glaring eyes were now fixed on the ceiling, as they had hitherto been upon himself. Softly closing the door behind him, he went out on to the verandah to meet the doctor, who he expected would come round by the little garden from the yard; when he was startled by hearing the loud bluff tones of Henry Thornton's voice. In an instant it flashed across him the effect which the sight of him would have upon Johnstone's disordered mind; he thought of what Johnstone in his delirium might say or do, and the miserable consequences which might ensue from such a meeting, and he resolved that at any hazard Thornton must be kept out of his room. He had just formed this resolution when Thornton entered the cottage by the door from Harvey's kitchen.

Warren made an eager gesture to him to be silent. He dreaded the effect which the sound of his voice might have upon Johnstone.

"What is the matter?" asked Thornton in a whisper. "I met Harvey just on the other side of Doorn Nek, and he told me Johnstone was taken suddenly ill, and he was riding for de Jongh. What is it?"

Warren briefly told him in the same low tone that Johnstone had come home tired and drenched with wet on the night he had left Elsdale, and that he fancied he had a return of the fever from which he had suffered in England.

"I expect de Jongh very shortly," he said. "I urged him to come as quickly as possible, for it seemed to me that he was fast growing worse."

"Poor fellow!" said Thornton, "he can have no comfort and no attendance here. I must get him moved to Elsdale."

"It is quite impossible that he should be moved now," Warren replied. "He seems very comfortable here."

"I don't see why he could not be moved," answered Thornton, with whom to offer opposition to any suggestion of his was to harden him into more resolutely maintaining it. "I believe that if I sent my travelling wagon for him with a span of oxen he might be brought over as easily as possible. In fact, he would not have to get out of bed at all. He must come where he can be properly attended to."

Thornton was never very careful of other people's feelings, and it never occurred to him that Warren might not like to hear his care and attention thus disparaged. Warren did feel very keenly this implied slight upon such services as he could render to his friend, and though he said nothing, he grew more angry than he cared to acknowledge to himself.

"Yes, that will be the plan," continued Thornton, following up his idea as if there could be no objection to be urged against it. "I will send the travelling-wagon with a bed ready made in it, and the green baize lining to the tent; and old Lena shall come in it to take care of him. Poor fellow, we will put him in the spare room upstairs, where he will be quiet and near us."

"You really must not think of moving him," repeated Warren, very gently. "Indeed, he is not fit to be moved. I am sure de Jongh will tell you so."

"Oh, de Jongh is an old woman. I don't think much of what he says. And if he really is very ill, there is all the greater necessity for moving him without delay. I shall send over the wagon as soon as I get home."

"Indeed, Thornton, he must not go," Warren again repeated.

"Well, there is no use in disputing about it," Thornton said coolly; "I mean to send for him, and I shall tell Mr. Harvey to get his traps ready."

"But, Thornton, he must not go, and he shall not go," Warren said firmly.

"What do you mean by *shall* not go," asked the other.

"I mean that he is ill, and in my charge, and that I will not allow him to be taken away," was the reply.

"I shall only take his answer from his own lips," Thornton said, moving towards the door.

Warren placed himself in front of it. "Thornton," he said gravely, "Johnstone is very ill, and I believe the very worst thing for him would be to see you—to see anybody—

in his present state. I must act firmly in this matter. I will not let you go into the room."

"Do you mean to say that you will attempt to prevent my going to see him?"

Warren's reply was to lock the door, take out the key, and put it in his pocket. "Now," he said, in a very quiet tone, "you know that I am in earnest. I don't think you will try to take the key away from me."

Thornton looked at him for a moment as if struck dumb with amazement. It was so absolutely new a thing to him to be crossed in the execution of his will, that for a few seconds he was at a loss for words in which to express his astonishment and wrath.

"What the devil do you mean by this, Warren?" he broke out at last.

"Don't raise your voice," said Warren earnestly. "If you really have any regard for him, do not let him hear any noise. We can talk of this out of his hearing."

He led the way out of the house to the end of the verandah, whither Thornton, after a few seconds' pause, followed him Warren still remembered Thornton's wanton disregard of what he might feel when he spoke so slightingly of his care of the sick man. He was one of the most easy-tempered men living, but when roused, as he had been but on very few occasions, his wrath was something terrible. No doubt, there was many an old score to be cleared off with Thornton, whose swaggering manner and indifference about wounding the feelings of others had caused Warren many a sharp twinge, which he had borne quietly for the sake of Mrs. Thornton and Kate. Thornton, on his side, had that kind of feeling of dislike to Warren which any man who is conscious of behaving ill to another invariably feels towards him. He knew that he was not acting fairly towards him, in other matters besides that of his sister, and perhaps he found some relief for smothered feelings of ill-will in coming to an open rupture. The two men approached each other with angry looks, and there seemed to be imminent likelihood of a "difficulty."

"Warren, I ask you again what you mean by this?"

"And I say again, I mean that I am not going to let you go into that room. That's the only explanation I shall give you now; and I don't know that I shall ever give you any other."

"You shall answer to me for this conduct," said Thornton, white with rage.

"If you mean that I shall give you satisfaction, as it is called, you know very well that I shall do nothing of the

kind. I am always ready to give an account of my conduct to any one who has a right to ask it. I shall give an account of it to Johnstone, if ever he gets well enough. But to you I shall give no more than I have done now. It is just as well that you should learn, Thornton, that you are not master everywhere. It's a lesson you very much need."

"If I'm master nowhere else I will be master in my own house, at any rate," retorted Thornton. "And from this time forth you never set foot in it with my consent. I desire that from henceforth you be as a stranger to my family and myself." And with that he flung through the house, and Warren soon after heard him gallop through the yard.

For a few minutes he remained standing where Thornton had left him, allowing his wrath to subside, which it did very quickly; and thinking of what had occurred. He knew quite well what Thornton meant by his becoming as a stranger to his family and himself. He meant that he was to abandon all idea of continuing his intimacy with Kate, and that so far as was in his power, he would prevent his obtaining the object of his desires. Warren knew enough of Kate to feel very sure that in such a matter she would allow no one to guide her in a direction opposite to that to which she was inclined. If he could only feel confident of her affection—and he had sometimes allowed himself to hope that he was not altogether indifferent to her—he had no very great fear of her brother's opposition. Indeed, he went so far as to think that the opposition of the brother might, in such a case, be not altogether the worst thing that could occur. For Kate's disposition was one remarkably prone to enlist her on the side which she thought illused; and to be the subject of anything like injustice, he knew full well, was the surest mode of securing her sympathy. If he could but be secure of that, he might snap his fingers at Thornton and his domineering. One will bear a good deal from a man, he thought, for the sake of his sister; but there is a point beyond which endurance cannot go, and really Thornton's overbearing insolence of late has been intolerable. And then it rushed across his mind that it was hardly possible that the loud tones of Thornton's voice could have failed to reach Johnstone's ear. And nothing, he felt, was so much to be avoided, in his friend's present condition of mind and body, as what might bring Thornton prominently before him. When he had mentioned his name, in his delirium, it was with an expression of pain which showed that it gave rise to the most bitter feelings of remorse and self-condemnation. He had judged that it might be attended with the very worst consequences for Thornton to be

brought suddenly before him, and it was this belief, that he was acting for the best for his friend, that had made him so resolute in refusing Thornton admittance to his room. But it was scarcely possible, he feared, that Johnstone had not heard Thornton's voice, and in his present disordered and excited condition, with his illness taking more and more the form of brain fever, he felt a dread of what the consequences might be.

Noiselessly he crept to the door of the room, and listened. There was no sound within. He was silently inserting the key into the lock, when he heard, very faintly, what seemed like the opening of a small drawer. And with a rapid movement he threw open the door, and entered the room. Johnstone was standing by the dressing-table. In one hand he held a little rosewood case, bound and clasped with silver; with the other he had just taken a small bunch of keys from the drawer of the dressing-table. It was his case of razors, which Warren remembered having locked, and put the keys into that drawer during the early morning, while Johnstone was watching his movements so intently.

He cast a wild, fierce gaze at Warren, and his eyes were gleaming with the light of insanity. Warren knew that what he feared had happened—that the sound of Thornton's voice had reached him, and that the crowd of painful emotions excited by it had swept over his flickering reason, and shrouded it in the darkness of despair.

As Warren advanced towards him quietly and watchfully, to dispossess him of the case, the angry glare with which he had met him gave way to an expression of insane cunning; and as he took the case from his hand he suddenly darted past him, and in another instant had rushed out of the house and was running at his utmost speed across the grassy slope, towards the cliff that overhung the sea.

Warren strained after him, and the two men, with only a few yards' space between them, raced on for life and death.

The stretch of grass between the cottage and the top of the cliff might be two or three hundred yards in extent, and along its seaward margin was a fringe of the same close thicket which covered every spot on the face of the cliff where a shrub could find space for its roots to cling to. And it was towards this fringe of bush that Johnstone was speeding. He knew that Warren was behind him—he had cast one rapid glance over his shoulder as he cleared the little garden—and, as if conscious that he could afford to lose no ground, he ran straight forward with such speed that Warren soon found that, with all his efforts, he could diminish none of the distance between them; and, as he strained every sinew to the utmost, he

saw with horror that he was rapidly gaining the edge of the cliff, and that, in a few seconds, no efforts could save him.

But in the blind speed with which he had run, Johnstone had taken a course which defeated his object. As he neared the fringe of brushwood he saw that it was at a point where the bushes were both thick and high—too dense, indeed, to be penetrated. He seemed confused for a moment, and, as he looked right and left for an opening, slackened his pace, and allowed Warren to come up with him. He darted towards a clear space a few yards to the left, but, in doing so, he had to pass Warren, who was on that side, and in another instant his powerful arms were locked round his waist.

He had caught him, but whether he could hold him was still a very doubtful question. Johnstone was the lighter man of the two, but he was wiry and well-knit, wide-shouldered, deep-chested, and familiar with every kind of athletic exercise. Both at school and at college, he had had the reputation of being "a tall man of his hands." Moreover, his natural strength was now increased by the tremendous muscular energy which fever and delirium supplied. He wrestled fiercely in Warren's grasp, but he soon seemed to find that in this he was at a disadvantage, from the hold which the other had of him round the middle. He therefore changed his tactics. And forcing Warren's head back with one hand to a convenient hitting distance, he inflicted rapid and severe punishment with the other. Poor Warren bent down his head, and tried to get within the reach of that storm of swift-falling blows; and at last, fearing that his hold would really become weakened, he lifted Johnstone in his arms, and with a powerful wrench and twist threw him on the ground, falling at the same time heavily upon him. Johnstone still struggled, but the fall had shaken him, and the tremendous grasp which Warren kept round his middle was beginning to tell. His breath came short and laboured under the compression; and Warren was relaxing his hold a little to give the heart and lungs freer play when to his great joy he saw Job Harvey ride up to the cottage. Warren shouted to him, and Johnstone feebly opened his eyes at the sound, but his energies were paralyzed at the seat and centre of life, and he could do no more than gasp for breath, and struggle, against a painful sense of suffocation.

"Why, mussy on us, Mr. Warr'n, whatever is the matter?" asked honest Job.

"Never mind now, Job. Just help me to put Mr. Johnstone upon his feet, and take him back to the house. That's all he wants now."

"Why, if his poor dear feet ain't all cut and bleeding," moaned Job. "Well, I never see the like."

In an instant Warren had slipped off his *veldschoenen* and tied them on Johnstone's bare feet.

"Now, Job, help me to lift him up. Ha; I thought so. He can't stand, you see. Now, just you take his right arm and put it over your shoulders, and put your left arm round him and I will do the same on the other side. So. Now we can help him nicely. And be sure you hold his wrist tight with your right hand, for fear he should slip, you know." He said the last words in a meaning tone, which Harvey quickly understood, and answered with sundry nods of intelligence.

"Poor gentleman!" he said, in a compassionate tone.

By the time they reached the house Johnstone was breathing more easily, but seemed quite subdued, and incapable of making any attempt to escape. Nor did he seem to have any further intention of doing so. When he was inside the house and was released, he walked quietly to his own room, and laid himself on the bed with an air of exhaustion.

He took no notice of Warren or Harvey, and seemed in a sort of stupor; while they bathed his feet with warm water and made him as comfortable as they could. And before the doctor came, the agitation and excitement of the recent exertion he had undergone had almost subsided.

"Now, Job," said Warren in a whisper, as they heard horses' feet in the yard, "we must keep our own counsel. There is no need to tell Dr. de Jongh all that we know. It will be quite enough for us to say that we have had to use some force to keep him in proper restraint. Else, we don't know what absurd stories may be all over the village to-morrow."

Job nodded again, with sage intelligence, and screwed up his mouth as if expressing in dumb show that reliance might be placed on his silence and caution, and in a few minutes the doctor entered.

It would be tedious to recount the various stages and alternations of Johnstone's illness, and the steps by which it was successfully combated by Dr. de Jongh. Suffice it to say that for nine days he lay very seriously ill, during which time Dr. de Jongh was indefatigable in his attendance, and Warren scarcely ever left his room; taking a little sleep, now and then, on a mattress on the floor, and ready in a moment when he was wanted. It was a dreary and anxious time. Warren was, from the first, sanguine of his ultimate recovery; not from any acquaintance which he possessed with the science of medicine, but from a simple faith to which he

clung, that his friend would not be permitted to die in that disordered frame of mind in which the disease had struck him down. His delirious ravings had happily taken another turn, since the violent outburst which had so prostrated him. His whole talk now was about a quarrel with Thornton. And Warren was very glad to be able to tell Dr. de Jongh that he had himself had words with Thornton about not letting him into Johnstone's room, which he had heard, and which had greatly excited him. For Dr. de Jongh was inquisitive; and was much belied if he did not make his visits acceptable to his patients by conveying from house to house the floating gossip of the day. He would have been an amusement to Warren, if he had been thrown so much in his society on a less sad occasion. With the largest and healthiest family of any man in the neighbourhood, and almost the smallest and most precarious income, he combined in his own character the opposite qualities of expensive tastes and penurious habits. The primitive practice of taking payment from many of his patients in kind, made him a sort of general dealer as well as practitioner, and an authority on the value of the most heterogeneous commodities.

But Warren had no heart for studying the old doctor's oddities. He was sad and anxious for his friend, and ill at ease as to his own future. His quarrel with Thornton seemed to interpose a barrier to the happiness he had dreamed of. He longed to know what his fate was to be, and the suspense and delay grew intolerable to him. Scarcely a day passed that Thornton did not send over to inquire after Johnstone, but he himself came not again. He resolved that he would seize the very first opportunity, when Johnstone was a little better, to end this weary state of uncertainty by seeing Kate herself.

At last, on the ninth day after he had been placed under medical treatment, Johnstone awoke, one afternoon, from a long and calm sleep, helplessly weak, but composed, and in his right mind. Warren was sitting near the window, reading. So quiet had been Johnstone's breathing that the other did not notice that he was awake, and he had leisure to look about him before he was observed. He seemed confused and bewildered at first, as if he could not comprehend how he came to be there. But, by degrees, memory began to recal faintly and confusedly some particulars of his illness, and the causes which had led to it, and he lay for some time quite still, thinking.

"Warren!" he said, at last, in a tone so weak that he could scarcely recognize his own voice. Warren was by his side in an instant, looking wistfully at him.

"I thank God!" he said, with solemn earnestness, "that you know me, and can speak to me again."

"I have been very ill, have I not?"

"Very ill, indeed. Dangerously ill. But the crisis is past, and you are now in a fair way to recover. De Jongh said there was now every hope that, with care, you would mend rapidly."

"Has de Jongh been here?" asked Johnstone.

"Day and night almost, for the last eight days. Fortunately, he can do with very little sleep, and without any washing and dressing, so he has been in pretty close attendance."

"Eight days?" said Johnstone. "Tell me all about it."

"I must not talk too much to you. You are to be kept very quiet."

"But I should be easier if I knew all about my illness," pleaded Johnstone.

Warren told him, very briefly, the principal circumstances; and Johnstone, by his questions, elicited much which he would have kept back. When he had finished, Johnstone lay silent awhile, deep in thought Then he turned his eyes, moist with tears, to his friend's face, and held out his thin, faded hand.

"Warren," he said, in a low voice, "you have been a good friend to me. You have helped me at my greatest need. And now you must do something more for me. Kneel down there, and help me to thank God that He has restored me again. Restored me in mind and body," he added after a little pause.

ISLAM AT THE CAPE.

THE present position and future prospects of the Mohammedan population, the Malays of Cape Town, is very remarkable and suggestive to an observer of the various phases of our society. We find here, perhaps, a solitary instance in the world, the creed of Islam, and the social institutions and relations which speak of the unchanging East, fairly tried with the faith and the customs of Christianity, in the busy life of a growing and vigorous colony.

The Moslems of the Cape were brought originally to this country from the Dutch possessions further to the eastward. It is said that the Cape was a sort of penal settlement for Java and other Dutch Factories in the Malayan group; and that the more dangerous characters were shipped off

from those possessions to this distant spot, where they would be rendered harmless by separation from their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. Some may have been imported for grooms or domestic servants. At all events, they were all, until the emancipation, in the condition of slaves. But, slaves though they were, they continued to keep up among themselves the bond of nationality and religion, and gained the respect both of their white masters and of the inferior coloured races—negroes and half-caste Hottentots. At the emancipation, the Malays stood out prominently as a distinct class in the community. They possessed a recognized religion, which the mass of the liberated Africans did not. They were possessed of a certain bond of union among themselves, which secured them a social position; and they had, moreover, great manual skill, intelligence, and capacity for improvement. They became a sort of aristocracy among the coloured population; and great numbers of the better class of negroes and half-breeds gladly attached themselves to their body. A considerable proportion of the Malays of Cape Town have clearly no claim to Asiatic origin; though perhaps the greater number of them display features, complexion, and hair very different from those of the African type. It is not probable that the hereditary Moslems permit the African converts to attain to any posts of importance in their society, though they place no obstacle in the way of their professing Islam—perhaps even encourage it. In the absence of any reliable data it is not possible to form a correct estimate of their numbers, but they are probably over rather than under four thousand.

Their faith and practice is curiously adapted to their peculiar position. Their Mosques are assimilated, externally, as near as may be, to the style of the Christian churches of the locality, and have precisely the appearance of the "Bethel" of some English country place designed by the village carpenter. These structures are called, even by the Dutch, "Islamsche Kerke," and we all remember that the priests, although they were probably put up to it as a political manœuvre, did actually petition the Colonial Parliament for a share of the sums voted for Ecclesiastical purposes.

Their dress exhibits a curious compromise or point of union between Western and Oriental costume. The familiar *toerien*, or cane hat worn by the men, is, perhaps, the most convenient covering for the head that could be adopted, and the red cotton handkerchief is a sort of free-and-easy substitute for a turban. They retain a pair of wide, loose trowsers, drawn round the waist with a string, instead of

being suspended by the braces of the Unbeliever; but the trowsers are of moleskin instead of muslin. They wear a shirt, with sleeves left wide and open at the wrists; but they wear also shoes unlike the slippers of the Faithful, and *baatjes*, or hip-jackets, in the pockets of which their hands are inserted in a very Frankish fashion. The chief peculiarity of the dress of the females is to be observed in their renunciation of waists, according to received Western ideas upon that subject; but, in spite of this marked difference, it is impossible to refuse to their costume the merit of being modest, convenient, and, generally speaking, very becoming.

They have of late years been brought up to a higher standard of orthodoxy by more frequent and direct communication with the centre of authority at Mecca. Many young men now proceed thither for education, and numerous "hadjis" may be seen in the streets receiving marks of respect from their more humble brethren. The followers of the Prophet appear not to share the alarm of their Christian neighbours at a closer approximation to the primitive standard in matters of doctrine and ceremonial. They observe both fasts and feasts strictly. During the period of their mortifications they become much reduced in strength, and are, towards the close, almost incapacitated for labour. And unless they are sadly belied, they make preparations for their festivals by a general clearance of accessible poultry yards. In truth, their moral character does not stand high. The slave-owners thought well of them because they did not drink—at least not wine or spirits; and for all other matters they let them take their own way. Their intelligence, combined with a peculiarly crafty and subtle disposition, eminently qualifies them for rogues, and they do not often allow their gifts to lie unused. It may be safely said that the Malays are the moving power, if not the actual instruments, of most of the wickedness of the coloured population And though they obey the letter of the law, so far as abstaining from wine and spirits, yet as the Prophet made no mention of beer, they regard that as exempt from prohibition, and consume Cape ale to an extent that would astonish a London drayman.

Still, with all their faults, they are a very attractive class. There is something about the better sort of the Malays peculiarly dignified, quiet, and self-possessed. They have also the merit of scrupulous cleanliness. It is pretty to see a family party setting out on a day's excursion, usually a visit to the burial-place of some holy man, of which there are several in the Constantia valley.

Old and young, women and children, seem to take an equal pleasure in these excursions. The head of the family is probably a harness-maker in comfortable circumstances; and early on a fine morning you may see his large covered cart and fine pair of horses—for, like true Orientals, they dearly love a horse—standing in front of his door; while wife, and sons, and daughters, down to the *kleintje* of three years old, dressed precisely on the model of his father, in cane hat, hip jacket, and moleskin continuations, are being packed in with much soft fun and merriment. Then the sire sets off at a leisurely pace, a little proud, and pardonably so, of his turnout and party. The side curtains of the covered cart are furled up, in order that the bright-eyed girls may see and be seen. The Paynim pays the "pike" like a Christian, and jogs steadily along the road, the very model of Paterfamilias. A pleasant day is passed among the groves and banks of Constantia, the sacred spot is duly visited, and a libation of some balsamic preparation is poured upon the shapeless mass of brickwork that does duty for a marble turban over the good man's grave; and the party returns profusely powdered with red dust, which gives a new tint to their black, well-oiled, tight-drawn hair; with lungs refreshed and blood quickened by the healthful breezes from False Bay.

The most characteristic of their customs is the "Khalifa," a religious ceremonial of the highest solemnity, and singularly adapted to the genius of the fierce proselytizers, whose cry was "the Koran or the sword." In Oriental countries, the "Khalifa" may be celebrated with greater pomp and magnificence; but surely nowhere under more strange and incongruous circumstances than those which attended its display in Cape Town not long since.

The scene was the building in Church-square, used for so many years as an Independents' chapel, now converted into a music-hall and ball-room. Overhead, the gas-light of the Giaour shed the brightness of day. Outside the door a policeman was in attendance to prevent any disturbance of the exercises of the Faithful. A group of spectators occupied one end of the hall,—a party of Malay women, gaily dressed, were seated at the other. Towards the same end was erected a frame-work like a highly ornamental towel-horse, about eight feet high, decorated with scarfs, plumes, and banners. Behind this were seated three or four priests, or other persons ecclesiastical, and in front of it knelt about fifty Malays on two strips of carpet. There was a space of some twelve feet between the two lines as they knelt facing each other, silent and

motionless, and in this centre space were a number of large tambourines piled in four or five heaps. The men were dressed alike, in white loose frocks and trowsers, the former edged with scarlet braid, and each wore a scarlet *fez*.

The stillness of actors and spectators was at last broken by an old priest, who scattered a few grains of incense on a brazier of hot coals before him, and, as the fragrant cloud steamed upwards, began to recite a few verses of the Koran in a sort of high-pitched tremulous chant. Then a pause. And then the recital was repeated with more incense-burning, while the kneeling figures remained profoundly still, as if in reverent attention. Then followed a prayer, and some invocations, which were joined in by the men about to perform, a deep wavering note of harmony flowing down each long line. While this was going on, two or three little boys, dressed in the same fashion as the men, were distributing the tambourines; and then one of the official persons behind the screen, also taking a tambourine, commenced a kind of recital, raising himself from a cross-legged sitting posture to his knees, and swaying himself gently from side to side. The motion became more quick and energetic; the tambourine was raised and waved aloft; and as the rows of kneeling men watched him intently, he suddenly struck it with his right hand. At the same instant each performer struck the one he held, once; and then there was again profound stillness. Soon the priest who had commenced begun again what was probably a hymn delivered with a kind of measured rhythm; and, by degrees, his tambourine began to sound, as it were, a slow accompaniment. The others joined in, and the sound grew louder and louder as they all became more animated, but still perfectly regular, and in exact unison with the priest's reciting.

During this time, the Khalifa, or schoolmaster, was divesting himself of his upper garments of white muslin and blue satin, and at length stood forth in white shirt, drawers, and shoes. He made repeated obeisance before the screen, moving the while in a slow dancing step; and then took in each hand a peculiar sort of dagger, having a long thin blade and globular-shaped handle, with short pieces of steel chain attached, like tassels. With one of these in each hand, he threw himself into various attitudes expressive of prayer and adoration, still moving in the same slow dance measure, and drawing towards the centre of the group. Suddenly, he started round, so as to face the spectators, flung both his armed hands to their full height above his head, and then dashed them down, as if driving both daggers with all his force through his stomach!

The effect was perfectly horrible. The whole scene was well calculated to excite the imagination. The kneeling figures with their swarthy faces and white garments, the clouds of incense floating through the hall, the strange wild tremulous chant of the priest, the steady regular beating of the tambourines, the gesticulating form moving in weird dance in the centre, the suddenness of the act, and the frantic effort, as it seemed, at self-destruction, sent a shuddering thrill through the frame.

The man recovered his position, at first slowly, and then with a gesture which seemed to express exultation at being unhurt, and the same series of evolutions was repeated again and again, the performer dancing with the same slow movement round and round the open space, whirling the daggers aloft at intervals, and appearing to thrust them into his vitals. At length he ceased, and a pair of those who had been kneeling sprung up at his bidding, and performed in the same manner, exhibiting much rude grace and vigour. The excitement grows fast and furious. Twenty men spring into the arena, seize their weapons, and plunge into the exercise with wild excitement. The leader shouts encouragement; the deep pulsations of the tambourines become quicker and louder; a half-frenzied band of wild dark figures are circling slowly round and round, throwing themselves into the most extravagant attitudes, plunging, as it seems, their long keen daggers through heart and lungs. It is horribly heathenish. It reminds one somehow of diabolical rites, and priests of Baal cutting themselves with knives, and awful human sacrifices. The throb! throb! of the tambourines seems to waken a sympathetic pulse somewhere in the epigastric region. The rich scent of the incense is intoxicating. It is a relief when, at a signal, the display terminates abruptly, the performers resume their kneeling posture, and there is again silence.

The romance of the thing, the creations of fancy which have been growing up vanish in an instant as the blue-satin-vested, white-muslin-robed leader of the mysteries approaches, and announces with a salaam very like a touch of the hat, that "master shall see plenty pretty play directly." The illusion is gone. The awful, mystical ceremony dwindles into a mere sleight-of-hand trick, to degenerate still lower into trumpery juggling.

For now a new kind of trial commences. A man comes forward with considerable parade and circumstance, and in the sight of the company, thrusts, or appears to thrust, a long slender blade, like that of the thinnest small-sword, into his scalp, under the *fez*; and walks about with it sticking there. Another, with a great appearance of effort, pushes a similar

blade into his side, and exhibits it hanging there by the point. Another shows you a skewer thrust through his cheek, another through his tongue. All this is without shedding a drop of blood. Then a man lies down on the ground, on his back, and a performer with a long sword makes as if he cut him with all his force across the chest, then rubs his hand over the place and exhibits him perfectly sound. A dozen follows, wrap their handkerchiefs round the points of swords, and hold them fast, while others take them by the hilt end, and form a steel pathway, with the edges upwards, along which a man, barefooted like the rest, walks holding by his bearers' shoulders, and then displays his feet unscarred. In short, the exhibition degenerates into a poor kind of juggling, too palpable to affect the mind otherwise than with disgust. One other performance there is which has some grace and novelty about it. Each man takes a staff about a yard long, having at either end a large tassel of the cotton used for lamp-wicks. These tassels they ignite, and as they begin to blaze, commence a kind of circling dance, slowly waving the burning staves over their heads, and about their thin garments. The clothes are probably prepared in some incombustible liquid, for the fire seems to have no power to touch them; neither flesh nor linen seems to feel it. At length, the cotton is burnt out, the hall is filled with smoke and heated air, and you are heartily glad to escape into the cool night, to think over what you have witnessed, and try to come to a conclusion about the matter: whether it is a mere childish exhibition of juggling and sleight-of-hand, harmless from its transparent imposture; or whether, regarded as a religious ceremonial of a very high order, it is not calculated to do immense mischief among the simple and credulous negroes still halting between Christ and Islam.

That the Mohammedans themselves regard the "Khalifa" as a religious observance does not admit of a question. It is a very ancient and venerated institution, and one which no sincere Moslem would on any account be guilty of treating with slight or neglect. It is the most important part of the education of the young, and is especially practised on Friday nights—the Mohammedan Sabbath—in order, as they themselves allow, to give a more strictly religious character to that day. If it be, then, a religious ceremony, what great doctrine is conveyed under this outward manifestation?

Probably its object is to instil an absolute and undoubting faith into the heart of the young believer. He is taught that if his faith be sound, and his life pure, neither steel nor fire can harm him. It is certain that in private exhibitions

there is a good deal of blood-letting, and that some of the performers meet with ugly wounds. But it is no less certain that a full display may pass off without the shedding of a drop of blood; although many of the feats are of a nature, one would think, to be followed by serious hæmorrhage, were there no deception practised. We are reduced, therefore, to a simple alternative. Either there is a perpetual miracle worked for the more advanced among the Faithful, by which cuts and stabs are healed as soon as received—and this is doubtless the belief of the young aspirant to rank among his co-religionists; or there must be some trick, some secret of mechanical contrivance or sleight-of-hand, by which danger may be avoided, and into which, after a time, the select among the novices are initiated—and this will probably be the belief of sceptical spectators. But if this be so, it is difficult to imagine anything more utterly demoralizing. Imagine an ardent lad impressed with what he has seen, eagerly listening to the assurances of his instructor that a similar immunity from bodily harm will be his when he has proved himself worthy of it, eagerly looking for miracles to be wrought in his favour, working himself up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, to the right condition in which the secret may be imparted to him—and then finding that all that he had put the fullest faith in was a lie, a poor, hollow deception and mockery! His whole moral nature would be tainted with that one enormous falsehood. His life would be infected by it. There would be for him no more truth in the world. Every noble and holy instinct would die out in him, and he would learn to live thenceforward for those things only which his senses assured him were true.

This alone would probably, in course of time, create a feeling of distrust in their own creed, and a leaning towards the pure and rational faith of the Christians who surround them. But there are other principles at work which seem destined to exert a more marked influence still upon Islam at the Cape. It may strike us as strange combination of terms, utterly subversive of our ordinary ideas on Oriental matters—ideas which in all probability have been, unconsciously to ourselves, founded at a very early age on the gorgeous scenery and poetic imagery of the Arabian Nights—when we see in passing through the streets inscriptions of this nature:

HASSIM IBRAHIM, PAINTER AND GLAZIER.
SALIE ACHMET, HARNESS-MAKER.
ABDOL, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER. REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.

It is a sort of shock to our feelings; a rude annihilation of a host of pleasant pictures of the glowing East, and the Moslem, and "Good Haroun Alraschid." Nevertheless, it is the solid fact that many of the Malays of Cape Town are acquiring property by these and other prosaic, matter-of-fact means, and are rapidly rising to a respectable position in the community. And this it is, this progressive improvement in position, and the necessity of rising to it, that threatens, more than any active measures could do, the existence of Islam as a distinctive creed at the Cape. Education becomes indispensable to them. But education of that character which will be useful to them in the position in which they find themselves, cannot be acquired except at Christian schools. The contempt for knowledge which has marked the earlier history of the followers of Mohammed will prove its most fatal element of weakness in these latter days, when it meets its adversary face to face in an arena of peaceful though deadly struggle. Accordingly, we find the Cape Town Malays admitting the necessity of instruction, but, at the same time, seeking in this, as in other points, to effect a compromise. If we look into two or three of the schools of the town we shall find a very fair proportion of Malay children present, principally, no doubt, of the lowest class. But one peculiarity soon becomes apparent. In the infants' schools, boys and girls will be seen together. As they grow older the boys are withdrawn, at an age too young to be capable of assisting their parents, or doing anything for themselves. The girls are allowed to remain at school, where they display great quickness and intelligence, and acquire as much as English children do under parallel circumstances.

It is most probable that the old Moslem notion of the inferiority of women is at the bottom of this marked difference. There is no objection made to the girls being instructed, in any manner or to any extent, because such instruction would make them more serviceable to their lords and masters; and, having no souls, poor things, it does not signify what heretical notions they may pick up. The boys, the more worthy gender, must be kept from the chance of such contamination. Any approach to a direct attempt at proselytizing, or at questions of the soundness of their belief, leads only to resolute opposition, and the withdrawal of their children from dangerous influences.

But how will this work? The girls are going to school, acquiring information, and more refined tastes, and softened manners. The boys are learning the "Khalifa," and a few half intelligible prayers and passages from

the Koran; they are becoming true Arabs of the streets, earning money by dealing in fruit and vegetables, which supplies them with the means of gambling. When the rising generation has succeeded to their seniors, what will be the relative position of the sexes? The women, with educated minds, and some acquaintance with higher religious ideas than can be gathered in the Mosques, will undoubtedly exert a real and wholesome, though, perhaps, an imperceptible, influence over their male relatives and connections. And the consequence of this must be an impression and a feeling with regard to women opposite to that inculcated in their religious creed.

But, even more than in this way, a fatal blow will be given by polygamy being made impossible under Christian institutions. An act was passed during a recent session of the Colonial Parliament, arising out of an action at law on a question of the right of the children of a Mohammedan marriage to inherit property by the colonial Roman-Dutch law; and by this act, which is intended to apply to the coloured population, the simplest form of marriage before a magistrate or other qualified officer is to be held as a binding contract, conveying matrimonial rights to both parties and legitimating the offspring. The consequence of this will be that the Mohammedan women, conscious of their position and rights, will consent to no union which is not confirmed by the law. They will be married according to the mode of civilized and Christian communities; not submit to the arbitrary caprice of their male owners,—whether fathers or husbands. And a marriage thus ratified will be an effectual bar to any subsequent unions. No woman would consent to become a supplementary wife, with the full consciousness that neither she nor her children would have any legal rights.

And more than this; the wife at the Cape is the important person in the household. The Roman-Dutch law makes her an equal partner in the joint estate, unless she has consented to any different arrangement, previous to marriage. And having an actual right to half, she is seldom dilatory in asserting her claim to the whole. It very soon becomes "*my*" property. "*I*" intend to do this or that—and the husband seems content to decline into his true position as steward or manager of the estate of his wife and children. A single generation of such wives would cause a total revolution of Mohammedan ideas on the subject of marriage. In the early days of the Church, it was the women, who felt most keenly that the Christian faith restored them to their true position, who were the most zealous propagators of the new

Creed. And the same influences will be at work among a Moslem population, living under equal laws with Christians.

The culture of the moral and intellectual faculties, the recognition of the true relation of the sexes will work its natural effect upon them. Every woman will become a silent but persuasive missionary. Their example and influence will be better than any amount of argument. And the fabric of Islam at the Cape undermined by such soft and holy means will crumble away stone by stone, and, in a couple of generations, fall in one universal crash.

A STORY WITHOUT AN INCIDENT.

ARE you of an imaginative turn of mind? I am addressing the reader, and wish him to give an answer in the affirmative. I say *him* advisedly, for all ladies—all at least who have adopted the very proper practice of reading the *Cape Monthly Magazine*—are largely endowed with that organ which I believe phrenologists call ideality; and, therefore, I may make sure of their sympathy; but I am rather doubtful of the creatures who are attired in peg-tops and Inverness capes, who take race-horses to their bosoms, and twirl ethereal-looking canes, smoke cigars, and are Volunteer Riflemen: once more, I ask, is the reader of an imaginative turn, and of a nervous temperament? Did Sarah Ann instil into his youthful mind a wholesome horror of an apocryphal "bogie?" Did his nurse enliven his infancy with those cheerful ghost stories which now—alas, for the degeneracy of the age—are generally discountenanced? Did Udolpho's mysteries and Otranto's castle, exercise any influence on his early childhood? If so, we will be fellow-travellers for a while; if not, we had better quietly go our separate ways without any more ado, for it is two to one whether I shall understand him; and, what is of more importance, a hundred to one that he won't understand me.

I take it for granted that the reader is *not* the unnaturally healthy monster who can conscientiously answer my questions in the negative. I choose to suppose that he has been the object of Sarah Ann's polite attentions; that his old nurse has handed down to him the legends she heard in her girlhood; and that twenty, or twenty-five, or thirty years ago he hung entranced over the masterpieces of fiction I have mentioned. That being the case, we will commence our journey; but first of all, he wishes to know where we are

going, and why I have described the narrative I am about to relate as "A Story without an Incident."

Well, in the first place, we are going from the centre to the south of England—to the sea-shore; as for the title of this chapter I can only say that a veteran novelist once published "a story without a name," and I believe it filled three volumes; surely, then, I may give the world the benefit of "a story without an incident," especially as it will scarcely fill three times as many pages. Then, again, the title is a whim—which is important, and to the point; and, moreover, it truly describes the character of the narrative—which is unnecessary, and old-fashioned.

I live,—or, rather, did live, before migrating to the southern hemisphere—in a midland county—no matter which; I have been overworked—no matter how. I call on my doctor, and his orders are imperative. It is the depth of winter, but I must pack up forthwith, and go to the sea-side if possible. At any rate, at any inconvenience, at any expense, I must have change of air, and what is even more necessary, rest and relaxation for both body and mind.

What is to be done? There are pleasant watering-places in the north, but at this season the very mention of that point of the compass makes me shudder. Then, again, I have an absurd prejudice against Wales during cold weather; and Brighton? Hem! Brighton in February, when the town is deserted, and the very theatre about to be shut up; Brighton, where I don't know a single resident—no, it won't do. If it were August, now——Stay, I have it. Mary, pack my carpetbag, and call me at seven to-morrow morning.

While musing as above I had suddenly thought of my friend Wilson, whose last letters, urging me to pay him a speedy visit, remained unanswered. Now Wilson is a young clergyman addicted to literature (in which pursuit he has already achieved success), settled in a charming little place in Hampshire, recently married, and my warmest friend. What more could I desire? I felt that I should like to see Wilson and that Wilson would be glad to welcome me. We had not met for two years, and there were a hundred subjects to talk about. We had corresponded regularly, it is true, but between friends a thousand letters are not equal to ten minutes' conversation. There are certain things that can be said, but not written—felt, but not uttered; and there is a magic charm in the warm grasp of the hand, and the rough heartiness of the ringing words, "Well, old fellow, how are you?"

There was yet another reason why a pilgrimage to Hampshire was desirable—I was sure of Mrs. Wilson; and when you are about to visit a newly-married friend, let me tell you, it is as well to know how his wife stands affected towards you; if she does not like you, if she turns the cold shoulder on your pretensions, if she holds to the superstition that you lead her husband—poor simple-minded lamb!—into extravagance or dissipation; if she considers you an intruder on her domain; if she looks upon you as a "wretch" who robs her of her due share of marital attention; if, in fact, she is jealous of her husband's friend—don't pay the young couple a visit: if you do, you will assuredly plunge your head into a hornet's nest; you will weaken, not strengthen, the old, mutual, and happy intimacy; you will deepen the intensity of the good lady's mistrust; and, finally, you will spend some of the most miserable days of your life under the roof where you expected a hearty welcome and a pleasant sojourn. For my own part, I would sooner go through a winter in the Arctic regions—and you know my sentiments with regard to cold—than I would encounter the freezing politeness and chilling hospitality of a hostess who doesn't like me.

I repeat, then, that I was sure of my position with Mrs. Wilson. We had often met before, and it had been our practice, or, perhaps, I should rather say our fate, to engage in encounters of wit, in which the lady almost invariably had the best of it. As a consequence, we were good friends, and the friendship was worth something considerable, for Mrs. W. understands to perfection the art of making a guest comfortable. She has a very womanly knack of studying his whims and doing her best to humour them; his tastes, if she can only get at them, she is sure to gratify to the utmost; and she never interferes with any eccentric notions of amusement that he may entertain. She is, in fact, a model hostess; your bed is always well made, because Mrs. Wilson superintends that important operation; your dinner is always well cooked, for the same sufficient reason; and you reverently recognize her all-pervading presence when your hot water arrives at the proper time in the morning. Having, then, this comfortable prospect before my eyes, I hastily wrote off to say that I might be expected directly, and then proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for quitting, for a short time, my sphere of usefulness.

On the following day I started; but I cannot conscientiously aver that the weather was particularly well suited for travelling with comfort. I had speculated on a fine

morning, and the result of this confiding simplicity was a cold, wet walk of two miles to the railway station. Every Englishman is well acquainted with the pleasant sort of day when February seems to unite the cold of January, the wind of March, and the rain of all the months in the year. This was such a day. The demons of the storm appeared to take a perverse pleasure in wetting me to the skin. My umbrella was disabled at an early stage of the contest, the wind blinded me, and I stepped over my ancles—I wear highlows—into a puddle of water. In order to catch the train I had been compelled—Mary being of a lethargic disposition—to leave home without breakfast; and I am bound to say that, when I arrived at the station, I was *not* in a cheerful and Christian frame of mind; on the contrary, I felt that Mary had purposely overslept herself, that the elements had conspired against me, that I was always doomed to be uncomfortable and unlucky, and, in fact, that I was "a blighted being." Under these circumstances, it is scarcely necessary to state that the train was half an hour behind time. If there is any one thing that I abhor more than another, it is waiting for a train, and this great grievance seemed to come upon me to cap and crown all the accumulated miseries under which I laboured. Did I then wring my hands and tear my hair? Did I sit down in the dreary waiting-room and contemplate the dull fire with a look of hopeless imbecility? Did I pace up and down the platform in the captivating manner of a caged hyena? No, I did none of these things. To tell the truth, I was rather glad to get hold of a tangible injury. It afforded me a gloomy satisfaction to think that there was something about which I could write to the *Times*, if I chose, and I still further relieved my mind by sketching a rough draught of a letter to that wonderful journal. By the time, therefore, that the train arrived, my usual equanimity had returned, but it was destined to be almost immediately disturbed by an old lady—nose sharp and red, outline scraggy, complexion muddy-yellow—who, in a savage manner, interdicted cheroots, and muttered something about filthy habits.

The rain did not cease falling, nor did the wind cease blowing during the whole of the journey; I could not smoke on account of the aforesaid elderly lady; I could not read, because I had brought with me no literary provender; and I could not talk, seeing that I was an Englishman, and, therefore, bound to regard all unknown persons as robbers and assassins. Altogether, the trip was not very lively, and by the time I was landed in Babylon the Second I had

begun to cherish thoughts of prussic acid, and to look with an eye of tender interest on a long and sharp clasp-knife which I carried in my pocket.

The rain did not cease falling, nor did the wind cease blowing, during the five hours of my stay in the metropolis, where I transacted a little business in a state of muddy misery and damp discomfort; but London is not without its compensations. The friendly 'bus conductor and the rapacious cabman were ready to do my bidding; they sheltered me from some of the rain, and they preserved me from the most extreme violence of the wind. Moreover, I am a Londoner —a Cockney to the manner born—and, trust me, I did not venture on to the L. B. & S. C. Railway without first visiting a certain tavern, and fortifying my inner man with a thick, juicy, and tender mutton-chop, done to a turn; and smile, cynic, as you may, a couple of glasses of excellent sherry.

The rain did not cease falling, nor did the wind cease blowing during the remainder of my journey into Hampshire, and at seven o'clock that evening, it being then pitch dark, I was dropped at a primitive station, which looked as if it might have been intended for the back woods of America. The wind was blowing harder and the rain falling faster than ever, and I gazed helplessly round, wondering how I should manage to gain the friendly shelter of Wilson's roof. There was apparently nobody at the station except an elderly man, who seemed to combine the functions of station-master, ticket-collector, and porter, and to him I applied for information as to the whereabouts of the house I wished to reach. As I was stating my case, my eye fell on the figure of a little old man, all head and knees, who emerged from a dark corner, and, touching his hat, asked, in allusion to my carpet-bag, whether he should carry my "bundle." I gave a joyful assent, told him to take me to Mr. Wilson's, battled through the darkness, and the wind, and the rain with noble perseverance, and in ten minutes was in elysium.

I found that I had not over-rated the good qualities of my hostess; she had only had three hours' notice of my arrival, but my bed was nicely aired, and the room assigned to me in capital order. I soon washed and dressed, and got down stairs to tea, and you may be sure that, seated in the easiest of easy-chairs, with my toes toasting before the most cosy of comfortable little fires, I did ample justice to the tremendous meal that Mrs. Wilson had provided. I should observe that my host himself was out, having to conduct an evening service, and this explained his absence from the station. He soon returned, however,—I am afraid that the service was

hardly so long as usual that night,—and we at once commenced a conversation which, broken only by a short interval for supper, lasted till three in the morning. I ought to say that the despotic ukase which interdicts smoking in railway carriages does not extend to the fireside of my friend Wilson. If he has any human weakness, that weakness is tobacco, and to this one frailty Mrs. Wilson is tenderly indulgent. As a consequence, he possesses the finest assortment of instruments for smoking of any man I know, and as we talked we puffed the fragrant weed with all the luxurious indolence of Oriental monarchs.

I indulged in as much tobacco in the course of that evening as I usually used in a week, and the unwonted dissipation had an unsatisfactory effect upon my nervous system. What, then, was my horror when, at half-past two o'clock Wilson began talking about spectral appearances, and gravely informed me that his house had the reputation of being haunted; also, that the wandering spirit was that of a person who had been brutally murdered in my room; likewise, that the body had been bestowed in a large cupboard, or rather, a small lumber room, adjoining mine; finally that the apartment assigned to me was the only one in the house that was favoured with the nocturnal visits of the unfortunate departed.

This was cheering! If I had been told that I was to be hung in half an hour, I flatter myself that I could have borne the melancholy tidings like a man; but, in the then state of my nerves, the idea of going to bed in a haunted room was absolutely insupportable. I concealed my agitation, however, with an iron resolution worthy of a better cause; simulated the most perfect calmness and indifference; and, miserable braggart that I was, made sarcastic comments on my friend's story. In reality, I was in a fever of excitement, and could think of nothing but the ghost, and cunning plans for keeping Wilson up till the day broke. He suggested bed, but I repudiated the idea; he said that the journey must have wearied me, and I replied that I was rather more fresh and lively at that moment than I had ever before been in my life; he observed that a walk by the sea-shore would be agreeable after breakfast, and I made a frantic proposal that we should proceed thither at once. At last, the inevitable bed could no longer be postponed; I grasped the candlestick with the courage of despair; kept Wilson in conversation for some minutes on the stairs; at the very door of the dreaded chamber, inquired whether he had lately heard anything of a mutual friend; and shook hands on parting

for the night with an affecting cordiality and lingering warmth which I think rather touched him; but these artifices exhausted, Wilson sought his own apartment, the door closed behind him, and I stood alone within the haunted room.

When changing my damp clothes on first arriving, I only noticed that this chamber was large and comfortably furnished —but then I had not heard of its dismal reputation; now it seemed to wear a weird and desolate aspect, and I looked round half expecting to see the body of the murdered man. Nothing was visible, however, of a more alarming nature than a handsome Arabian beadstead, and a very inviting bed; I glanced at the walls, but they had been freshly papered, and even my fevered imagination could not conjure up traces of a deed of blood; involuntarily my eyes dropped to the floor, but there was no crimson stain there, or, if there was, the comfortable carpet kindly concealed it from me.

I looked at my watch; just half-past three. How quiet everything was; not a sound in the house; not a sound out of doors. To me, a dweller in cities, the stillness was almost supernatural. The desert itself, I thought, could not be more silent. Was it the pervading presence of this restless spirit that produced the solemn hush? Was it indeed the quiet of the grave by which I was surrounded? Was the dread presence of the unknown world felt, but not seen? Musing in this way I undressed.

What is there in a bed to fortify humanity against supernatural influences? Has down any power over the spirit world? Can feathers exorcise evil demons? Do blankets refuse to acknowledge a ghostly presence? I ask these questions for information, having invariably observed that the most timid children consider themselves safe from spectres, hobgoblins, and bogies, whatever their degree, when they are once snug and warm between the sheets. I remember that this used to be the case with me, even when I suffered most severely under the inflictions of Sarah Ann and the nurse; and as I stepped into bed in the haunted room something of the old childish feeling of security again came over me, and I felt inclined to laugh my ridiculous fears to scorn.

Yet, somehow, I could not sleep. Wearied as I was, I felt that lying in that soft warm bed was almost the highest possible degree of physical enjoyment; nevertheless, turn which way I might, lay how I might, try how I might, it was impossible to lose consciousness even for a moment. I closed my eyes, but in an instant a thousand ghostly shapes danced

before them; I determined not to give way to these imaginary horrors, and made desperate efforts to get to sleep; but in vain. If I did grow at all drowsy, strange voices sounded in my ears, and thoroughly awoke me; if I attempted to repel them they came into closer companionship, and the figures of hideous hags, floating like fire in the grim darkness, were burned into my brain; the slow-winged time seemed as though it would never pass; hark! was that the clock in the hall striking four? Yes, it was. I had been in that room little more than half an hour, and yet what tortures had I not endured? I would not bear it any longer—I would see whether I was tormented only by the phantoms of a vivid imagination. I opened my eyes. Everything was dark—hideously, horribly, hopelessly dark; I listened intently; everything was still—singularly, sadly, solemnly, still; I could see nothing. Stay—what was that? A human skull! Nothing more, nothing less. I had heard of the winding sheets which invariably shrouded ghostly forms. Was it a fiction that spirits so appeared? Did they display the semblance of the bony frame—the outline of the human fabric only? It was impossible to say, but there—straight before my eyes, not two yards distant, was a skull—I would not look at it, I would look the other way. I did look the other way; and, merciful Heaven! was I dreaming? There at the foot of the bed, on the other side, was a second skull—the exact counterpart of the first—unless, indeed, the first had changed its place, following the motion of my eyes.

At last, then, I was in the presence of a disembodied spirit! But why did it make itself palpable to me? Had I offended this denizen of another and a hidden world? Could I do aught to give the ghostly visitor rest? Why was I selected as the proper person to see the very thing I did not wish to see?

These were the questions which, with unwearying pertinacity, I asked myself. But to such I could give no satisfactory response. Well, at any rate, I would not be the dupe of my own fancy any longer; if the spectral appearance were *not* a mere phantom of the imagination it would maintain its ground, whatever I might do. I sat up in the bed, and glared at the two skulls—my gaze must have been at once angry, curious, and fearful—but they did not retreat before me—still, motionless and terrible they retained their place.

I was desperate. "Will the ghosts stand light?" I thought, and even as I thought, I acted; I leapt to the floor, struck a lucifer, lit the candle, and then turned round upon the objects of my dread. There they were, quiet, peaceable, common place; the offspring of the carver's art—they were simply

pieces of turned wood surmounting the posts at the bottom of the bed!

From that time forth the ghostly horrors of the haunted room had no terrors for me—from that time forth I went to sleep almost as soon as I got into bed—from that time forth I was relieved from all fear of spectral visitations.

When, a month afterwards, I returned home, my health was completely re-established, the haunted room had for ever lost its legendary name; and I felt that shattered nerves, even more than conscience, can "make cowards of us all."

J. S. L.

ENGLISH SURNAMES.

THE history and classification of English surnames is a subject replete with interest to all who seek in the etymology of those words which have become family patronymics, philological evidence of the origin of races. It would be of course impracticable, in a short paper, to attempt any philosophical inquiry into phases of the question which have puzzled antiquaries, but its lighter and more amusing aspects may at least serve to demonstrate the importance of reducing to some arrangement, and in some measure to account for a collection of words which in England and Wales amounts to the number of forty thousand. Indeed, nomenclature almost attains the dignity of a language, of which, however, the grammar is scarcely known.

The Dean of Westminster, in his admirable volume on the study of words, indicates, with his habitual thoughtfulness, the significance of the very word which stands at the head of our paper. "Much," he says, "is to be learned from knowing that the surname, as distinguished from the Christian name, is the name over and above, not the sire-name, or name received from the father, but sur-name (*super nomen*), that while there never was a time when every baptized man had not a Christian name, inasmuch as his personality before God was recognized, the surname, the name expressing a man's relation, not to the kingdom of God, but to the worldly society in which he lives, is only of a much later growth, an addition to the other, as the word itself declares."

Surnames were first assumed in England probably about the year 1000, for although there is no doubt that their general use was one of the consequences of the Norman

Conquest, there is yet conclusive evidence in our early records that they were occasionally borne by Anglo-Saxon families. We find that surnames were originally derived from local names, and served to designate the particular manor of which the bearer was lord. In some cases a man assumed more than one surname, to identify him, it is conjectured, not only with the Norman territory with which he was connected, but also with the English possessions which afterwards accrued to him. Although there is scarcely a town or village in England which has not given a name to at least one family, it does not therefore follow that *all* the founders of such families were of necessity holders of large estates, for in many instances the name was adopted on account of a mere residence in the particular locality. Very few of the descendants of those who did possess lands now enjoy the property from which their names were derived. Save in Cornwall and Devonshire, and some parts of Gloucestershire, we do not know of any; and even in those parts of England the value of the lands held is so very small that we accept it as the reason for their not having changed owners.

Some of the oldest surnames in England are derived from old Saxon names, and no inconsiderable number may be traced to a Scandinavian origin. Others, again, are evidently connected with Teutonic mythology; and these, we may remark, are among the oldest on record. Mr. Ferguson, who is a very great authority on the subject, is of opinion that of the two Teutonic patronymics, *ing* and *son*, common in English names, the former is more properly Germanic, the latter Scandinavian. *Ing*, or *inger*, signifies son, offspring, being cognate with the English "young." It was discontinued about the time of the Conquest, and consequently all the names in which it appears are carried back to Anglo-Saxon times. In some few cases, however, the termination *ing* may not be from this origin, but rather local, from *ing*, a meadow. Mr. Lower, another antiquarian enthusiast, whose works upon this subject are of the greatest archæological value, and to whom we are indebted for much ingenious research, holds that in most cases the termination *ing* denotes a local origin, and ranks with ham, ley, ton, &c.; but that when the *ing* occurs in the middle of the name of a place, as in Beddingham, Willington, Possingworth, it is the Saxon filial; thus Beddingham, or, more properly, Bedingham, signifies the "ham" or home of the "inga," or sons of Beda, or Bede. The termination *son* is a distinctive feature of all Scandinavian countries, while in Germany it is, on the other hand, of

comparatively rare occurrence. A writer on the "Nationality and Language in the Duchy of Sleswick and South Jutland" advances the frequency of names ending in *son* as an argument for the Danish character of the population.

Whatever its origin, however, it must not be assumed that this termination always denotes Danish extraction, for we find that such names as Jackson, Adamson, &c., did not become hereditary before the thirteenth century, two or three hundred years after the importation of the Scandinavian element. In explanation of this apparent inconsistency we should observe that, when personal or Christian names were once introduced into England, a spirit of imitation was very likely to ensure their being used and perpetuated by persons who were not in any way related to those who first introduced them. Take, for instance, the recent importation of such names as Frederick, Lewis, Albert. So when, a little later, hereditary surnames began to prevail, many assumed the patronymical form. In England the affix employed was *son*, as in Germany, *sohn*, in Sweden, *sens*, and the *O'* or *Mac*, which was so universal in Ireland as to warrant the famous distich,

> Per *Mac*, atque *O'*, tu veros cognoscis Hibernos.
> Hic duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest,"

had the same signification. Sometimes the termination was affixed to the title, occupation, or position of the father, as Dukeson, Clarkson, Smithson, Cookson, Wrightson, Stewardson, &c. The curious termination *ster* is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and denotes a feminine occupation, as *er* does a masculine one; witness—Spinner, Spinster. This word exhibits the change which has taken place in English customs in regard to the employment of females since the Conquest. Brewing and baking were originally the functions of women; hence Baxter, Brewster, but, when they were driven out of their employments, the words become modified into Brewer and Baker. The initial syllable *Swin*, which was the Saxon for pig, and is prefixed to so many names of towns and families, brings us back to the times when the chase of the wild boar, which was the favourite pursuit of our Saxon forefathers, though the mention of the grisly animal would appear incongruous at Swinton, Swindon, or Swinburn.

In later times, that is to say, about the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we find appellations in use which were taken from the office or trade of the wearer, such as Taylor, Smith, Carpenter, Woodman, Collier, Farmer, Barber, Steward, &c. Landseer was the name of a farm bailiff or overlooker of land; Chaloner is from the old French word

"chalon," a boat, or "chalun," a net; Dolman from the Saxon verb "dœlan," to distribute, would appear to denote the original bearer was a distributor of alms, or of lands under the tenantry arrangements of feudal times; though another derivation might be from the adjective "dol," foolish. Walker was the name of forest-rangers; Lokeman means pirate; and Nasmyth was a corruption of nailsmith, a mechanic formerly in much request.

So extraordinary is the variety of names derived from the ordinary occupations of their owners, that we can from memory endorse Mr. Clark's humorous catalogue as being, without any exaggeration, an actual transcript from the registers. There are plenty of families now in existence whose names are below:

Barber, Brazier, Mason and Builder,
Carrier, Carter, Carver and Gilder;
Dancer, Drover, Dresser and Dyer,
Cartwright, Clothier, Caner and Crier;
Arrowsmith, Arkwright, Agent and Butler,
Carpenter, Chandler, Cooper and Cutler;
Bathmaker, Butcher, Brewer and Broker,
Cardmaker, Carman, Corder and Coker;
Bellringer, Bellman, Bowman and Blacker,
Pavier, Pedlar, Painter and Packer;
Currier, Collier, Chanter and Cropper,
Huntsman, Hosier, Hacker and Hopper;
Boatwright, Baker, Binder and Brazier,
Grocer, Gouger, Grinder and Glazier;
Merriman, Mercer, Merchant and Miller,
Banker, Chapman, Cutter and Killer;
Fiddler, Farmer, Joiner and Stringer,
Gardener, Goldsmith, Tapper and Ringer;
Horseman, Hooker, Barker and Peeler,
Fryman, Fowler, Draper and Dealer;
Plowright, Packman, Paner and Plater,
Traveller, Tapster, Thatcher and Slater;
Peddlar, Pittman, Pincher and Potter,
Turner, Trimmer, Tanner and Trotter;
Shoveller, Swindler, Stainer and Smoker,
Saddler, Shearer, Salter and Stoker;
Fleshman, Foreman, Fuller and Fyler,
Taverner, Taylor, Tasker and Tyler;
Dairyman, Doctor, Drawer and Dredger,
Herdsman, Hanker, Hewer and Hedger;
Quarrier, Quilter, Rhymer and Reader,
Bowmaker, Scrivener, Presser and Pleader;
Pressman, Plumer, Poet and Pinner,
Staymaker, Shepherd, Glover and Skinner;
Tuner, Threader, Bridger and Archer,
Tirer, Thrower, Loader and Marcher;
Girdler, Stamper, Keeper and Nailer,
Rasper, Trainer, Baster and Sailer;

Warrener, Workman, Webber and Whiter,
Wheelwright, Watchman, Roper and Writer.
This list of names we might extend,
And fifty more at least append;
Nay—if inclined, we could recite 'em,
Thus one by one, *ad infinitum.*

We may add that the above would form a pleasing aid-to-memory exercise in academies where a commercial education is aimed at.

Another great resource in the early days of nuncupation was to designate persons by names which should identify them with certain physical characteristics or mental and moral qualities for which they were either celebrated or infamous. Very often, as every reader of old ballads must remember, this idea was carried out in another way, and certain great families became invested with traditional peculiarities by the handing down of bynames, consisting of adjectives, often more alliterative than just. Thus we have the following: The beggarly Baliols, the crafty Cradocks, the friendly Forsters, the peerless Percys, the courteous Collingwoods, the heartless Halls, the stern Stapletons, the greedy Greys, the cozening Croziers, and the filthy Foulthorpes.

Blount is derived from the French "blond;" Blue was probably the favourite colour of the man who originally selected the patronymic, but those who derived their names from this source were probably not very particular, if we may judge from the following epitaph recorded by Mr. Lower:

Underneath this ancient pew,
Lies the body of Jonathan Blue.
N.B. His name was Black, but that wouldn't do.

In the Hundred Rolls we find mention of a dancing girl who gave so much gratification to her friends and patrons, that she received the name of Blisse Wenche, transmitting the name of Bliss to her descendants; and the Makejoys take their name from a maiden who found favour in the eyes of Edward, Prince of Wales, in 1297.

Frere is of course from the French. Kinchin is derived from "cynekin," the Anglo-Saxon for royal offspring. Lightfoot explains its own origin; Parrot was no doubt a social bore in early times. Ugley was a gentleman who not only transmitted this unsavoury name to his descendants, but also to his native place in Essex, of which it is said, and might be said of some places in South Africa:

Ugley church, Ugley steeple,
Ugley parson, Ugley people.

Many very curious questions arise on the popularity or the reverse of particular names. When and whence did they come into England? At one time there was no English William, and no Norman Edward. Normans, again, were very much attached to Scriptural names, which, until the Puritans arose, found no favour among English men. The Plantagenets, on one hand, were prolific of John and Thomas. Their names were taboo in the West Saxon royal line, and even now a combination of the two is among Saxon-hearted Britons a synonym for flunkey. There are many names which it is hopeless to attempt to trace to any certain origin. The spelling and pronunciation of words have become so altered during the lapse of time, that it is difficult to find a satisfactory meaning to many words. Very often, too, the surname had some punning reference to national or private traditions, the legend of which has been irrecoverably lost. The Roman nomenclature was a science of the past before the spread of Christianity into Great Britain, or we might have been able to account for words having a classical root, though the combination of heathen and Christian names would have been very extraordinary. The only reliable collateral evidence on disputed points on which we can rely with any confidence is heraldry, a science in itself much less accurately defined in early days than is generally supposed.

It is very interesting to examine the strange transitions of some words adopted as family names, and very entertaining to read the anecdotes which are narrated in explanation of such peculiar vicissitudes. To take a few instances, we find that Broderip is a corruption of a nick-name of Bag-o'-drip given by Henry the Second to his sauce-bearer on account of that functionary's undue fondness for the contents of the sauce-bowl. Bulstrode, of whom it was sung

> "When William conquered English ground
> Bulstrode had per annum three hundred pound,"

had the name given him on account of his bravery, in defending his castle from the Barons to whom the Norman had given it by charging the invaders, in company with his seven sons, all mounted upon bulls.

The corruptions of Durrant, originally Durrandus, resulted first in Durante and then in Dante; Gotobed is a corruption of Gottbet, pray to God; Godlovemilady is a literal translation of a name occurring in the Domesday Book; Rogerus Deus salvet dominas, a swain upon whom probably devolved the task of returning thanks at public dinners to the most

popular of toasts. Mr. Chambers explains the name of Guthrie by an anecdote of a certain king of Scotland who was in the (Scottish) royal habit of sponging upon his subjects, and who, on requesting a fisherman's wife to gut a small fish for him, was so struck by her hospitality in offering, not only to comply with his request, but to "gut three," that exclaiming

"Then Gut-three
Your name shall be,"

he placed her and her family in possession of the lands of Guthrie, which are held by the family to this day. A very similar name Gutsell, is, however, very different in its origin, being only a corruption of God's soul, a profane expression only too common in England in the fourteenth century The family of Scudamore derive their name from the old French "escu d'amour." The origin of Monson is the answer to this direction:

"Lunam cum Phœbo jungitur Nomen habes."

Referring to the statistics of surnames, it would appear, from the official return made by the Registrar-General, that they can only be approximately ascertained, even by the most careful collation of the registration indexes, involving an immense amount of labour and no little precision of arrangement. So much corruption by the illiterate, and even unintentional corruption by the educated—as, for instance, in cases where ignorant people who do not know how to spell leave to the curate, or the registrar, or the relieving officer, the alternative of spelling their names phonetically—is perpetually going on, that it is often almost impossible to define the varieties of principal surnames with anything like precision. In England, these varieties are so widely spread, that there is no redundancy of appellations, but in Wales, the very object of a name, which is to distinguish an individual from the mass of his fellows, is to a great measure defective, owing to the large number of persons bearing the same name. It is calculated that nine tenths of the inhabitants of the Principality could be mustered under less than one hundred surnames. Of 328 registration officers employed, 207 are comprised under 17 surnames, of which Jones and Williams are by far the most common. Indeed, the only remedy which suggests itself against the confusion, every year becoming worse confounded, resulting from this limited selection of surnames appears to lie in a more extended range of Christian names. The following table, which is compiled from official sources, may give the reader some idea of the relative proportion borne by surnames to each other:

Fifty of the most common Surnames in England and Wales, with the aggregate number of each entered in the Indexes of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in the year ending 30th June, 1838, of Births in the quarter ending 31st March, 1851, and of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in the year 1853.

Surnames.	Number of Entries of each Surname.	Surnames.	Number of Entries of each Surname.
Smith	33,557	Harris	7,042
Jones	33,341	Clark	6,920
Williams	21,936	Cooper	6,742
Taylor	16,775	Harrison	6,399
Davies	14,983	Davis	6,205
Brown	14,346	Ward	6,084
Thomas	13,017	Baker	6,013
Evans	12,555	Martin	5,898
Roberts	10,617	Morris	5,888
Johnson	9,468	James	5,755
Robinson	9,045	Morgan	5,691
Wilson	8,917	King	5,661
Wright	8,476	Allen	5,468
Wood	8,238	Clarke	5,309
Hall	8,188	Cook	5,300
Walker	8,088	Moore	5,269
Hughes	8,010	Parker	5,230
Green	7,996	Price	5,219
Lewis	7,959	Phillips	5,124
Edwards	7,916	Watson	4,771
Thompson	7,839	Shaw	4,759
White	7,808	Lee	4,731
Jackson	7,659	Bennett	4,671
Turner	7,549	Carter	4,648
Hill	7,192	Griffiths	4,639

When we group these names in the manner indicated in the subjoined table we shall find that thirteen of them are derived from employments and occupations, seven from locality, and two from colours; one stands alone—the name of King; of which name Mr. Lower remarks that, as every four hundred and thirty-fifth man amongst us is a King, "if all the Kings in England and Wales should come to an understanding to divide these realms in a fair and equitable manner, each monarch could claim but 434 subjects."

The three names Smith, Jones, and Williams are so commonly borne that, on an average, one person in twenty-eight answers to one or other of them.

Fifty of the most common Surnames in England and Wales, arranged with reference to the origin.

Surnames.	Numbers (from the foregoing Table).	Surnames.	Numbers (from the foregoing Table).
DERIVED FROM CHRISTIAN OR FORENAMES.		DERIVED FROM OCCUPATIONS.	
Jones	33,341	Smith	33,557
Williams	21,926	Taylor	16,775
Davies	14,983	Wright	8,476
Thomas	13,017	Walker	8,088
Evans	12,555	Turner	7,549
Roberts	10,617	Clark	6,920
Johnson	9,468	Cooper	6,742
Robinson	9,045	Ward	6 084
Wilson	8,917	Baker	6,013
Hughes	8,010	Clarke	5,309
Lewis	7,959	Cook	5,300
Edwards	7,916	Parker	5,230
Thompson	7,839	Carter	4,648
Jackson	7,659	DERIVED FROM LOCALITY.	
Harris	7,042	Wood	8,238
Harrison	6,399	Hall	8,188
Davis	6,205	Green	7,996
Martin	5,898	Hill	7,192
Morris	5,888	Moore	5,269
James	5,755	Shaw	4,759
Morgan	5,691	Lee	4,731
Allen	5,468	DERIVED FROM PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.	
Price	5,219	Brown	14,346
Phillips	5,124	White	7,808
Watson	4,771	FROM OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES.	
Bennett	4,671	King	5,661
Griffiths	4,639		

When we consider how large a proportion of these names are derived from the various pursuits, customs, and even amusements of our ancestors, we cannot but be struck by the reflection that, in the event of any national disaster occurring to disturb our nomenclature, importations of names having reference to modern occupations and requirements would certainly supersede many which are now venerable. This has taken place in America to a very great extent, where thousands of people have adopted names never

pronounced in their fatherland. We will now give a table of surnames deduced from more recent statistics than the preceding one, which we imagine will surprise and interest most of our readers:

Estimated Number of Persons in England and Wales bearing the undermentioned fifty most common Surnames (deduced from the Indexes of the Registers of Births, Deaths, and Marriages).

Surnames.	Estimated number of Persons in 1853.	Surnames.	Estimated number of Persons in 1853.
Allen	40,500	Lee	35,200
Baker	43,600	Lewis	58,000
Bennett	35,800	Martin	43,900
Brown	105,600	Moore	39,300
Carter	33,400	Morgan	41,000
Clark	50,700	Morris	43,400
Clarke	38,100	Parker	39,100
Cook	38,100	Phillips	37,900
Cooper	48,400	Price	37,900
Davies	113,600	Roberts	78,400
Davis	43,700	Robinson	66,700
Edwards	58,100	Shaw	36,500
Evans	93,000	Smith	253,600
Green	59,400	Taylor	124,400
Griffiths	34,800	Thomas	94,000
Hall	60,400	Thompson	60,600
Harris	51,900	Turner	56,300
Harrison	47,200	Walker	59,300
Hill	52,200	Ward	45,700
Hughes	59,000	Watson	34,800
Jackson	55,800	White	56,900
James	43,100	Williams	159,900
Johnson	69,500	Wilson	66,800
Jones	242,100	Wood	61,200
King	42,300	Wright	62,700

We have seen a catalogue containing nearly two thousand names of persons, the greater part of whom are now living in England, who, for some reason or another which the most ingenious speculations can scarcely account for satisfactorily, have adopted patronymics which are derived from the following sources, viz.: persons or things appertaining to religion; the mineral kingdom; the vegetable kingdom; buildings, their parts, &c.; war and its concomitants; moods, temperaments, &c.; musical instruments; epochs of life;

shapes, &c.; relating to books, &c.; points of compass; implements, tools, commodities, characteristics, qualities, &c.; clothing and ornaments; diseases and their concomitants; liquors; colours; titles; money, weights, measures, figures; times, seasons, weather; participles, verbs, adjectives, &c.; singular occupations; the voice; acts; motions; gambling; relationships; occupations; rivers; mountains; nationalities; comestibles; topographical terms; parts of the body; attributes of the mind; ships; birds, beasts, and fishes; insects and reptiles; countries; places and suburbs of London. For the satisfaction of the curious in such remarkable combinations we subjoin a brief selection of names of this class, merely premising that they are all to be found in the registers of birth in England. Their juxtaposition is strikingly ludicrous, so far as regards the contrast of the christian and surnames. In more than one instance the selection is grotesquely profane:

Edith Lunch.	Portland Duchess.
John Bottle-of-Beer.	Judas Iscariot Noseworthy.
Henry Fitz-Empress.	Mahala Wink.
Ann Mummery.	Walter Proverbs.
Time-of-Day Trollop.	Gabriel Incarnation.
Mary Corpse.	Hannah Paternoster.
David Hell.	Wallace Wedlock.
Acts Apostles.	Ann Pitchfork.
Mary Bysouth.	Fanny Dagger.
Amos Conduit.	Timothy Quill.
Zipporah Gravel.	Theophilus Spavin.
Henry Hiccups.	Mary Rickets.
Louisa Boils.	Alfred Bolus.
Alexander Glanders.	Jacob Table Porter.
John Corns.	Sarah Spree.
Philadelphia Pentecost.	Maher-shalal-hash-bash-Bug.
Pontius Pilate Topps.	Joseph-of-Arimathea Hockley-in-the-Hole.
Inkerman Dinner.	

On some future occasion we hope to recur to this subject with the view of obtaining more consideration for its serious aspects than is generally vouchsafed, even by those who recognize its importance in a social point of view.

THE CIVIL SERVICE CLUB.

Although the immortal *Mr. Punch*, speaking in the assumed interest of antimatrimonialists, sarcastically defines a club to be a weapon of defence carried by male gorillas to keep off the

white women, we, albeit neither friendly to the "odious tribe," nor sufficiently fool-hardy to brave the charms of the fair sex, venture to take advantage of the recent attempt to establish a club in Cape Town to say a few words on the subject of institutions of this character, with the view of discovering whether they can advantageously be introduced in a colony situated as ours is; and, if so, what modifications or adaptations of the exclusive and luxurious system in vogue at home would be most calculated to ensure their success and practical value.

Most Englishmen, and nearly all Londoners, who belong to the higher and upper division of the middle class of society are members of a club of one denomination or another. To those who are not familiar with the changes which have taken place in the tone of English manners during the present century, and these are not few in number, we may remark that the influence of the clubs, as representing public opinion on matters of social importance, has been widely felt, and its effects have been almost universally wholesome and salutary. What the coffee-houses were to the English of Queen Anne's reign, and the *café* is to the Parisian of to-day, the club is to the statesman, the *littérateur*, the traveller, or the man of fashion—a perfect rendezvous; a home replete with luxuries, at least with such as are attainable by those who, from habit, inclination, or necessity, are precluded from the enjoyment of domestic life, with this additional advantage, that as each member of the club is likewise a co-partner and master, he possesses, in common with his fellows, the power of adding to his comforts by choosing his own society, at least to the negative extent of exercising his right to put a veto upon the admission of those with whom he does not care to associate.

The only evils which can grow out of such institutions are inseparable from the benefits which they afford. When we take into consideration the peculiar constitution of such a society, which is, in fact, founded upon the mutual joint-stock principle, in its widest sense, we cannot be surprised that, with a perpetually-increasing capital, derived from the high entrance-fees which are demanded from new members, and the large yearly revenues which the subscriptions, moderate as they are, supply for the maintenance of the establishment,—a member of a London club, availing himself of all the appliances to luxury which wealth can command, finds that, on this same mutual principle, he can, with a very limited income, enjoy every refinement which renders life enjoyable in addition to these social advantages to which we have just alluded. It is, in fact, a preponderance, in some instances, of a selfish regard to the less important uses of a club which has induced a supposition that they are hot-beds of dissipation and enervating idleness; weaning men from the noble and more manly paths of honour and duty; gradually accustoming the young to habits of indulgence which are fatal to independent action, and making the couch of the sybarite the *summum bonum*

of existence. We believe, however, that though this may be true of some, it is, happily, untrue of the many, and that the danger, where it exists, is counterbalanced by the refining influence which the clubs have exercised upon the pursuits and recreations of young men during the last few years. It is a mistake to fancy that a mere craving for luxury was the motive of the founders. The apparent extravagance which is a feature of club-houses, and which to strangers seems most prominent, is the gradual result of increasing prosperity, scarcely contemplated by the original projectors.

When a private individual has the opportunity of gratifying any want he usually avails himself of the advantage he possesses over his neighbours, whether that happens to be unlimited wealth or the command of the market. So, the members of a club, who are fortunate in both these particulars, can scarcely avoid securing the best of everything. The evil, after all, is one to which every rich man is equally liable.

The formation of a club in Cape Town is not a new idea. In fact, from what we can gather, the derision which was excited against the Civil Service Club is attributable rather to the *supposed* ultra-exclusiveness of the new institution than to any ignorance of the benefits which would be unquestionably attainable through its means. The old South African Club, which was established in the palmy days when our Indian visitors roused Cape Town to gaiety which is now, alas! unknown, was at one time well supported, and when, from causes into which we need not inquire, it perished untimely, a remembrance of the comfortable rendezvous which it afforded was still powerful enough to induce a few of the old members to resuscitate it on even a better footing in 1850. This club has only just been broken up, chiefly, it is understood, from want of funds.

We do not recollect that any opposition was made to this club, nor that any ridicule was cast upon its members. Its exclusiveness was, however, very marked, and the general constitution of the society resembled that of the Civil Service Club. After acquainting ourselves with the various regulations which have been adopted by the new club, and examining the charges brought against those who inaugurated it, we have come to the conclusion that the objections raised are trivial and unsubstantial, and might with equal reason be alleged against any similar institution.

The original intention of the projectors appears to have been the direct and exclusive benefit of members of the Civil Service. This was wisely modified, in consequence of the expressed desire of many outsiders to benefit by the club, and we now are glad to observe that there is no qualification required for admission save that of high character and unsullied reputation.

If the club can create and maintain a *prestige* we feel persuaded that it must succeed. If, on the other hand, members are admitted whose characters are worse than doubtful, merely on

account of their wealth and influence, it will as surely degenerate. Here, more than anywhere, is it requisite for a society starting with such pretensions ruthlessly to brand vice and *snobbism*, in the true meaning of the term, as intolerable. We are not careful to inquire whether the members of the club are official or mercantile men. It is nothing to us if they secure to themselves those supplementary gratifications which are so singularly wanting in Cape Town, and which would be placed within the reach of young men by the force of combination, perhaps saving them from the allurements of vulgar pleasures, nor do we think it necessary to their influence that they should be men of wealth or power. Every one knows the beneficial control which is exercised in the army and navy by mess regulations. There is a tacit free-masonry which makes each man feel that he is responsible for the reputation of his brother-officers, and renders him proportionably jealous of his own. It is impossible for a man who has been guilty of a blackguardly action to continue in the service. So, in England, the committee of a club reserve to themselves the power of expelling any member who may disgrace himself, lest by their implied countenance of him their own characters should become tarnished.

Some body which might upon occasion assume to itself inquisitorial functions is highly desirable in this colony, where, socially speaking, each man is isolated and irresponsible, and all do that which seems right in their own eyes. In ordinary life how often do we find that, unless a man or woman is on visiting terms with a particular individual or set, his or her reputation is second-rate. Let a man be a Duke, there are certain circles into which he could no more penetrate than to the North Pole were there a flaw in his moral character.

Something of the kind is necessary here. We have not a sufficiently marked test of character. The social Shibboleth is tolerated with a "burr."

If the new club assumed merely to be a mutual benefit association, or devoted its energies to the accomplishment of wondrous tiffins, we should deem it beneath our notice. It is because we detect a higher purpose that we address its founders in words of encouragement. The day of small things is not to be despised, and we are assured that if that purpose is kept steadily in view as one of paramount importance, namely, the putting into practice that theory of Mr. Thackeray which he lately laid down in his incomparable answer to the oft-repeated question, "What is it to be a gentleman?" the club will not want support. If the principles with which it has started are abandoned, it will as certainly fall to the ground.

With the private arrangements of the club we have no concern. The number of members is not, we understand, sufficiently numerous at present to admit of the erection of a new building for the club-house, and some difficulty will be experienced in obtaining

suitable premises in a proper quarter of the town. But we hope that this will be overcome. Once fairly established on the mere score of convenience, many men will find it a desirable thing to belong to the club; and when it is thoroughly understood that the society, however small, is one where gentlemanly language and demeanour will be imperatively required, where the strictest probity and honour in a man's public and private relations will be looked for as indispensable, and where slander, jobbery, and ruffianism will be put down with a strong hand, others whom the domestic comforts of the club would not attract will be anxious to co-operate in a scheme which proposes such beneficial results, and by passing the ballot (which we trust will be rigidly and judiciously used), to obtain a gratifying proof of the estimation in which they are held by their fellows.

LONGING.

AN ENGLISH SONG.

The Spring-tide come with silver showers,
  And golden sunbeams them between,
And I was glad when trees and flowers
  Were clothed again in freshest green.
But soon I cried, "O weary Spring!
  Sweet Mary doth not love me yet;
Speed on, dull year, and summer bring,
  Summer may be more fortunate."

Then Summer came,—bright leafy June,
  The lovely evenings of July,
Nights glorious with stars and moon;
  "O welcome summer time"! sang I
But soon the summer wearied me,
  For still sweet Mary loved me not;
I longed for Autumn; that might be
  The bearer of a happier lot.

Then Autumn came with ripened corn,
  And fruits, and trees of varied hue,
Most beautiful at ruddy morn,
  And I rejoiced in Autumn too.
I wearied, too, of Autumn soon,
  For Mary's love was yet to win;
Winter might bring the wished for boon:
  I longed for Winter to begin.

Old Winter came with frost and snow,
But the fireside within was bright,
Where friends did meet, and hearts did glow;
It was a season of delight.
But as the merry laugh went round,
I felt my heart was still alone;
Sweet Mary's love I had not found,
And all my sadness was my own.

And thus the seasons came and went,
Yet sweeter they than all before;
More loveliness to each she lent,
For her dear sake I loved them more.
At last she heard my fervent vow,
At last for mine gave me her heart;
She to my home lends beauty now,
And nought but death us twain shall part.

C. L

LITERARY REVIEW.

The present appears to be an age which peculiarly demands that the secret history of the past should be faithfully displayed. We are no longer contented to accept as authentic the popular narratives which were presumed satisfactorily to account for those political movements which convulsed the world. These but too often deal in general theories, slight and unphilosophical, regarding the causes and results of remarkable transition periods of national life. We pass all the facts upon which such views are based rigorously under review, and as our knowledge gradually becomes more universal in character, owing to the rich store of public records and private archives which time has brought to light, we find ourselves able to judge of events which puzzled preceding generations with more likelihood than they have of arriving at truth. Perhaps the advantage thus enjoyed tempts most of us to construct, each for himself, a private general history of the world, in which partiality (save for a few of the heroes of our youth) finds no place; and which has this additional recommendation in preference to standard works, that we are able to make use of information received to the latest dates, to fill in those outlines which are indistinct, and to throw light upon that which is obscure. To those of our readers who have felt, in reading the history of France under Louis xv, that there was an under-current of political and social immorality which had an incalculable influence upon the tendencies of that remarkable age, and that its importance has not of late been sufficiently recognized, we recommend the work on that

reign written by Doctor Challice. It assumes to be a secret history of the Court, but although it contains a good deal of varied and most valuable information, it deals chiefly with the life and character of Mdme. de Pompadour. The very extraordinary position held by her, and the wonderful influence which she possessed over the most illustrious statesmen of that brilliant era, mark Mdme. de Pompadour as the representative woman of France at that period. When we reflect that the acknowledged mistress of the king was the real head of the administration; the champion of civil and religious liberty; that her counsel was sought and her favour courted by princes, generals, and the most influential of the nobility of her country, and that she was the enlightened patroness of art and literature, we have a key to the widely-spread social corruption which, but a short time afterwards, produced such terrible disorganization. We frankly admit that all her public acts were dictated by a judicious patriotism, and that her power was wisely used for the benefit of her native land. But that such power such capabilities for good or evil, should have attached to her position, proves that the stigma of disgrace which has been branded on her personal fame should be shared by a nation which openly countenanced and encouraged her in wielding a sceptre which was not hers by right.

Doctor Challice is very chivalrous in his defence of Mdme. de Pompadour as a private individual, apart from what we may be permitted to term her official position. Where we catch a glimpse of the inner workings of her heart, we cannot fail to be struck by her desolation amidst surrounding grandeur.

The following revelation is very pathetic. We extract from one of her letters:

"Your letter does not satisfy my heart, for you are of the small number of those whom I esteem and like to see. I feel alone in the midst of this crowd of small grandees, who hate me, and whom I despise. (This alluded to the strangers whom the Versailles festivities attracted there, and who, unfamiliar with the internal workings of politics and parties, no doubt regarded the marquise as merely the king's mistress, whose power was transitory.) As for the women, their conversation gives me the headache. Their vanity, their affected airs, their pettiness and deceit, render them insupportable. I do not tell them that I am not happy. It is now I know that kings can weep like other men. For myself I often weep over the ambition that has brought me here, and over the weakness which retains me. Pity my heart-weakness. It is said that the King of Monomotapa has 500 buffoons, who go with him everywhere to make him laugh. Louis xv has 500 apes, who weary him every day when he rises; but it is seldom they make him laugh; he is scarcely less melancholy than myself. How I pity them, these gods of the earth, who are thought to be so happy! Friendship alone, even more than love, can console them. But kings have no friends. There are, perhaps, but few who deserve to have them. They know but slaves and flatterers."

With the exception, perhaps, of a little exaggeration in the excuses which he makes for the favourite in her equivocal situation, Doctor

Challice writes with great candour and liberality. His book is interesting to the reader because the subject is so evidently dear to the writer. The passing allusions to men of intellectual calibre like Voltaire, Rousseau, and Montesquieu,—to monarchs like Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, and other names which have made the period famous, are all in good taste, and exhibit considerable power of discrimination and careful reference to authentic sources of information.

If we are rich in memoirs of the past, we are equally fortunate in the means at our disposal of opening up new countries and studying the characteristics of their strange denizens. One of the most entertaining books of travel which has been published for some time, is Mr. Edward Brown's "Adventures in Cochin-China." It would appear that in the latter part of 1856, the author, under circumstances with the nature of which he does not acquaint us, found himself destitute, with other British seamen, on the beach of Hong-Kong, and after a brief term of employment in the police force of that city, was engaged as master of a Chinese "lorcha," trading to Wai-how. This vessel, meeting with tempestuous weather, after a few days, came in sight of Cape Varela, on the coast of Cochin-China, and here did the trials of the adventurer commence. The whole of the bays in the vicinity of this headland are haunted by pirates of the most ferocious and bloodthirsty character, and when the master of the ill-fated "lorcha" found that seven large "tymungs" were in pursuit of her—all well armed—he knew that the time had come for him and his crew to sell their lives dearly. After a long and courageous fight their little vessel was overpowered; but instead of meeting their fate, as they feared, under circumstances of sanguinary cruelty from the barbarians, they were, under penalty of instant death, pressed into the ranks of the pirates; and the master, whose skill in gunnery had caused his opponents much annoyance, was taken before the chief, and appointed to drill the crew of one of the largest "tymungs" into a knowledge of the science which, in his hands, had proved so fatal. In this dilemma, Captain Brown had no alternative but to submit, and continued for some time to perform his part of gunner to a band of pirates who daily deserved hanging *en masse* for their crimes. Finding, however, that some ambitious spirits did actually make progress under his forced tuition, the captain had scruples of conscience as to his abetting the pirates so actively in their unholy vocation, and he determined at all hazards to decline the office of drilling them. The expression of this determination produced some surprise and considerable opposition from the chief and others in authority, and after a few days of spiteful treatment, the untamed and unreasoning rage which possesses, with demoniacal fury, the demi-savage when he is thwarted, broke out into actual brutality, which ended in the poor victim's landing half-naked, wounded by gun-shot, and beaten to exhaustion, upon a beach inhabited only by fishermen,

and those of the poorest class, whose filth and squalor forbids all description. After many days of wearisome confinement, he was at last able to obtain the attention of the authorities, who forwarded him to a town on another part of the coast for examination by the Quong, or magistrate of the district. From this time our unfortunate countryman led a wretched existence. He was passed from village to town all through the country, making the journey entirely on foot, and exposed by day to the most piercing heat, and at night to the persecutions of the whole insect tribe.

The following sketch of one of the Quongs by whom he was received, —who, as it were, *vised* his passport —does not prepossess us in favour of those functionaries:

"I was ushered into a large room, in the centre of which was a raised platform, on which was a dirty old man, full sixty years of age, squatted on his hams. His legs, which were curiously curled together, were disproportionately long, and more resembling a grasshopper's, when compared with the other portions of his body. He was chewing betel-nut voraciously, and at intervals smoking a paper-cigar, which was turned as red as blood, from absorbing a portion of the saliva. He did not seem to have a tooth in his head. He was vociferating in a harsh, guttural jargon, which appeared to come from his stomach; he gave emphasis to his words by a stiff movement of his body backwards and forwards; he seemed to have a hinge in his spine, and nowhere else. His eyes sank into his head; he had high cheek bones, and broad nostrils; the bridge of his nose was level with his face, and had peculiar blue streaks across it. His cheeks fell in against his gums, puffing out whenever he spoke. Altogether, he was the most hideous being I had seen in this country."

It does not appear that beyond the hardships which would have afflicted every European in such a climate, and among such barbarous people as the Cochinese, Captain Brown received any treatment which could be termed inhospitable. On the contrary, he desires us to share his impression, that, as a general rule, the Cochinese are much more humane and generous to strangers than their neighbours the Chinese. The account he gives of the resources of the country is very flattering. Near the city of Kang-war-ting, although this town, like others inland, is very thinly peopled, he says:

"There were many fields of cotton, sweet potatoes, rice, peas, and a few of sugarcanes, beans, ground nuts, and maize (or Indian corn). Of spices, there were cinnamon, mace, cloves, nutmegs, and pepper; the latter growing like scarlet-runners, and sticked in a similar manner, the pepper-corn grows in bunches like young grapes. There were also small plantations of betel-nut and and cocoa-nuts. The borders of the fields were planted with various descriptions of trees and stems. Every house or cottage had a garden attached to it, producing the most beautiful and delicious fruits; some species were only in bloom, others had the fruit just forming, so that there is a continued supply nearly all the year round.

"Of all the countries, east or west, north or south, that I ever visited, none excel Cochin-China in the production of fruit; the soil and

climate appear admirably adapted to its growth and perfection. The island of Java is considered the fruit-garden of the east; but I think its productions cannot surpass those of Cochin-China in quantity or quality. Among the various kinds that came under my observation and taste were the jack-fruit, which has a fragrant smell and a rich taste. It sometimes grows to an immense size; some I have seen weighing one hundred pounds each. It is the production of a small tree, about the size of a pear-tree, to which it is attached by a hollow stem resembling that of the banana; it is covered with a tough green skin with blunt prickles on the outside. The edible fruit is in divisions four or five inches long, and one and a half inch thick, of a bright yellow colour, something resembling the pine-apple, but not so crisp; it is soft and flabby. In the centre of each division is a kernel, three inches long, and larger than the fruit which surrounds it. The kernels are dried in the sun, and preserved till winter, when they are planted in moist ground for about fifteen days, and just as they take root and sprout out they are dug up again, washed, and boiled; their taste is very good, something between a yam and an artichoke, but superior to either. The jack-fruit is very plentiful in most parts of Cochin-China, and frequently grows wild; it is much esteemed by the natives.

"The durian is also very plentiful, and considered very good by those who can muster the disagreeable smell attending it, which, to my nasal organs, resembles exploded gunpowder. I have heard it remarked that if a person accustomed to this fruit enters a room where it is being eaten, he must partake of some, or its smell will cause him to vomit. It is of an oval shape, nearly the size of a cocoa-nut, and has a rough prickly skin.

"The ram-boo-tan is about the size of a large apple, and has a very delicious sub-acid flavour; it is very wholesome and refreshing in this climate. With its juice the natives anoint themselves to prevent mosquitos from biting them; I tried the antidote myself, but found it of no service.

"There are also the custard-apple, doe-koe, nam-nam, pomplemoos (or large orange); the last is rather acrimonious, and not so choice as the common orange, which is in great abundance. I have bought oranges at one cash, or less than the seventeenth part of a farthing each, in the city of Kang-war-ting.

"There are several species of gourd, besides the cocoa-nut, banana, plantains, mangoes, geng-geng, laiches, nectarines, grapes, pears, plums, limes, lemons, mulberry, citron, pomegranate, dates, prunes, guava, peach, persimmon, quince, arbutus, and raspberry; but the most delicious of all is the man-gus-tan, a small round fruit, not too sweet, but extremely agreeable to the taste, and always esteemed a great delicacy."

The cities appear to be clean and healthy, and in this respect are infinitely superior to the small villages. One curious feature of the arsenals, which are in every important place, is the quantity of European arms they contain; and this is more surprising when we take into consideration the fact that Cochin-China is not open to European trade. The price of provisions is very cheap, and their supply plentiful. The coinage of the country is infinitesimally small; the laws are cruel and despotic to the last degree; and their execution under the auspices of the mandarins is horribly barbarous.

Captain Brown witnessed one execution, and his account of it must be our last extract from the book:

"In front, squatted on a platform, was the judge, a mandarin of high rank, with four other mandarins and a Buddhist priest around him. These were to see that the torture was performed effectually. To the right was a small smith's forge, with a fire lighted, and blown by bellows in the shape of a square box, having an air-tight slide in the inside which worked by the hand like a piston, forcing out air through two square holes in the side against the fire.

"By the side of each prisoner stood four soldiers; two at the head and two at the feet. To the left were twelve soldiers drawn up in a line, holding long spears mounted on bamboo poles.

"The torturer was a cadaverous-looking man, with a scoundrel-looking aspect, a hook nose, tall, and ghastly lean! He was dressed in fawn-coloured clothes, and had a black sugar-loaf hat on his head. By his side stood two satellites, dressed in similar clothing, and dangling heavy chains, pincers, long irons, and other instruments of torture in their hands; looking as if they had been selected for these offices on account of their hideous and forbidding aspect.

"At a word from the mandarin who was on the platform the twelve soldiers came to the charge with their spears. The torturers ran to the forge with two pairs of tongs having broad ends, like those used to press women's hair, only much larger, and capable of retaining the heat a long time. These were placed in the forge, and the two boys or satellites commenced blowing the fire with the box-bellows.

"A procession came forward, consisting of a Buddhist priest, with some incense-sticks burning in his hands, accompanied by three low mandarins. The priest, after admonishing the prisoners, asked them if they would confess their crime. The young man cried pitifully, begging for mercy. The old man said nothing, nor showed any emotion whatever; he knew well enough it was useless. Presently, the three mandarins and the priest left them and returned to the judge, who called out again loudly, when the soldiers who stood by the prisoners stripped them of their nethermost garments and laid their extremities bare. The judge gave another order, and four soldiers with rattans ran on each side of the prisoners. The judge then called out 'Ytan,' and the soldiers commenced flogging them most barbarously. One stood at the head, on the right hand side, and one at the feet, on the left side, two to each prisoner, their rattans converging across the posteriors of the poor wretches.

"The young man cried bitterly for mercy, but the old man only groaned in his agony. The flogging was so severe that in a few moments the flesh rose in pustules, which soon burst, from other and repeated blows. Each of them received about one hundred lashes, when the judge called out to cease. The priest and three mandarins came forward, in the same manner as before, to ask them to confess; but by this time the young man had become insensible. The old man denied the crime still. The procession returned to the judge, who called out again, when two soldiers ran forward, each with a pair of scissors, and cropped off the prisoners' hair. This being finished, the judge gave another order, when the torturers ran to them with the red-hot tongs; the priest and two mandarins came also, the former with a small cupful of some spirit, a few drops of which he spilt on the hot irons, and then waved his hands to the judge, who gave the final order, when the two satellites seized the red-hot pincers, flourished them in their hands, sprang forward, and clasped them firmly on the thickest part of the left thigh of

each prisoner. The muscles trembled with pain all over their bodies, both groaned fearfully, and at intervals gave a loud shriek. The flesh swealed with the heat of the irons, and a blue steamy smoke arose, attended with a low crackling, or rather fizzing noise, causing a very offensive odour."

We have a book about another Captain Brown, the life and letters of him who was two years ago executed in Virginia for an "armed attack upon American slavery;" or, in plain words, for treason. Many people think him a martyr. We do not join in this view. His mad precipitation helped to hasten the miserable struggle of which we cannot predict the end. With old Puritan obstinacy, having once made up his mind that he had a mission to perform, he went through with it, and was most justly condemned to suffer the penalty of his crime. The party who now seek to extenuate it will have a difficult task, and we do not think the attempt to create for this unfortunate man a posthumous reputation at all calculated to allay the angry feelings which his actions excited.

A book written with a far better object, and in very different style, is Mr. Ellison's "Slavery and Secession in America." This should be read by all who desire to know the points of dispute in this great controversy. The author is eloquent and philosophical, and approaches the difficult subject of the present war with fairness and an evident desire to conceal no one of its terrible lessons from those anxious to learn their duties in the crisis.

The mention of America reminds us of Italy. Both nations are on the eve of mighty changes, and one of them has just suffered a heavy trial in the loss of a statesman who was bound up in her interests. Mr. Dicey's "Memoir of Count Cavour" will be eagerly read. The career of that illustrious statesman has been so long watched that most of its incidents are familiar to us. His life and its purpose, his genius, his desires, and plans, and faith, all were known at home and abroad. His head and heart were true to his country, and where he was admired for his consummate diplomacy he was also beloved for his patriotism. This little tribute of admiration from Mr. Dicey is honest and faithful, and will enhance his own reputation, which was in some danger a short time back, after the publication of some unwise strictures on Roman society.

In poetry, beyond a volume by Mr. Ashe, entitled "Dryope, and other Poems," of average merit, but not containing any one poem of great beauty, and another by Gerald Massey, in which the promise of his former works is not kept, we have nothing worth notice.

In fiction, among novels to be avoided "A Family History;" "Shadow and Sunshine" and "Great Catches" are the most foolish and objectionable; and to those who are really moderate in their appetite for light reading we would suggest that it may be amply gratified by those charming tales now being published in *All the Year Round* by

Sir Bulwer Lytton, and in our old favourites, *Temple Bar*, the *Cornhill*, and *Macmillan's Magazine.*

The three novels to which we allude are now sufficiently advanced in plot as to justify us in referring to them as the best works of the day. "A Strange Story" is written in Sir Bulwer Lytton's happiest manner. It commences with the autobiographical sketch of a young physician's residence in an English provincial town. Society is divided into two distinct social circles, to the higher of which we are, however, only introduced at present. The delineation of some of the principal personages of Abbey Hill is very clever, and the portrait of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz, particularly, is founded upon very careful observation of those lighter shades of character which escape other than a master's eye. Dr. Fenwick, on first settling amongst them, unfortunately gives offence to a rival, who, although a physician of the old school, had been converted to a belief in somnambular clairvoyance, which had gradually developed into a deeply-seated conviction of the existence of the soul independent of mind, as of matter. On this question the hero of the story, whose views upon physiology were subordinate to a hard realism inseparable from mathematical training, speaks out in such bold and warning tones that the disciple of Mesmer is discarded by his patrons, loses his practice, and dies suddenly of a broken heart. On his deathbed, he warns the younger practitioner that the visionary world in which he disbelieved would be to him a realm in which he should himself wander in straggling bewilderment as a retribution for presumptuous scepticism. On physiological phenomena the tale is evidently based. Readers of "Harold" and "Godolphin" will remember the wondrous magic with which the romance of mysticism is worked up. Something similar may be expected now. The mysteries of modern science will afford greater scope for the play of the author's imagination, while they will be at the same time made familiar to us under the light of his sound philosophy and discriminating judgment.

Everything for a time prospers with the young, brave, and highly-cultivated doctor. But anon we are introduced to Miss Ashleigh, who with her mother comes to reside in the favoured precincts of the Hill. To this young lady he becomes suddenly attached. His love is returned, but the object of it suffers from a nervous affection, apparently causeless, and this extraordinary disease it is which first arrests the physician's attention, and awakens in his mind doubts as to the truth of those negative principles which he had so dogmatically announced. The description by Lilian of her early dreams, that visionary life which could only have been led by a young child of deep imagination, with her

"Conscience as a sea at rest"

is very exquisite, and the little lovemaking which is given to us in the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters is of a very romantic, and at the

same time, well-bred style. The story promises (to use an adjective desecrated to Melodrama) to be of "thrilling" interest.

The author of "Ravenshoe" must be a man with a wonderful perception of humour. His notices of dogs and children are charmingly original. We cannot resist the temptation to extract the following specimen of childish prattle which is one of the most natural conversations ever reported. Mary (Miss Corby) is walking with Lord Hainault's children.

"Miss Corby," said Gus, "if Lady Ascot is such a good woman, she will go to heaven when she dies?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said Mary.

"And, when grandma dies, will she go to heaven, too?" said the artful Gus, knowing as well as possible that old Lady Hainault and Lady Ascot were deadly enemies.

"I hope so, my dear," said Mary.

"But does Lady Ascot hope so? Do you think grandma would be happy if—"

It became high time to stop Master Gus, who was getting on too fast. Mary having bowled him out, Miss Flora had an innings.

"When I grow up," said Flora, "I shall wear knee-breeches and top-boots, and a white bull-dog, and a long clay pipe, and I shall drive into Henly on a market-day, and put up at the Catherine Wheel."

Mary had breath enough left to ask her why.

"Because Farmer Thompson at Casterton dresses like that, and he is such a dear old darling. He gives us strawberries and cream; and in his garden are gooseberries and peacocks; and the peacocks' wives don't spread out their tails like their husbands do,—the foolish things. Now, when I am married—"

Gus was rude enough to interrupt her here. He remarked—

"When Archy goes to heaven, he'll want the cat to come to bed with him; and, if he can't get her, there'll be a pretty noise."

"My dears," said Mary, "you must not talk any more nonsense; I can't permit it."

"But my dear Miss Corby," said Flora, "we haven't been talking nonsense, have we? I told you the truth about Farmer Thompson."

"I know what she means," said Gus; "We have been saying what came into our heads, and it vexes her. It is all nonsense, you know, about your wearing breeches; we musn't vex her."

Mr. Shirley Brooks has finished his novel, "The Silver Cord." Like every work published piecemeal, its incidents are a little crowded, and the dramatic unity of the plot is often sacrificed to the necessity of making each chapter telling in interest. His materials are very rich and the sketches of French life are particularly lifelike. The quiet domestic character of some of the earlier scenes in the book is very soothing when contrasted with the stormier passages which afterwards occur. We think, however, that the author has failed in the construction of this tale, though there are detached portions of it which are superior to anything from his pen.

The attention of the Cape people having been very recently drawn to Madagascar, we would recommend to notice the "Last Travels of

Ida Pfeiffer," which is in the Public Library, and contains a very interesting account of that enterprising lady's sojourn in the island in the time of Queen Ranavola. The book is so interesting that it will become deservedly popular ; and the spirited yet faithful manner in which it has been translated renders the volume doubly attractive.

ON DUELLING.

FEW readers of American newspapers will be disposed to gainsay the fact that however eloquently moral philosophers of the present day may congratulate themselves and their disciples on that refinement of manners which is a characteristic of our modern civilization, public sentiment in a very important quarter of the globe is yet so debased as to regard duelling, if not as an institution to be stringently upheld, at least to be tolerated as a social necessity. It is, indeed, a curious subject of speculation that our Transatlantic neighbours, who, in so many ways, are ahead of the world, should yet have to learn those first principles of humanity which have been impressed by so many painful experiences upon the mind of Europe.

In the early days of chivalry and romance, when even ordinary legislation was curiously mixed up with superstitious observances, single combats were the recognized resource of all disputants whose claims could not be righteously adjusted by judicial authorities; either on account of the lack of evidence, or because the rank and power of the quarrelsome subjects was so great as to intimidate the judges from deciding the cause at issue; and as it was then commonly believed that "Right *would* overcome Might," the judicial duel was invested with almost religious solemnity, and none were permitted to enter upon it without certain forms and preparations. It was regularly embodied in the code of jurisprudence, and was universally preferred to any other kind of legal procedure. In England and throughout Europe until the sixteenth century, we find the duel regarded as the universal umpire in all cases of civil dispute.

It was not until no longer sanctioned by legislators that duels were resorted to for the redress of private wrongs, or became instruments in the hands of social bravos to terrify and overawe peaceable citizens. So completely did the public conscience become warped by the contaminating influence of a false code of honour, and the baneful effect of evil example on the part of those who should have been the defenders of right,

that Addison records the fact, disgraceful to the so-called Golden Age, of duelling, as a practice, being universal and honourable, and the refusal to engage in it ignominious. Very soon politicians quarrelled about affairs of State, and the etiquette of the bar was enforced by challenges. When, indeed, we are roused into stern indignation by the narrative of some outrage on the part of a member of Congress, we must not forget that in the reign of George III about two hundred duels were fought in England, and the parties to these were the most distinguished men of the time, often statesmen, and framers of the very laws which they transgressed.

Happily, however, for society in Europe, duelling is considered absolutely unjustifiable, and in England particularly, where public opinion is the paramount authority, the custom is regarded with abhorrence as a relic of medieval barbarism. But in America, despite all efforts to demonstrate its sinfulness, absurdity, and futility in effect, duelling appears, if any change has taken place at all, to be decidedly on the increase. In the Southern States combats of the most ferocious nature are of daily occurrence, and the horrid custom of carrying deadly weapons universally prevails. Although the law says that a man killed in a duel is murdered, the code of "honour" (?) is so imperious in its provisions as to render the law practically null. There are many men liable to serve as jurors who openly avow as a principle that a man who kills another under such circumstances, provided the regulations in force upon such occasions have been strictly observed, is neither a felon nor a murderer; and accordingly when delinquents are brought to justice they frequently escape punishment. In those states where citizens are debarred from exercising civil rights, and cannot occupy official positions on account of their having shared in affairs of this nature, it has been found that the practice has decreased; whereas, in parts where the extreme penalty of the law only is denounced, it is very rarely carried into effect. If, indeed, only in a single instance, the sentence of capital punishment, with all its ignominy, were performed upon a duellist whose crime was that he had shot his antagonist in the most *gentlemanly* manner, we feel persuaded that it would tend more to discourage duelling in America than all the charges of the judges and the highly moral tone taken by the Senate in the enactment of stringent laws, which experience must have taught are of little utility in checking the growth of so monstrous an evil. In certain parts of the States public opinion is averse to duelling. In others it exacts submission to the

system. Now, as a general rule, we find men unwilling to hazard their reputations by acting in defiance of public opinion, and few are brave enough to act upon the axiom that true courage is best evinced by the firm maintenance of principles amidst all temptations and all trials. But we think that, after the hanging of two or three leaders of fashion, public opinion on the question of duelling would undergo a change. It would then be understood that the system is a barbarous and idiotic one, and that its upholders are for the most part men little entitled to respect. It degrades men to appeal to arms, as gladiators to brute force. It is a code written in blood, and its ordinances impiously ignore the most solemn injunctions of Christianity. The desire of vengeance is in itself presumptuous, and inconsistent with the principles of religion. It breaks down all barriers between guilt and innocence, since victory depends upon the chance of skill; and it induces a levity of feeling regarding the sanctity of human life which is directly opposed to the highest interests of society. We are indeed far behind that noble principle of ancient times which held that every man owed his life to his country, and that while no one should hesitate to give his life when his country demanded it, so it was too precious a gift to be thrown away upon minor emergencies.

It is very surprising that, in spite of the influence brought to bear against this tyrannous barbarism by the Pulpit, the Press, and the Senate, no perceptible improvement takes place in this department of public morality. When Addison wrote—"Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it; but if every man that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice. When honour is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged, but when the dictates of honour are contrary to those of religion and equity they are the greatest depravations of human nature, by giving wrong, ambitious, and false ideas of what is good and laudable, and should, therefore, be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society—that great moralist gave utterance to sentiments which are only too applicable to the present day.

More than one paper in the *Spectator* and *Tattler* might teach us lessons, and at least make us ashamed that the lapse of time should have left us no wiser than our forefathers.

It is difficult to predict when this class of crime will cease to exist. As America becomes civilized in some quarters, others in turn are made the refuge of adventurers and profligates, whose daring ruffianism bids fair to set at defiance all laws human and divine. But we would fain hope that in the United States at least the renovation of public spirit will be so complete and speedy that duelling may be looked upon as a custom of the past, a badge of shame which future generations will blush to think their ancestors had ever peamitted, and join in rendering

> "Honour to him, who, self-complete and brave,
> In scorn, can carve his pathway to the grave;
> And heeding naught of what men think or say,
> Make his own heart his world upon the way."

Although we do not often allude in these pages to the most solemn aspects of social obligations, we cannot refrain from closing these brief remarks with a passage from a sermon delivered by a Dr. Nott, of New York, on the occasion of General Hamilton's death in a duel in 1804, which we believe is scarcely known, and which places the religious view of the question most logically and eloquently before the world:

"The duellist contravenes the law of God not only, but the law of man also. To the prohibition of the former have been added the sanctions of the latter. Life taken in a duel, by the common law, is murder. And where this is not the case, the giving and receiving of a challenge only is, by statute, considered a high misdemeanor, for which the principal and his second are declared infamous, and disfranchized for twenty years.

"Under what accumulated circumstances of aggravation does the duellist jeopardise his own life, or take the life of his antagonist?

"I am sensible that, in a licentious age, and when laws are made to yield to the vices of those who move in the *higher circles*, this crime is called by I know not what mild and accommodating name. But before these altars, in the house of God, what is it? It is *murder,—deliberate, aggravated* MURDER.

"If the duellist deny this, let him produce his warrant from the Author of Life for taking away from His creature the life which had been sovereignly given. If he cannot do this, beyond all controversy, he is a murderer, for murder consists in taking away life, without the permission and contrary to the prohibition of Him who gave it.

"Who is it, then, that calls the duellist to the dangerous and deadly combat? Is it God? No; on the contrary, he forbids it. Is it then his country? No; she also utters her prohibitory voice. Who is it, then? A man of honour. And who is this man of honour? A man, perhaps, whose honour is a name,—who prates with polluted lips about the sacredness of character, when his own is stained with crimes, and needs but the single shade of murder to complete the dismal and sickly picture."

THE TOWN-HOUSE.

It is impossible to mistake the intensely Dutch character of the edifice which our frontispiece for this month depicts. The low, flat, square building, capped by a pepper-box and flag-staff, and ornamented with almost innumerable windows; the broad flight of steps leading to the large wide "stoep;" the two halls in which the burgesses and dignitaries of the old town were wont to congregate on solemn occasions; the arrangement of the offices; nay, even the curious balcony that overhangs the stoep;—all these things show that the place was built by a people who loved to move slowly and with caution, and required very considerable space in which to move at all. In an architectural point of view the Town-house is nearly destitute of merit, so far as external appearance is concerned; but the comfort of the municipal officials, and the grave members of the burgher senate, was evidently carefully studied and amply provided for. Ponderous, massive, and eminently substantial as is the structure, it is cool and spacious, though by no means lofty. There is ample breathing room everywhere; and the building, whatever may be its other faults, is practically well adapted for its intended uses. At present, the large hall is devoted to the meetings of the municipality, of the citizens when they are called together on public business, and of the Mechanics' Institute. It can also be obtained for meetings of various kinds, on application to the municipal commissioners. The rooms on the ground floor are used as offices in which the business of the town is for the most part transacted. The corner-stone of the Town-house was laid on the 18th November, 1755, by Barend Artois, the then governor of the Cape Colony; and the silver trowel with which the ceremony was performed is still in the possession of the Municipality.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR DECEMBER, 1860.

(Deduced from five observations daily.)

Hours of observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.
Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1860.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahl.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air, Sat.=100.	BAROMETER, minus Tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Hourly Velocity.	Direction.		
Dec.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	miles.		inch.	
1	30·101	63·64	57·14	73·0	52·5	51·92	67·6	29·713	4·4	WbN		2·0
2	30·095	69·76	61·40	75·0	62·0	55·08	60·4	29·661	14·2	S		0·2
3	29·904	70·60	63·92	79·0	64·8	58·94	67·0	29·405	22·8	S		0·6
4	29·874	70·66	65·36	74·3	65·0	61·34	72·6	29·330	23·5	SbW		2·0
5	29·957	69·64	64·72	77·3	64·5	61·00	74·6	29·399	20·4	SbW	0·225	6·7
6	29·960	67·88	62·84	72·6	61·8	58·94	74·2	29·461	21·4	S		3·5
7	29·942	68·28	62·30	77·7	59·2	57·72	69·8	29·464	11·2	SWbW		4·2
8	29·927	65·70	61·20	72·0	58·7	57·62	76·6	29·448	10·6	W	0·598	8·2
9	30·079	62·64	55·38	68·0	57·8	49·30	62·2	29·726	13·2	SSW		1·0
10	30·101	66·54	59·54	76·1	57·2	54·14	66·4	29·680	5·3	SW		1·3
11	30·070	67 94	62·20	78·5	61·2	57·70	69·4	29·591	16·7	SbE		2·5
12	29·915	72·72	63·88	77·7	62·7	57·40	59·4	29·443	19·7	S		0·1
13	29·869	70·78	65·42	83·3	65·0	61·48	73·8	29·323	26·5	S		2·4
14	29·942	66·56	62·10	72·3	61·0	58·58	76·4	29·450	28·5	S		1·8
15	29·899	65·24	60·14	72·2	60·0	56·04	73·0	29·449	28·3	S		3·4
16	29·980	64·72	58·84	71·5	59·2	54·06	69·0	29·561	27·9	S		2·2
17	29·965	67·72	59·26	74·2	60·0	52·60	58·6	29·569	23·2	S		1·0
18	29·819	74·24	62·30	83·0	62·7	53·78	50·2	29·405	15·7	SSW		2·0
19	29·885	66·10	61·58	85·2	55·8	58·22	78·4	29·398	8·9	NWbW	0·080	7·8
20	29·909	70·06	63·62	81·2	62·0	58·84	69·0	29·412	9·6	S		1·3
21	29·833	73·68	66·70	82·7	63·0	61·74	67·4	29·281	8·1	SSW		4·6
22	29 825	72·44	66·10	86·3	61·0	61·68	71·8	29·275	3·7	W		7·4
23	29·937	67·10	61·22	75·6	61·6	56·58	69·6	29·476	23·8	S		5·8
24	29·855	67·22	59·38	74·3	60·4	53·22	61·4	29·449	19·6	S		0·9
25	29·957	63·82	57·70	73·2	58·2	52·70	68·4	29·558	21·8	S		4·6
26	29·987	65·58	57·92	72·2	59·2	51·78	62·0	29·600	22·2	SbE		0·8
27	29·954	66·08	59·24	71·0	59·8	53·74	64·6	29·539	25·4	S		1·0
28	29·977	64·90	58·62	72·0	59·2	53·50	67·2	29·566	26·5	S		0·5
29	29·945	68·14	58·14	72·0	61·3	50·40	54·4	29·578	26·6	S		0·1
30	29·840	74·98	63·44	83·6	66·0	55·20	51·0	29·403	18·3	S		0·0
31	29·805	74·75	65·33	88·0	64·0	58·65	59·0	29·312	13·6	SWbS		0·8
Means	29·938	68·39	61·51	76·6	60·9	56·25	66·6	29·481	18·1	SbW½W	Sum in 0·903	2·6

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A. M. 5h.	A. M. 9h.	P. M. 1h.	P. M. 5h.	P. M. 9h.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. at 32° Faht.	29·925	29·953	29·940	29·927	29·951	30·142	29·755
Press. of Dry Air	29·486	29·497	29·474	29·463	29·492	29·775	29·221
Thermometer—Dry	62·68	70·48	74·62	69·50	64·50	86·4	53·4
Wet ,, ...	58·57	62·39	64·27	62·22	60·01	70·5	51·3
Humidity of the Air, per cent.	77·3	61·7	54·4	64·3	75·6	99·0	39·0
Dew Point	55·1	56·3	56·8	56·6	56·3	62·9	46·1

G. W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

I 131 Klaas Waarzegger